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High Times

Oct/Nov

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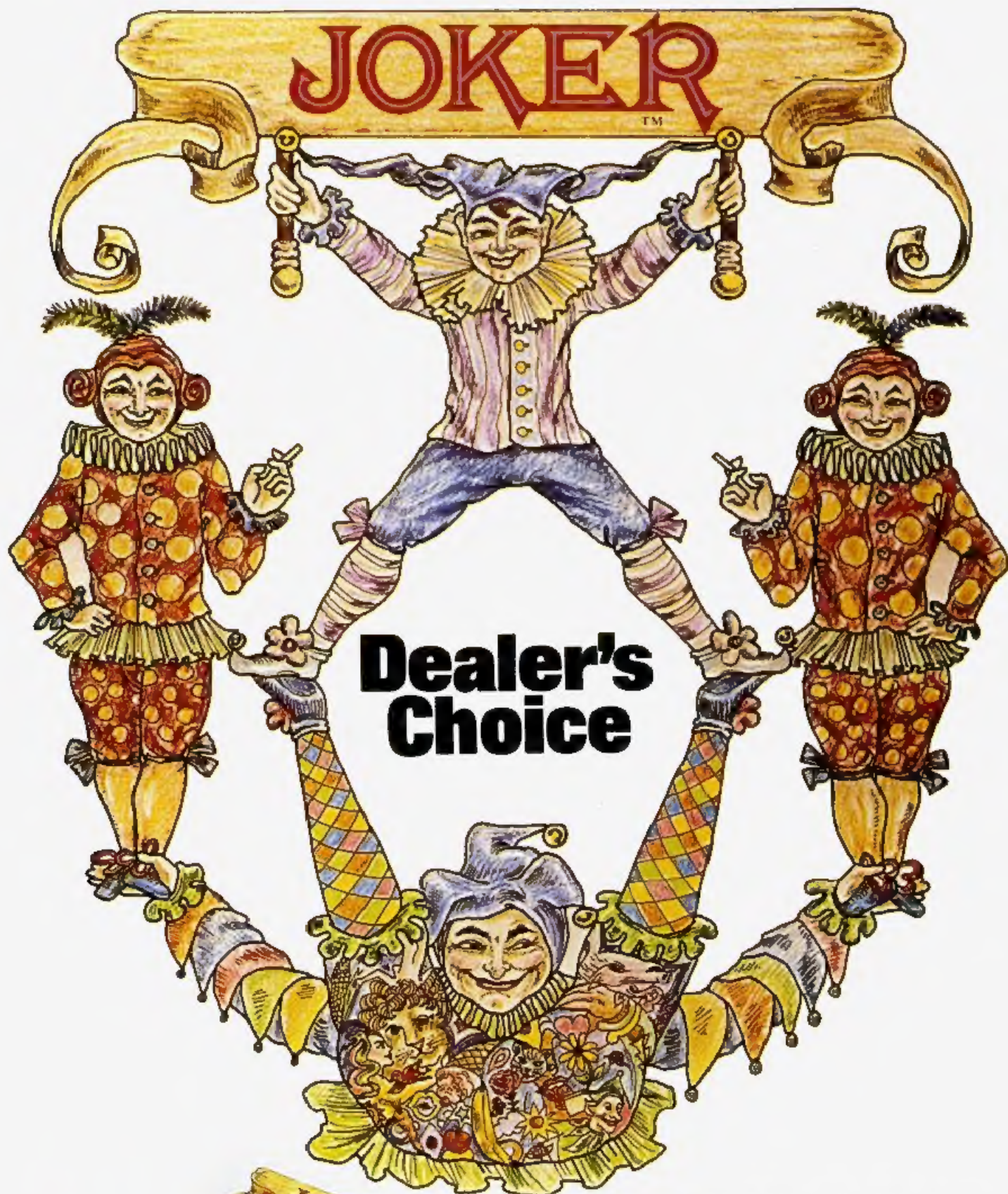
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High Times

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October/November No. 6

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IMPRESSIONS IN WOOD

Lines

Harvest time is here and a new season begins. Even the gray routine of American cities seems to quicken in autumn; the rhythm of nature establishes itself anew like a returning theme in a symphony as the gathering winds blow leaves of sere, and yellow, and pale, and hectic red off the trees, down the streets and up your pants. The crisp skins of plump apples, the hot breath of hash, even the cold splash of bright amber beer renew the appetite grown dull with August's torpid, worklike nutrition taking. And as we sit and wait for the first snows, the skiing accidents, the cancellation of the new TV shows, it strikes us that autumn is at once ripe with peril and promise, ending and beginning. Whatever the heartbreaks or successes of last season, it's a whole new game, as always. Winter is coming, the seas are calm again in the Caribbean, the crop is in and it's time to get on the waves, in the air, on the road. Summer is a time to get loose and high, but winter is the time to get it together. It's cold in the winter, and you think about being broke. Rich or poor, you think about it.

The new crops are being harvested now, decriminalization has created boom times in the dope industry and there are still 50 or 60 shopping days left till Christmas. Yesterday's merchant prince may be today's pushcart peddler, but the weather is cool enough to don bootstraps and pull oneself up by them. Despite dangers, opportunities have never been greater. In the next three years of decriminalization, the dope scene is going to experience a boom the likes of which haven't been seen in this country since the Oklahoma Land Rush. We are teetering on the precipice: dope and the pursuit of dope will transform the Seventies into bold times.

But is America ready for this adventure? We think it is, except for a handful of old Tories. 1976 is an Election Year, and it's ironic that the crop being harvested right now will fire the coming presidential campaign. The marijuana question—decriminalization? ultimate legalization? who will control the distribution?—has not yet been raised. But the impending reality is that no candidate will be able to get through '76 without taking a stand. The issue will be too large by then, and will creep up on American politics with the inevitability of a glacier.

Will candidates stand up and tell the public that they think government should supply dope to the public? We doubt it. The public does not want to hear about a 1984 system of dope distribution to keep the masses pacified. Government dope is unacceptable. If there's to be legal dope, it must be distributed through licensed private enterprise. The question of the future is who gets the licenses. Obviously, to keep the public and the present dope industry happy, provision will have to be made to maintain the current system. Otherwise, large-scale social and economic disruptions will take place. A \$10-billion-a-year industry employing 200,000 to 1,000,000 workers cannot be trifled with. The politicians have not heard the end of this, and High Times will have more to say.

One can scarcely open the morning paper these days without reading a new study on marijuana. According to assorted grinds who hung in long enough to finish medical school and internship, marijuana does this and marijuana does that. Most of these studies are favorable, a few are unfavorable, but that's not the point. Unfortunately, most pot research has little applicability to real life, since the marijuana the researchers are using is totally unlike the marijuana the public is smoking. The government, which supplies the marijuana to researchers, has failed to recognize the fact that there are dozens of different types of pot, each with its own distinctive head, strength, subtlety and side effects. Thus, the studies being done are not necessarily relevant to you and the marijuana you are smoking. Most government marijuana comes from a small government-run farm in Mississippi. Can we really take government-grown marijuana seriously? There has been no investigation of the vast differences between types of marijuana and their effects. This must be scientifically investigated first, before government studies of "marijuana" can be meaningful, because right now the government doesn't even know anything about "marijuana."

We are often asked at High Times, "What happens if marijuana is found to be harmful?" First of all, unlike tobacco—which has only been smoked habitually in cigarettes for the last 50 years and has been commonly known to be harmful for over 200 years—marijuana has a reputation of therapeutic usefulness and safety that goes back 4,000 years. So we would be very surprised. But you can be sure that if anybody proves marijuana is really harmful to human beings, High Times will have the story on the cover.

So then what will High Times write about? No need to worry. With or without marijuana, people will still be getting high, whether it's from mushrooms, peyote, beer, sensory deprivation tanks, roller coaster rides or transcendental meditation. You see, High Times covers a lot of news about dope, but High Times is not a magazine about dope. It's a magazine of consciousness and awareness. We'll have more on this later. Meantime, good luck in the coming season. ☐

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Letters

Popo Blue

Your Winter '75 issue carried a section called "Wonder Weeds of Mexico." Porque no Popo azul? Having traveled through Mexico every winter for nine years, I think the best smoke of the south is the infamous "Popo blue." Popo gets its name from the bluish hue it gets toward maturity. Also a Sinsemilla, is it possible that was the Sinsemilla in your Winter '75 issue? If so, say so, and if not, get out there and roll another one. (The Pearl would like to say high!)

Keep up with your high standards. If you are ever in Alamosa, stop by, get high.

—Ballicks and the Pearl, Alamosa, Colo.

Mazatlan No Good

I noticed in your market quotations section that you have included Mazatlan, Mexico. I hope that these low prices do not encourage anyone to buy herb there, because the place is a bust. I visited Mazatlan a month ago. Practically everyone told me the same story. The local police and federales want turistas, not hippies (although your money spends), so they have narcs everywhere—beaches, trailer camps, the plazas, etc. One poor dude was busted with a pound of cocaine while I was there.

There are good places in Mexico to score—Oaxaca, in particular—but I advise enterprising individuals to avoid resort towns.

—Anonymous, Albuquerque, N. M.

Amanita Mushroom, Uneeda Cure

I just read the spring issue of *High Times* and noticed the pictures in "Mushrooms of the Gods." The wording "A mature, healthy Amanita" seems inappropriate, since Amanita is a genus made up of several species of the mushroom, many of which are deadly. The most lethal of the Amanita is *Amanita phalloides*. The bodies of *A. phalloides* generally appear in late summer or fall. Mature specimens may be eight inches tall. Coloration varies. The cap ranges from light yellow to greenish brown; the stipe is usually lighter, from greenish yellow to pure white. The annulus hangs loosely from the stalk below the gills.

Another large group of Amanitas is distinguished principally by a lack of coloration: *A. virosa*, *A. bisporigera*, *A. tennifolia*, and *A. verna*, are all white mushrooms. *A. verna*, *A. virosa* and *A. bisporigera* can be identified by testing with a drop of weak potas-

sium hydroxide solution. *A. verna* shows no reaction. *A. virosa* and *A. bisporigera* will stain yellow. The entire group of white mushrooms should be regarded as deadly.

On the other hand, *Amanita muscaria* is known to contain muscimol[sic], an intoxicant that is specially prepared for certain Asian rituals.

I wanted to point this out so nobody ends up fertilizing mushrooms (by eating the wrong ones) instead of enjoying them.

—Anthony Secarniglio, Hollins, Va.



Korean Hashberries

We decided to turn you on to some Korean pollen hash. It was hand rubbed from the pollen heads of top-grade dope plants, less than 25 kilometers from Sariwon, North Korea, where the blossoms literally ooze with resin.

Because of its superhigh active principle content, this hash is packaged here in the States in the "hashberry" form you see before you. Each hashberry contains four supertokes, which should be held in the lungs as long as possible for maximum absorption.

We don't know the name of the weed it comes from. It probably has one, but our man in Korea just calls it "good shit."

Because of social, economic, political and legal pressures, Korean pollen is extremely hard to come by. Primarily, it's our stash and we are loathe to sell it. When we do, however, we are the sole distributor in the Western Hemisphere.

But don't take our word for it. Try it. You will find that it produces a deep, yet exceptionally clear head.

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One-World Passport

Man, would I love to get a copy of your magazine every month forever, but I don't know how to get it in Swe-

I'm halfway through four years in prison because some dude put the mouth on me when the man took him. However, I hear Swedish police are working hard. Be a good idea to keep your stash out of hotel rooms and rented cars.

-Jim Ryan (5494) Box 68, 18400
Akersberga, Sweden

Smuggler's Tribute

I've been meaning to drop you a line for a long time to tell you how far out your magazine really is.

I think you should do a tribute in your next issue for our brothers and sisters who have lost their time and even their lives for smuggling drugs. I've been hearing of those planeloads of pot crashing in the mountains with no reported survivors. Most people think of the dope. Ha! Man, if it weren't for these cats, there wouldn't be any dope.

Don't forget to say thanks. And keep up the good work for the runners who are still working.

—K. Ritter, Vancouver, B. C.

We Print Anything

RE: 1984 is here. There is a drug being manufactured and used by the government that enables someone to read the thoughts of your mind. It may have already been used, or it is being used now, for the purpose of invasion of the privacy of the individual's thoughts. It can be used by the government law enforcement agencies to infiltrate political groups, communes, peace organizations, in order to keep track of the group's activities. The symptoms of this drug, which can be concealed in food or water, are sinus inflammation and a headache resulting from constant pressure on the sinuses. The source of the drug is unknown but may be the American Society of Psychical Research or the Foundation for Parasensory Investigation. Both potential sources should be checked into, and manufacture of the drug should be stopped immediately, since it is a threat to personal freedom and privacy and a free society.

—Anonymous, New York, N.Y.

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Polar Pot

Here is a picture of neighbor Tim Ludwig and cat Parney keeping company with a young (three weeks or so) marijuana plant.

-Jerry B., Ketchikan, Alaska

Texas?

-Ed.

Missing Linkletter

With interest I read your evaluation of Art Linkletter's book, *Drugs at My Doorstep*, in *High Times*, Spring '75. I've also just seen Art on the "Tomorrow" show and agree with your reviewer that Linkletter "thinks" he was "adrift." What a fucking understatement. You are also correct in that he does carry one hell of a lot of weight among the "older" people. What took him five seconds to say will probably take five years to undo. I was very happy to read in "Flashes" about your not "being bankrolled by somebody big," that you really are sincere in your magazine articles, and also in your reviews.

-Mike Hrigora, Belleville, Mich.

Boutique Boohaha

At the beginning of June, my two brothers had a booth at the National Fashion and Boutique Show in New York City. It was a great success for them and their business. They both spoke of their visit to the *High Times* room at this show, and they both came away laughing! More public appearances! Come out and meet the people you represent more often.

-Ralph Walters, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dealer Détente

Your article on hash in the U.S.S.R. was very good [*High Times*, Fall '75]. I was living there on and off for two years. (My old man worked for the embassy in Moscow.) I've done much dealing with Russians and other foreign embassy personnel. If you ever need any information on high life in our embassies abroad, I can supply you with some good material. Om Tao.

-S.T., Oxen Hill, Md.

Forgive Tim

Your Spring issue was great and well worth the money. Readers who put Timothy Leary down have no sense of justice in their hearts. Perhaps he did make some mistakes in his thinking, but these people have forgotten that he was one of the earliest leaders against Amerikan Imperialism. He is still in jail, not for marijuana possession, but for daring to exercise his right of free speech. As long as he is in jail, none of us are safe.

Also let's have articles on why there hasn't been any good acid around since orange sunshine. I want to be God again.

-Bill Muleahy, Berkeley, Calif.

What's So Funny?

Thanks for many laugh-filled hours reading your astute publication. I have not laughed so hard since I discovered the *National Lampoon* many years ago. I find your centerfolds especially outrageous. Keep up the good work and stay high.

-The San Francisco Space Cowboy

Many people have compared *High Times* to the *National Lampoon*. We can't understand this. We're a totally serious magazine.

-Ed.



Tender is the Nitrite

It appears that your magazine deals primarily with smoke, but since amyl nitrite goes with weed like ham goes with eggs, I'd like to show you these black-market varieties available in Denver.

Black Market Brand (left): Top quality. This product has been rendered anhydrous, thus protecting its potency since trace impurities of water cause amyl nitrite to lose 10 to 20 percent of its potency after a couple of months.

Brand X (right): Top quality. Seems to retain its potency and distills with a minimum of residue indicating a good grade of purity.

Locker Room (center): Poor quality. Reputedly not amyl nitrite and therefore legal to possess and sell.

-The Manufacturer, Black Market Brand



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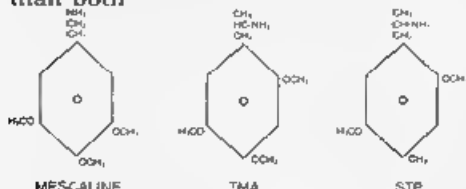
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The Word on TMA

There is a relatively new drug on the market that I wish to relate a few facts about. It is called TMA, short for tri methoxy amphetamine. Its structure is similar to both STP and mescaline, but in its own way, it's better than both.



Essentially, TMA is like mescaline with a couple of important differences. (1) It doesn't take nearly as much TMA to make a dose. (2) You can get real high on it without tripping, but taken in sufficient quantity, it is a very pleasant hallucinogen. (3) The high (aside from hallucinogenic) is amphetamine-like (more like coke), but it doesn't feel like speed. I can't stand speed, but I like this stuff. I know people who have given up tripping that like to do TMA.

Like mescaline, it takes a long time to come on to it—usually 45 minutes.

Correction

The Dope Rider cartoon in *High Times* Aug./Sept. featured the phrase "A.F.F.A." and a unique death's-head symbol. Both of these are registered trademarks of the Hell's Angels and were used inadvertently without permission. *High Times* would like to make it clear that Dope Rider is not connected in any way with the Hell's Angels.

Our apologies to the Hell's Angels—Ed

to an hour on an empty stomach with a peak at two to three hours. I have known some people who didn't get off at all if they had a lot of food in their stomachs.

If any of you out there have ever eaten something that you knew wasn't acid, didn't dry you out like belladonna, felt like mescaline, but didn't really feel like mescaline, then you probably got TMA.

Spring is around the corner, and I know the mushrooms can't be far behind. Like the guy in Australia—I just love those goldies (but TMA is nice, too). —The Arkansas Toothpick, Ark.

Corrections

In "Forum" of *High Times* Aug./Sept. we mentioned that the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) has available for college audiences a lecture-film program on marijuana law reform. For further information, the correct telephone number is 202-223-3170.

The author of "Golden Days of Cocaine Wine," *High Times* Aug./Sept., was incorrectly identified as John Groff. His name is John Graff. ☐



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Mushroom Spotting

Q: How can you tell if you've got a real psilocybin-containing mushroom?

—Leroy Schwartz, Bismarck, No. Dak.

A: Break off a piece of the fresh mushroom. If the injured area turns bluish within a half-hour, chances are good that it contains psilocybin. Some poisonous species will do the same thing, so be careful. A definitive analysis can be made with the help of chemical reagents.

There is one simple test to help determine whether your mushroom has been dosed with LSD, as many commercial mushrooms are. Mash up the mushroom and let it sit in a little methanol overnight. Next morning, decant the methanol and hold the liquid up to a black light. If the solution gives off a blue glow, you've got an LSD mushroom, a species unknown to botanists.

Try Sulphuric

Q: Is there any real acid in this country? I know you can't tell me where to get it, but is there any worth asking for? I've done blotter and some orange barrel, but there's too much bullshit in it, namely speed, and who needs it?

—Steve S., Wayside, N.J.

A: According to Pharm-Chem Newsletter, which analyzes street drugs, most street acid is, indeed, real LSD. Furthermore, they have found no cases of LSD being cut with speed. The story that some LSD has speed in it probably results from the speedy physical effects that LSD naturally gives. Don't worry about it, but if it really bothers you, try mushrooms, which do not have a speedy effect. In fact, there are probably a number of psychedelics that are more satisfying to use than LSD, but society suppresses knowledge of these substances, like LSD-59, mirror-image LSD, ALD-52 and other, natural substances.

Real-Kill High

Q: I sprayed an insecticide for vegetables on my marijuana plants because they were being destroyed by bugs. Is it still all right to smoke it?

—P.K., Long Beach, Calif.

A: If you feel you have to spray for bugs, wash down the plants a few days later. At the least, wash the plants when you harvest them. A little insecticide won't kill you, but the less the better.

Three Subspecies

Q: Unfortunately, our seeds were all dumped into one container. These

seeds could be anything from commercial brick via Tucson to a Colombian Red. To get to the point, I sure would like some kind of rundown on marijuana species.

Does marijuana change species (say, *cannabis indica* to *cannabis sativa*) when the seeds are planted in a different hemisphere than their ancestors? Does the number of leaves determine species? I have seen leaf configurations of from three to 12. Any significance with respect to species here?

Jerry B., Ketchikan, Alaska

A: The genetics of a marijuana seed are not affected by where it's planted, so the species of your seeds remains the same, even in Alaska.

Number of leaves does not determine species, and configurations from three to 11 are normal. It is presently theorized that there are three prominent subspecies of marijuana, which can be distinguished by leaf shape, as pictured below.



Cannabis sativa *Cannabis indica* *Cannabis ruderalis*

Dr. Richard Schultes of Harvard University, a noted botanist who specializes in marijuana, is currently in the U.S.S.R. investigating the original, wild, precultivation marijuana that grows in a small province of Russia. When he returns and publishes his findings, perhaps the whole mystery of marijuana species and subspecies will be solved.

Dissolved Bong

Q: In the "Forum" of your August/September issue, you recommended the use of methyl alcohol for the removal of residue from an acrylic bong. I was a little wary of trying this, because I had had bad luck with isopropyl (rubbing) alcohol in the past. It cracks acrylic and mars the finish.

Nevertheless, I figured your "Forum" editor knew what he was talking about, so I went ahead with the methanol.

I now have \$15 worth of uselessly cracked and clouded plexiglas. I think a retraction of that suggestion in your next issue is in order, to prevent any further losses.

—Zeta Psi, Minneapolis, Minn.

A: Oh well. You can't win them all. Methyl alcohol works fine on glass.

Cactectomy

Q: I have heard that the Doñana cactus contains a phenethylamine hallucinogen called macromerine, and that the pure alkaloid can be extracted from the cactus to get high. I have several of these cacti and would appreciate knowing the proper methods of extraction.

—Gregg Flannery, Augusta, Ken.

A: Phenethylamine and macromerine are separate chemicals, and both are contained in the Doñana cactus. Remove the spines from eight to ten fresh or dried cacti, consume the remainder on an empty stomach. They may also be crushed and brewed for one hour as tea. Causes hallucinations similar to mescaline.

Northwest Passage

Q: What effect has Oregon's relaxed pot laws had on the availability and price of dope there? Will the effects be similar in California?

—Mike Chojnacki, Fremont, Calif.

A: Prices and availabilities are about the same as before decriminalization in Oregon, except that exotic dopes are now more readily obtainable. The main influences on grass price and availability are crop conditions and enforcement of smuggling laws. Local laws are basically irrelevant to dope distribution, since so many people are breaking the laws that the few who get busted don't affect the overall situation.

Some Call It Cocaine

Q: What kinds of chemicals are used to "cut" cocaine?

—Mary Todd, Arlington, Va.

A: There are two different types of cutting agents: those that make the coke seem better than it really is, and inert ingredients used to dilute it. Poor-quality coke often has a numbing effect that is largely the result of the action of local anesthetics like procaine (trade name Novocaine), lidocaine (trade name Xylocaine), benzocaine, tetracaine or butacaine. Thus a good "freeze" does not always mean good coke. Sometimes inexpensive stimulants like amphetamine, ephedrine and caffeine are added to enhance "quality."

Common inert cutting agents are sugars such as lactose, mannitol and inositol. Mannitol, a product of the Eurasian ash tree and formerly used as a laxative, is the dealer's choice. It is also known as "mannite" (an Italian preparation sold in solid blocks), "bonita" (simply a bastardization of the word "mannitol") and "manna sugar." ☐

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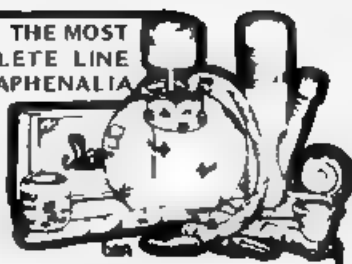
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Law

New DEA Guidelines Issued

The DEA has agreed to conform to ten minimum requirements in handling dope smuggling cases along the Mexican border following a warning from U.S. Attorney Harry D. Steward of San Diego that California federal attorneys will refuse to prosecute many DEA cases as they are currently prepared.

Since the agency was established two years ago, Steward has maintained that the DEA displayed an inattention to details and a lack of professionalism that have led to a growing number of acquittals in dope trials. In a letter to John E. Van Diver, regional director of the DEA in Los Angeles, Steward said, "All assistants in the criminal division of the U.S. Attorney's office will be instructed to decline or defer prosecution in those cases which do not measure up to the minimum requirements."

Among the ten requirements, agents must attempt to secure fingerprints from all dope packages, as Steward maintains that many dope defendants win acquittals because no fingerprints exist to link them to confiscated articles. Van Diver said that it would be very difficult "and often impossible" to comply with the fingerprinting rule because in many cases the wrapping used by dope haulers doesn't take fingerprints.

All ten points are outlined in a recent issue of the *Narcotics Control Digest*, a publication of the Sci-Tech Digests, Incorporated, Washington, D.C. DEA representatives declined to specify for *High Times* the other nine points listed in the limited-circulation, government-published magazine.

Feds Get New Immunity

The Supreme Court recently ruled that defendants denying knowledge of the true identity of federal agents can still be convicted in federal court for both conspiracy and assault on federal officers.

Destruction of Evidence OK'd by U.S. Attorney's Office

The U.S. attorney's office in San Diego, California, announced recently that it intends to destroy all but random samples of marijuana seized in

major quantities. The issue came to a head when U.S. District Court Judge Leland C. Nielsen refused to accept 2.2 pounds of pot in evidence because federal agents had destroyed 284 other pounds of the dope before the defense attorneys had a chance to examine the evidence.

Federal prosecutors maintained that marijuana is bulky and that present storage facilities are inadequate to warehouse the enormous amounts of pot seized as evidence.

The U.S. attorney's program stipulates that defense attorneys are to be notified that seized marijuana will be held for two weeks after the defendant's arraignment and then destroyed.

Double Jeopardy Nixed in Jersey

The New Jersey Supreme Court has ruled that criminal defendants must not be subjected to two separate trials when the charges arise from the same arrest. The decision overturns one of two drug convictions obtained against Alvin Gregory of Newark, who was sentenced to a two-to-three year prison term for selling heroin and months later tried and convicted on charges of possession with intent to sell the same heroin. The second conviction carried an additional three-to-five year prison term.

Justice Nathan Jacobs, writing for the Supreme Court, said "Such withholding and later prosecution smacks of harassment and oppression and should be barred." Jacobs said that the state can still prosecute persons for separate offenses that arise from the same action as long as there is one trial.

Missouri Decision Protects Informants

Flourissant, Missouri, detective David McClelland, jailed for a time last November because he refused to identify two women dope informants (see *High Times*, Winter '75), has been vindicated by a Court of Appeals in St. Louis. The court ruled that police have the broad legal right to protect the names of secret informants.

In a similar case, the Arizona Supreme Court reversed the decision of a trial court judge that would have forced the prosecuting attorney to reveal the identity of the informant who

told police that heroin could be found at the Phoenix home of Arthur Santa Cruz. Police raiding the Santa Cruz home allegedly found 52 packets of heroin and arrested Arthur and Ernie Santa Cruz, although the warrant named only Arthur. Superior Court Judge Willby Case had ordered the prosecution to name the informant who fingered Arthur, reasoning that he might be able to offer testimony clearing Ernie.

Supreme Court Limits Border Patrol Stop-Search Power

In two unanimous decisions, the Supreme Court ruled in June that the U.S. Border Patrol may not arbitrarily stop automobiles and search or question the occupants to determine their legal status. Border Patrol jurisdiction extends to within 100 miles of a national border.

The court said the Border Patrol must have a "reasonable suspicion" that the occupants are illegal aliens, or are carrying illegal products, before stopping them. "Mexican appearances," out of state license plates, etc., are not evidence enough.

Liberal Justice William O. Douglas commented that the decision still permitted the Border Patrol to stop cars "at whim," while conservative Chief Justice Warren Burger said the decision rendered them "powerless" to halt illegal immigration and drug traffic.

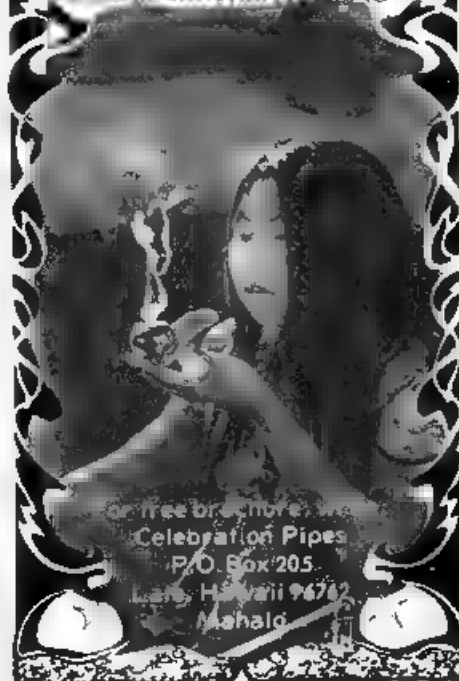
Tranquilizers Put to Rest

Librium and Valium, mellowers of the middle-class millions, came under strict federal controls this July 2, along with two similar anti-anxiety drugs, Tranxene and Serax, and the sedative Dalmane. Now a prescription for any of these drugs cannot be refilled more than five times and cannot be refilled after six months. Previously there had been no such restrictions, and sales of Valium alone reached 3 billion tabs a year, making it the largest-selling drug in the pharmaceutical market.

The move also requires manufacturers, doctors and pharmacists to keep records on the distribution of the tablets and to maintain a tighter guard against theft. ■

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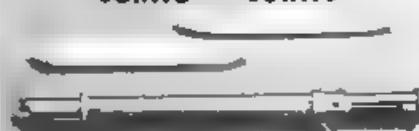


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Natural Pain Killer

Researchers around the world have found evidence that the body, when subjected to severe pain and stress, automatically manufactures substances with narcotic effects similar to those of morphine.

Work on the subject began in 1971, when Dr. Avram Goldstein, head of the Addiction Research Foundation in California, found that within the mammalian brain there are molecules that he described as "highly specific" opiate receptors. That is, they combine chemically with molecules of opium-derived narcotics, such as morphine and heroin. Scientists postulated that the receptors must also fit together with a substance native to the body, or else they would not have evolved.

Goldstein named the substance Pituitary Opioid Peptide (POP), and while he admits its function is not completely understood, he says: "We know some mechanism shuts off pain." The chemical is evident in accident victims and battlefield wounded; the same process seems to control acupuncture anesthesia.

Illinois Sex-Pot Study Underway

The National Council on Drug Abuse is funding a study at Southern Illinois University under which a group of 60 male volunteers will spend time smoking pot and watching pornographic films in order to determine the effects of marijuana on human sexual response.

The college-age subjects will be paid \$10 a day for smoking 200 milligrams of pot (a thin joint) and then watching blue movies while their response is measured by a mercury-sensitive device attached to their genitals. The subjects will then view the films without having smoked a joint, according to project director Harold Rubin. The researchers will also attempt to measure the drug's effect on testosterone, the male sex hormone, and whether the subjects' responses to pot are mainly psychological or physical.

Director Rubin stated that the amount of grass given the subjects is purposely small so that the dose is like the amount the subjects would

inhale in a social situation, although readers of this magazine would hardly call such a modest dose "social."

Senator William Proxmire (D. Wis.) charged that the two-year program is "one of the most shocking examples of a federal love machine that I have seen," calling it "outrageously irrelevant."

Prunes, Pot and Monkeys

Long-term marijuana use may affect human social behavior, according to a two-year study by Dr. Ethelda N. Sassenrath at the University of California, Davis, Primate Research Center. The investigator fed a group of macaque monkeys the equivalent of 20 joints a day for two years in the form of THC-spiked, iced raisin cookies and prunes.

She said the amount of marijuana was not as important to the study as its prolonged, daily use. After a month, she reported, the monkeys showed intoxication. "They were alternately restless and sleepy... there was a reduction in all social interaction... after two months the monkeys developed a tolerance to the drugged cookies and prunes... After six to eight months, the females in the group grew so aggressive that they bit and hit a number of undrugged, control animals, and were subservient only to the alpha male, the group leader."

Dr. Sassenrath postulates that after months of daily marijuana use the monkeys' personalities were altered. She said she could find no evidence that regular marijuana use changed the monkeys physiologically or altered their sex drive.

Pill New Heart Risk

British studies indicate women who take birth control pills face a higher rate of heart attacks than nonusers, according to Dr. Samuel Shapiro of Boston, in an analysis of the reports published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. Women with other heart risk factors, including cigarette smoking, diabetes, obesity and high blood pressure, who also take the pill are 4½ times more likely to suffer heart attacks than women who do not drop oral contraceptives. ■

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The Dalai Lama

After nine years of uneasy Chinese occupation and socialization, the Dalai Lama fled the Red Army invasion of Tibet in 1959. Since then he has been busily organizing communities for some 80,000 Tibetan refugees who have made their way to India, Nepal, Bhutan and Europe, he has established archives and centers for the study and preservation of lamaistic Buddhism, Tibetan culture and traditional medicine and astrology, and he has continued to work for the peaceful return of his followers to their homeland and for the re-establishment of religious freedom in Tibet. More absorbed in worldly affairs than any of his predecessors, the fourteenth incarnation of the Dalai Lama, now 40, still remains a simple Buddhist monk, living by a strict ascetic routine. Above all, he is the living god of the Tibetans, at home or in exile.

Associate Editor Robert Singer recently interviewed the exiled Tibetan god-king at his refuge in Dharamsala, India. He writes: "The Dalai Lama was his usual delightful self. Involuntarily liberated by the Chinese from the elaborate centuries-old court rituals of Lhasa, His Holiness seems to relish playing host to the pilgrims who arrive from around the world to visit the Tibetan encampment here in the mist-shrouded foothills of the Himalayas and one cannot fail to be captivated by his intelligence, frankness, warmth and humor."

The Dalai Lama spoke in English and Tibetan. The Tibetan was translated by his private secretary, the Venerable Tenzin Geyche.

High Times: After your political troubles in Tibet with the Chinese, are you still wholly concerned with and satisfied by the spiritual matters and religion and meditation, or are you a pragmatist?

Dalai Lama: Yes, as a religious person, certainly I'm taking a keen interest in the religious field and also, I myself practice daily. I'm learning. In the meantime, as a Tibetan, we lost our country and our population is around six million and the majority of Tibetans still are in Tibet. Now the question is, the majority of Tibetan

people were never satisfied by this present situation of Chinese occupation, particularly among the younger generation. They never show any sign of satisfaction. So therefore, we are carrying this movement, despite many difficulties, and I'm quite confident that one day we will regain our country. Therefore, we are determined. I always feel the human determination is much more stronger than external weapons and external pressures, forces.

High Times: Why did China go into Tibet in the first place?

Dalai Lama: Many reasons. Of course, "liberation" (laughs)... I don't know.

Interpreter: But the question still is, liberation from what?

Dalai Lama: (Laughs.)

High Times: The Chinese say that their takeover of Tibet was a liberation from feudalism. Whether the Chinese were right or not, was Tibet ready to be reformed?

Interpreter: We had the intention to make certain reforms.

Dalai Lama: The old system cannot remain.

Interpreter: On the whole, you see, the Chinese method of trying to bring about reforms was not suitable for the people.

Dalai Lama: And the Chinese people... all these changes, and after change took place, the whole benefit go to Chinese, not for Tibetan mass. This is the point.

High Times: What has it done for Tibet?

Dalai Lama: Now, for example, now road...

Interpreter: His Holiness says, for example, communications has improved, food production has increased...

Dalai Lama: Much increased.

Interpreter: Much increased. Then many more schools have been established...

Dalai Lama: Health.

Interpreter: And health conditions have been improved. But His Holiness says, now if you ask who are using the better roads, the newly built roads... you see, most of the roads are used by the Chinese military convoys.

Dalai Lama: Now then, food production.

Interpreter: His Holiness says food production has increased a great deal

but Tibetans are still facing starvation. His Holiness says Tibet has never in its history experienced famine or starvation. And then like the ration that the Chinese provide for Tibetans, it only lasts... for about three weeks. Now for example, like concern about schools, education...

Dalai Lama: In schools particularly... there are Chinese children as well as Tibetan children. School itself... about food it's different. For Chinese boys and girls and Tibetan boys and girls, separate... different food.

Interpreter: And also there is a difference in the quality, also in each kitchen... His Holiness says, basically most of these schools are just like labor centers. You see, like they've set up many hospitals and clinics and dispensaries, but from the reports that we receive from Tibetans... very small benefit comes to the Tibetans in the health facilities that are provided.

Dalai Lama: Because here we are acting according to the wishes of the Tibetan people, so therefore, we must know inside Tibet what is happening, what is the people's thinking. If the majority of the Tibetan people are satisfied, and the relations between the Chinese and Tibetans become as a human relation, real brotherhood, if something happens... there's no question, there's no reason to shout, to cry, to fight. No problem.

High Times: If the Chinese invite you to return to Tibet, giving up your status as the Dalai Lama, but remaining a Buddhist if you wish since, you know, they say they offer freedom of worship, would you return under those circumstances?

Dalai Lama: There's no question about it. This is not the question.

Interpreter: His Holiness's return is not concerning this question... His Holiness says the question is about the problem of Tibet itself.

Dalai Lama: Not Dalai Lama. Dalai Lama is an individual, one person—nothing important. Yes, at the moment, I'm working, I'm serving in this respect, in this field, because the majority of Tibetan people...

Interpreter:... because they respect and love His Holiness.

High Times: The Chinese are using Tibet as their base for nuclear testing and for launching ICBM missiles. How do you feel about that?

Interpreter: His Holiness says, that's very unfortunate . . . His Holiness says, for one, they are spoiling . . . doing harm to our own country.

High Times: How do you think that the godhead will reward the karma of the Chinese communists?

Dalai Lama: Karma theories . . . very complicated

Interpreter: His Holiness says, everybody's involved—Tibetans, Chinese, everyone . . . including the Americans . . . because His Holiness says, as a result of this Tibetan problem, everyone is affected in some way. It's all interdependent. Everyone who has a connection or who is related, the karma reaction is also related. And according to Buddhism, there's not much emphasis on God. If someone believes in God, then he can interpret it in his own way . . .

Dalai Lama: (Laughs) I don't know

Interpreter: But what His Holiness feels is that the present situation in China will not remain like this for long. A change will come about. Even now they seem to have problems.

High Times: Who was the most unforgettable Chinese communist you ever met?

Dalai Lama: Like Mao Tse Tung and Chou and Liu Shao-chi I knew quite well . . . oh . . . great respect

Interpreter: His Holiness had great respect for them. His Holiness says, but Chou En-Lai—His Holiness used to feel that he was a bit cunning.

Dalai Lama: A bit clever

Interpreter: His Holiness says, but the other leaders like Mao and Liu Shao-chi—His Holiness's impression was they had real personality, they were calm and straightforward and showing compassion.

Dalai Lama: And from . . . certain viewpoint, like a peasant. I have great respect (laughs). But I don't know . . . After . . . during and after Cultural Revolution, then my respect . . . confusion . . .

High Times: The Soviet Union has been very vocal in denouncing China's move into Tibet and called it China's Vietnam, called it imperialism. But in light of the fact that the Soviet Union itself has expanded quite a bit in Eastern Europe, into, say, tiny enslaved Latvia, how do you feel about getting that support from them?

Dalai Lama: (laughs) Is this politics?

High Times: Politics, yes . . .

Dalai Lama: Well, I see the politics . . . originally, I think, is one kind of instrument which served the human society, I think, that may not be dirty right from the beginning. But these days, somehow (laughs) I don't know . . . some people call dirty politics. This is really dirty in certain field . . . there's no honesty . . . no sincerity . . . no truth, no peace

(Laughs) This is really dirty. And mainly selfish. Real bad.

High Times: Was the Central Intelligence Agency involved with your flight from Lhasa in 1959?

Dalai Lama: No.

Interpreter: This is entirely wrong. They had nothing to do with the escape of His Holiness.

High Times: Has the CIA helped the Khamba guerrillas who were fighting the Chinese?

Interpreter: His Holiness cannot say clearly about this.

High Times: Do you have any relationship with the CIA or with the United States government?

Dalai Lama: No.

High Times: They've not contributed to the Dharamsala community?

Dalai Lama: The usual channels.

High Times: The usual channels . . .

Interpreter: His Holiness says, through the American Embassy there

**"I am not Buddha.
I'm ordinary human
being. But meantime, I
have some force."**

is some relation, but . . .

Dalai Lama: (much laughter) This I don't know.

High Times: When you visited Europe recently, were you the first Dalai Lama to visit the West?

Dalai Lama: Oh, yes.

High Times: What did you think of it?

Dalai Lama: (laughs) I don't know . . .

Interpreter: His Holiness says . . . there's an imbalance like . . . there is some great wealth, some great poverty. His Holiness says, in some fields you have excess, in some you have a lack of things.

Dalai Lama: But of course, it's a human society . . . everywhere materially, developed or developing or underdeveloped. Basically a human society. There are various kinds of problems (laughs).

Interpreter: His Holiness says, it's quite a headache . . . the human society.

Dalai Lama: When you are hungry, you feel: oh, once my stomach is full, then all problems . . . are solved. For me . . . Easterner . . . we are rushing to copy Western civilization. . . . So now you see, there's only one thing . . . for example, the Western civilization.

Interpreter: His Holiness is saying, the Western civilization became proud of their material progress. But, His Holiness says, when His Holiness in the West, the very thing that they should be proud of . . . His Holiness says, there are many people who are getting fed up with these things.

Dalai Lama: And were complaining.

As long as human physical is there, the material progress should be there. But it's important to know . . . try to combine the mental peace of mental development, as to this physical comfort. . . This should be balanced, or combined. Then I think, then you may solve more human problems than at present.

High Times: Do you think that Asia is losing some of its spirituality because Western practices, both capitalism and communism, are proliferating so rapidly here?

Interpreter: His Holiness says, right now because most part of Asia is poor, this is also a big problem. His Holiness says, with an empty stomach, it is difficult to work on mental development. His Holiness says, like if a person, out of fear of poverty and desperation, if he believes in some kind of a religion or has faith in certain religious . . . beliefs, certain religion, His Holiness says, then that is not a genuine sort of belief, but . . . it's just like being forced into it through desperation.

Dalai Lama: It's so complicated.

Interpreter: His Holiness says, as you were saying . . . proliferation of the Western influence may have caused some confusion.

High Times: Do you think that the best answer to Asia's material problems would be a form of socialism that guaranteed complete religious freedom and other freedoms?

Dalai Lama: Socialism?

Interpreter: His Holiness is a firm believer of socialism, from the point of . . . and His Holiness is taking the view of human society's needs.

Dalai Lama: From a social theory or economy theory, in this respect, I am more left. I always had some admiration about Marx's theory. But now again, if you put Asia as a whole, one Asia . . . on these, you see, different system—economy system or government system or these systems, I think the nation or the race, all these involvements, the political situation, all the history bygone and the neighbors and the population . . . I think many considerations should be needed. This is my personal opinion.

High Times: You were saying before that a person couldn't really deal with his spiritual needs on an empty stomach . . . what do you like to eat?

Dalai Lama: Hm . . .

Interpreter: His Holiness says, the most delicious . . .

Dalai Lama: (Laughs.)

Interpreter: His Holiness said, he doesn't know because he hasn't taken all the different kinds of food.

Dalai Lama: (laughs) I think, compare Indian food and Chinese food . . . but definitely Chinese food is much better.

High Times: Are you a vegetarian?



His Holiness the Dalai Lama, interpreter the Venerable Tenzin Geyche and Robert Singer in Dharamsala.

"I'm more concerned or more interested in practical things. That is, harmony, brotherhood, you see, kindness to each other."

Dalai Lama: No, my institution is peculiar. At the beginning, I'm non-vegetarian, as most of Tibetans. Then, after some time, I've become vegetarian. I remain a few years as a vegetarian, strict vegetarian. Then I got some disease and failed and again. I've become a nonvegetarian... like this. This is my story.

High Times: So now you're a non-vegetarian

Dalai Lama: Yes

High Times: You were a vegetarian, though, for religious reasons

Dalai Lama: No

High Times: No?

Dalai Lama: No...

Interpreter: Not exactly religious. Because of His Holiness's personal feeling, he changed.

High Times: When you were in the West, did you have French food, Italian...?

Interpreter: Italian spaghetti was...

Dalai Lama: (laughs) I like... Yes, very good... good. And steak

Interpreter: Steak also.

High Times: Do you ever have Coca-Cola?

Dalai Lama: (laughs) No. Once, yes. I think in early Sixties, yes. Now, no more

High Times: How'd you like it?

Dalai Lama: It caused some trouble in stomach. All these cold drinks not suitable.

High Times: What do you do to relax? Do you have any pets or any hobbies?

Dalai Lama: Reading and thinking. Sometimes these philosophical things. If you think of these philosophical things... it seems to me

some relaxation.

Interpreter: His Holiness says, sometimes like... when His Holiness thinks on these philosophical points, it relaxes him.

Dalai Lama: Philosophy.

High Times: Do you read any non-religious books?

Dalai Lama: Yes, yes

High Times: Novels?

Interpreter: Yes, His Holiness does... His Holiness says, he's read a great deal about Nazis

Dalai Lama: (Much laughter)

Interpreter: He doesn't know why, but he...

High Times: Did you read Albert Speer's *Inside the Third Reich*?

Interpreter: His Holiness says, he does not remember the name. Some books on history... His Holiness has some interest

High Times: What interests you about the Nazis?

Interpreter: His Holiness feels that when His Holiness was very young, maybe the attraction came... one, maybe from the Spartanist discipline and then also maybe because they have been very ruthless.

Dalai Lama: I think one reason... when I was young... during the Second World War... during that period, I got information through the Tibetan newspaper which published in Kalimpong. That is the only source. Now during that period, I got the impression the Nazi Germany.

Interpreter:... is someone who had no friends at all

Dalai Lama: Allies fight—they are many countries. So I got the impression

Interpreter: His Holiness was under the impression that Germany was being bullied by the Allies.

Dalai Lama: (Laughs)

Interpreter: As a result of that, he developed some kind of a sympathy for them

High Times: Did you know that a lot of ministers in Germany's Third Reich, Hitler's government, were interested in many different kinds of occultism and religious mysticism, and I haven't seen the relevant documents, but I have read that the German government before World War II regularly sent deputations to Lhasa...

Dalai Lama: (Laughs)

Interpreter: His Holiness says, when you get some of these authentic documents, could you send it here?

Dalai Lama: (Laughs.)

Interpreter: His Holiness says, one or two expeditions may have come from the West

Dalai Lama: I think one... just before Second World War... one group... one body visited Lhasa and they visited, I think, a few places...

High Times: Was it a political group? Scientific?

Interpreter: Mainly scientific, yes. Of course, you'd never know whether it's politics or... His Holiness says, you could just judge them from their externals

High Times: There is a story that at the end of World War II when the Allied Forces entered Berlin, they found a group of Tibetan monks, a hundred monks who were dressed in the uniforms of...

Dalai Lama: (Laughs)

"If the relations between the Chinese and Tibetans become as human relations, real brotherhood, if something happens . . . there's no reason to shout, cry, to fight. No problem."

High Times: . . of the Waffen S.S.

Dalai Lama: (much laughter) This I don't know . . .

Interpreter: His Holiness says that Germany has been one of the European countries which has been most interested in Tibetan culture aspect, and many books have been written about the culture and religion of Tibet. It seems that quite a lot of books on Tibet . . .

High Times: Have you ever wondered why that is?

Interpreter: His Holiness says, it is something interesting . . . someone could make a research on this kind of thing His Holiness says . . . for example, the swastika, the Nazi swastika, that's the same as the Hindu . . . and also the sign of the original Tibetan native religion. The same sign. We used the swastika, but it's clockwise. Maybe there's some . . .

Dalai Lama: (Laughs.)

High Times: Are you interested in astrology?

Dalai Lama: No

High Times: You don't think that the movement of stars has any significance for life on earth?

Interpreter: His Holiness says, he doesn't care much for this. But then, of course, that doesn't mean like His Holiness would . . .

Dalai Lama: Some people say, according to their own experience, it has some effect . . . from these stars. So . . . I do not know

High Times: Do you ever watch television?

Dalai Lama: Yes . . . yes.

High Times: Indian television?

Dalai Lama: Yes.

High Times: Do you think that you'd like to have a television show to broadcast into Tibet?

Dalai Lama: You mean, future Tibet?

High Times: In future Tibet, yes.

Dalai Lama: Certainly . . . yes. As I mentioned, we Tibetans are human beings . . . Tibetan nation as a human society. We need every facilities.

High Times: But to you as a . . .

Dalai Lama: Except these spacecraft

Interpreter: Except spacecraft. His Holiness says, these are for the rich . . . the ones who have the money to . . .

Dalai Lama: (laughs) They can spend millions of dollars for these projects - very good But . . .

High Times: There might be other people on other planets . . . and I'm sure it would be interesting to talk to them

Interpreter: His Holiness says, ac-

cording to Buddhism, we believe there are people in other planets.

Dalai Lama: But quite impossible to contact by this physical . . .

High Times: Do you think people on other planets can be contacted through . . .

Dalai Lama: Mentally . . . yes.

High Times: Telepathically?

Dalai Lama: Yes

High Times: Have you ever contacted them?

Dalai Lama: By me? No.

High Times: Or has any Tibetan . . . ?

Dalai Lama: Maybe . . . (laughs).

High Times: Do you see many movies?

Dalai Lama: No . . . Mechanical things . . . recently I . . . I'm fond . . . I like very much.

High Times: You like movie projectors?

Dalai Lama: Yes.

Interpreter: His Holiness is very fond of these mechanical things, and likes sometimes dismantling and putting them together, repairing

Dalai Lama: (examining tape recorder) Before the week's end, I may do some repair . . . on this sort of thing . . . tape recorder

High Times: You probably know more about this tape recorder than I do

Interpreter: His Holiness is very interested in this kind of thing. His Holiness is interested in . . .

High Times: Well, if you notice it not working, please tell me Do you have much experience with the young Westerners who come here?

Dalai Lama: Quite a lot

High Times: What do you think of them?

Dalai Lama: Nothing in particular but important to . . . I mean, it is good to meet different people and talk. . . .

Interpreter: You have a closer feeling . . .

Dalai Lama: The human contact is very important

High Times: You were born a god, the living Buddha .

Dalai Lama: (Laughs)

High Times: Is that right?

Dalai Lama: Oh, certainly . . . I am Buddha (much laughter). I am Buddha. Then you also would be a Buddha, small Buddha . . . smaller Buddha (laughter). Certainly . . . no.

Interpreter: Wrong interpretation.

Dalai Lama: See . . . reincarnation of Buddha . . . the reincarnation of Buddha.

Interpreter: There is a complicated theory behind this

Dalai Lama: And from this philosophy or this belief can be including .

Interpreter: His Holiness says, from this theory, including the institution of the Dalai Lama, there are other such . . . which come into this.

Interpreter: His Holiness says, when you say that someone is reincarnation of Buddha, it needn't be the Buddha himself

Dalai Lama: Now . . . I'm the Dalai Lama. Certainly I am not Buddha. I'm ordinary human being. But meantime, I have some force . . .

Interpreter: There is some connection from the past life That is definite . . . some force, some influence.

High Times: Do you remember any of your past lives?

Dalai Lama: Not at the moment, but when I was young, there were many signs which I show to other people . . .

High Times: Are you celibate?

Dalai Lama: Yes.

High Times: And you have been celibate in your previous incarnations as Dalai Lama, which would be 400 years by now. Do you regret having been celibate for 400 years?

Dalai Lama: (laughs) No! According to Buddhism, to control yourself is one of the most important things . . . the control and the control of desire, including sex, you see

Interpreter: His Holiness says, with the control of these, you approach nirvana closer His Holiness cannot say whether his previous incarnations were celibate or not

High Times: Certain Tantric writings advocate sex as a means of reaching nirvana

Interpreter: Tantric, you said?

High Times: I think Tantric, yes.

Dalai Lama: This is just a misunderstanding, misinterpretation, I think. In Tantra, there are certain yoga practices . . . symbolized . . . some there are in practice, but some are much different than usual sexual things

High Times: If sex is a distraction from the pursuit of nirvana, would you say that people who enjoy a lot of sex are therefore free . . . are they depriving themselves of the highest freedom, which is religious?

Interpreter: There are some differences. But in the sexual life or conduct, according to some . . . there are certain rules, and within those rules, you know, it's better.

High Times: Marriage, for instance. Do you have any premonitions of the

**"I have always had some admiration
about Marx's theory."**

future?

Dalai Lama: No. First, you should qualify it... firm meditation or strong meditation... sound meditation... samadhi. Unless you spend few years in a very removed, secluded place, it isn't possible to practice.

High Times: Well, if someone lived piously and ascetically, practiced samadhi in the way in which it must be practiced, then would he have, you know, the ability to have premonitions of the future?

Dalai Lama: Yes.

High Times: Have you ever...?

Dalai Lama: Yes... my friends, they have practiced this samadhi according to their own capability.

High Times: Do you think that there are other powers of the mind which samadhi can unlock? Would it be possible, for instance, to astrally project, to leave the physical body?

Dalai Lama: Certainly.

High Times: Have you ever developed your own psychic powers?

Dalai Lama: No.

High Times: If you had, would you have been able to use them militarily, against the Chinese in Tibet?

Dalai Lama: No. It's not possible to become that powerful. Now this again involves the mass karma. So you see, for example, this suffering of the Tibetan masses... many involved. Now, one single person's magic power could not change this. Now in India, in the past, when Lord Buddha was in India, his whole native country was invaded by one king. At that time, Lord Buddha could not do anything.

High Times: Is it possible for people to develop their psychic powers and use them collectively?

Dalai Lama: Collectively... no.

High Times: Under the present political situation, how will your successor be chosen?

Dalai Lama: I don't know (laughs). Not my responsibility. At the moment, my responsibility is to fight, and retain our rights...

High Times: Can the use of drugs help a person who is looking for enlightenment?

Dalai Lama: No. I don't think so.

High Times: Have you ever taken any drugs?

Dalai Lama: No. The reason is... enlightenment should be carried by the full alert mind. But if you take these drugs and these things...

High Times: Many people in the West use drugs and claim that it helps them in their religious—

Dalai Lama: Maybe. In exceptional case

High Times: I'd like to show you a book¹ that was published in America about ten years ago...

Dalai Lama: Yes, I think I got one.

High Times: The authors wrote this as a guide to the use of LSD, based on the philosophy of the *Bardo Thodol*, [the Tibetan Book of the Dead] and they claimed that the *Bardo Thodol* is only metaphorically about what happens after death, what it's really about, according to them, is about the loss of the ego or identity through a mystical experience. And they felt that you could have a valid mystical experience, and understand a death and re-birth of the ego, through the joint use of LSD and the *Bardo Thodol*.

Interpreter: His Holiness hopes they find the book helpful.

High Times: But are they correct in saying the *Bardo Thodol* is not a book about death but about religious mysticism, about what you might experience, say, in samadhi?

Interpreter: Actually the book is about death... But there are meditations which some people practice about death before dying. But the book, this particular text, that is about the death.

High Times: I want to ask you again about telepathy and psychic powers. Do you think that the *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, the *Bardo Thodol*, has any meaning as a guide to psychic experiences?

Interpreter: Possibly, it can have. His Holiness says there are other texts also which are similar. His Holiness says there are many texts about the mind and sort of a tele-analysis of the mind.

High Times: Conversely, do you think that psychic experiences as they're known in the West—telepathy, astral projection—are essentially religious experiences?

Dalai Lama: No.

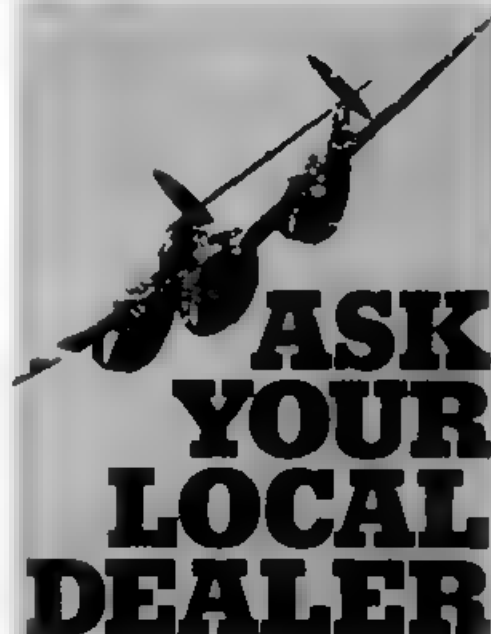
High Times: Could a person be enlightened and not know it, someone who had simply never had the benefit of being exposed to the teaching of a religion?

Interpreter: His Holiness says, religion is able to change the mind of a person.

Dalai Lama: Anything rich... rich benefit or rich effect from control your mind... that means your mind has become good, better and better and better. That means less anger, and less selfish teachings. That is religion.

High Times: But in other words, you don't think it would be possible to

¹ *The Psychedelic Experience: A Manual Based on the Tibetan Book of the Dead*, Timothy Leary, Richard Alpert and Ralph Metzner. University Books, 1964.



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"Do you think people on other planets can be contacted?" "Mentally... yes."

discipline the mind without a religion.

Dalai Lama: Practice samadhi, practice samadhi itself. May not show as a religious contact. If you practice samadhi... motivated solely or only or mainly for some psychic power, or some magic... just like your own benefit in order to destroy, in order to conquer. If you practice for this purpose, if you practice samadhi, that's wrong... not religious.

Interpreter: It's not possible to attain enlightenment without having any religion.

Dalai Lama: Or nirvana... That is what nirvana or Buddhahood means—complete purification of mind.

Interpreter: Unless you are able to control your mind, you cannot purify your mind.

High Times: The fact that we can do certain things, if we meditate properly, that we can have certain psychic powers, indicates that there are other planes on which we can exist. In that case, why is it that humans have to be encumbered with, bothered with going through the physical stage?

Dalai Lama: I think this is now one basic thing—nature. We believe nature is nature, because by nature there is a being, because by nature there is suffering. You want something to achieve. These are not created by God... the god of Buddhism. We do not accept creator... so, you see, something in nature...

High Times: Do you think that children have a perception of spiritual reality which they express childishly but which nonetheless is very valid?

Interpreter: His Holiness says he is not sure whether they can by themselves. For some it is possible. His Holiness says, but without any outside influence or environmental influence, if by nature the child is able to... sort of through his own character and thinking, then His Holiness says he might get a clear picture as to the influence of his past life.

High Times: How should a person educated in the West begin to seek enlightenment?

Dalai Lama: Enlightenment... I'm not much for the thinking about Buddhahood or nirvana, but I'm more concerned or more interested in practical things—that is, harmony, brotherhood, you see, kindness to each other, respect to each other, then live really in harmony, and brotherhood, taking universal responsibility, central universal responsibility. This sort of real thinking—I think we can build such a way of thinking and way of life. As to socialism, I think

... not by force, but by step-by-step method... through... mainly through teaching and through environmental influence and parents' advice and government system, economy system, and all, as we discussed, television and radio broadcasts, newspapers, all these facilities showing the right path, then I think... some hope. And also this... that's the only alternative, I think. If this present, the atmosphere, you see, talking peace, practice no peace; talking justice, practice no justice; talking harmony, unity, practice just opposite. Talking—people's benefit, people's rights, people's liberty, and practice selfish... not good.

If in human society, justice is lost, then really no hope.

High Times: Your Holiness, what is the relationship between Tibetan Buddhism and Zen Buddhism?

Dalai Lama: Both come from India.

High Times: Buddhists have developed fighting, you know, the martial arts—karate, kung fu, samurais...

Dalai Lama: Oh, yes... yes.

High Times: What do you think of that, as a pacifist? Is that real Buddhism?

Dalai Lama: (laughs) I don't know.

Interpreter: His Holiness says it depends on the condition of the political.

Dalai Lama: If foreign invasions are there...

High Times: There are a lot of legends in the West about Tibet. One is that during the 18 years of his life for which the Bible does not account, Jesus Christ visited Tibet and studied here. Do you know this legend?

Dalai Lama: I don't know.

Interpreter: His Holiness says, he heard about this and saw the book, but His Holiness has no first-hand report.

High Times: Then there's the Abominable Snowman, the Yeti.

Dalai Lama: (laughs) Yeti (laughs).

High Times: Have you ever seen one?

Dalai Lama: I also inquiring about this.

High Times: You're interested in it also?

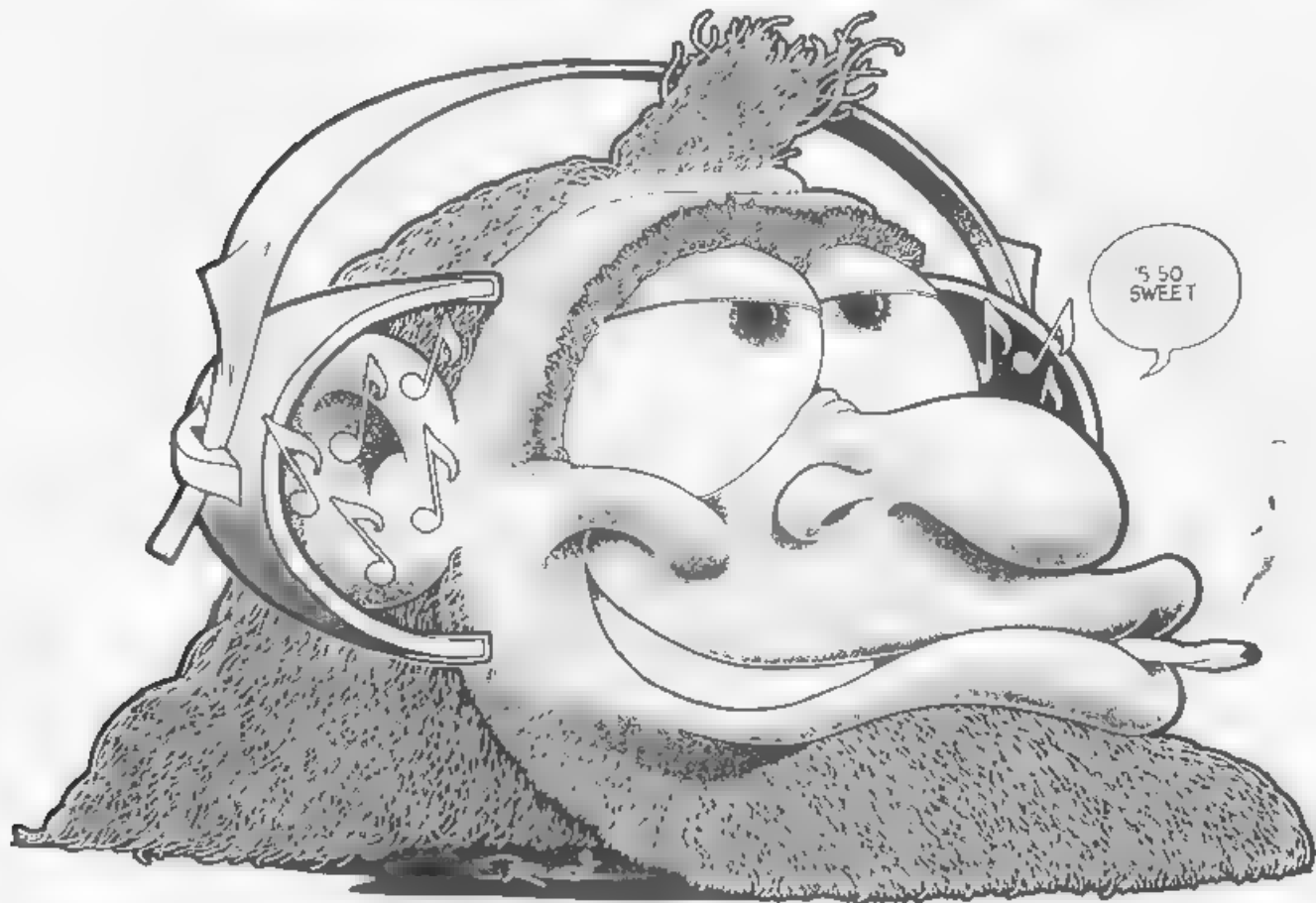
Dalai Lama: Yes. But, I mean, some of the local people, from time to time, these local people are coming here to see me. So I inquire, and they believe there is something.

High Times: Your Holiness, one more question. Can people write to you here at Dharamsala? Do you have time to answer your mail?

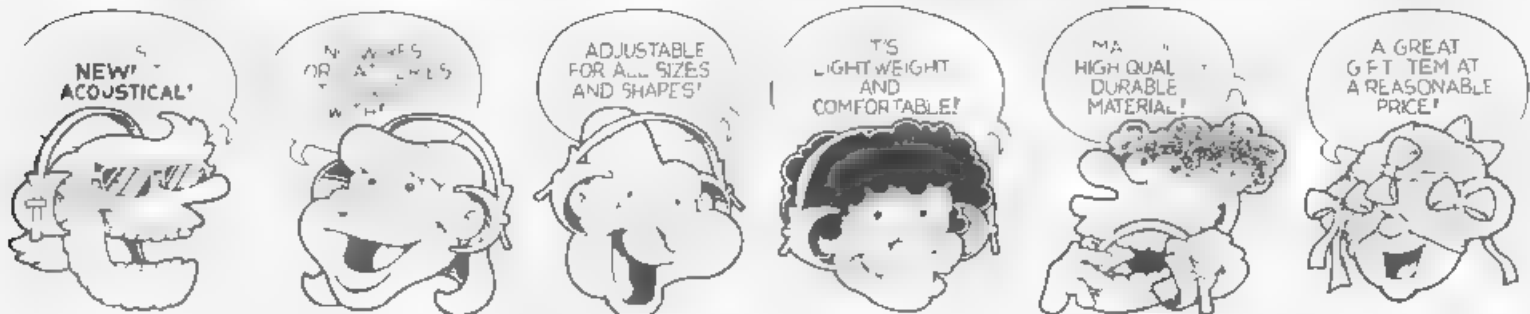
Dalai Lama: (laughs) Yes... yes.

High Times: Thank you, Your Holiness. □

Magnaphone is for Heads.



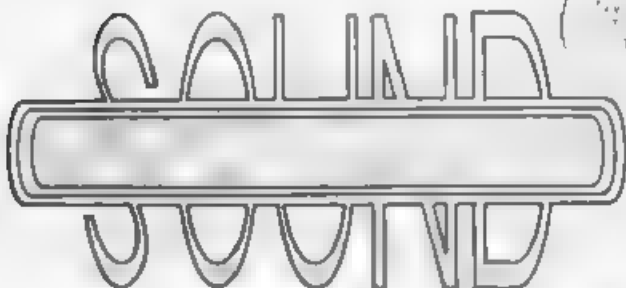
Focus the Good Vibes Where Your Head is At.



The **Magnaphone** heightens natural sound reception without the use of wires or batteries while eliminating background noises that interfere with the good sounds you want to hear. Great at concerts or in the private company of your own stereo.

And it costs no more than your favorite album or tape — only \$6.95. Ask for **Magnaphone** wherever they sell good things for your head or order one or more directly from us with the handy coupon below.

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Do not forget to



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City State Zip

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The implications are frightening; the consequences are expensive; but, you can do something about it with our help.

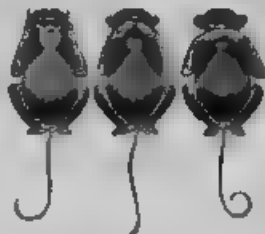
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It's expensive, around \$400, but, it could save you a lot. Up to now equipment like this has only been available to them. Now it's available to you.

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HIGH WITNESS NEWS

Oct./Nov. '75

Number 6

Seizure Statistics at Odds

The U.N. Commission on Narcotics reported that dope authorities from all over the world seized 17,000 tons of marijuana, 8 tons of morphine, 6 of heroin and 3 of cocaine between 1967 and 1973.

A promotional booklet published by the Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA), which is used extensively as a reference source by the media in the U.S., claims that 730,000 tons of pot, 8,083 tons of ganja seeds and 20 tons of cocaine were seized last year under Operation Buccaneer alone. Operation Buccaneer is the name given the U.S.-Jamaican effort to combat dope traffic between Jamaica and the Florida Peninsula.

To confuse statistics even more, the U.S. Customs Service says that it seized 265 tons of pot, 27 tons of opium and 629 pounds of cocaine entering the country.



C-54 cargo plane seized in weed bust on Treat Mountain. Five men were arrested.

Plane, Pot and Smugglers Seized in Georgia

A recent seizure at Treat Mountain, Georgia netted police there a C54 four engine cargo plane allegedly used to transport a ton and a half of marijuana from South America. Also confiscated were 85 kilo-sized bricks of hashish.

The plane landed without dam-

age at night on a makeshift runway as it was spotted coming in low over the trees by sheriff's deputies. Three men were arrested on the ground in two vans, and two more were captured with the plane, which is registered to Robert G. Eby of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Charged in connection with the operation were, Thomas William Hale, 28, of Allegan, Michigan; Martin Bert Raulines, 26, and Robert James Knight, both of Atlanta; Thomas John Despain, 28, of Fort Lauderdale, and Mike W. Rudegar, 28, address unknown.

Senate Studies Grass Strength

Two armed DEA guards brought 200 pounds of Colombian gold pot into a Senate Internal Security Subcommittee hearing recently, as part of an effort by Jerry N. Jensen, Deputy Director of the DEA, to show that pot is "big business." The weed was part of an 800-pound cache seized in New York City, and was termed "perhaps the highest quality ever confiscated."

Jensen cited figures indicating that ten years ago most pot being smoked was of midwestern origin and contained about 1/2 of 1 per cent THC. Now, he says, the THC level is up to 3 or 4 per cent, and could go as high

as 5 or 6 per cent in the next few years.

Dr. Robert L. DuPont, director of the National Institute of Drug Abuse (NIDA), said in the same meeting that NIDA studies indicate more California

seventh graders are smoking dope than ever before—about 22 per cent of the boys and 18 per cent of the girls, and that 10 per cent of all 23-year-old men smoke grass daily. DuPont is an antigrass moderate who has in-

dedicated his willingness to see possession of pot made a civil offense as three states have done, but stresses the dangers of marijuana to its young users.

Committee Chairman Senator James O. Eastland (D-Miss.), who gained some attention in 1974 when he warned the nation of an impending "population of semi-zombies crippled by marijuana," touched—but did not taste—the Colombian.

Bay Area Ready for LSD Attack

Following the revelation that the CIA gave LSD to unsuspecting subjects for over a decade, the East Bay Municipal Utility District assured East Bay residents that a detailed LSD decontamination plan had been devised as early as 1967. Gordon Lavery, director of opera-

tions for the water district, said that if LSD were discovered in the water supply, the plan calls for emergency flushing of the entire pressure district after loudspeaker cars have gone through the streets broadcasting warnings.

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Narcs Wounded in Gun Battle

Two DEA agents kidnapped by Mexican dope smugglers were shot in a gun battle with their abductors that erupted on the desert outside San Luis, Mex-



Phillip Jordan of U.S. Dept. of Justice, Phoenix, with 30-pound hash stash

ico, south of Yuma, Arizona. Special Agent Donald Ware, 40, was listed in critical condition after sustaining wounds in the arms, legs, abdomen and groin; agent Roy Stevenson, 41, was listed in fair condition with wounds in the arm and leg.

The agents, part of a five-man team attempting to trap a Mexican dealer, were parked in a camper in downtown San Luis, Mexico when at least two Mexicans approached them with guns drawn and forced them into a pickup truck, according to authorities. A search of the men apparently missed Ware's revolver, as the agents started shooting—agents claim Ware was able to wound one of the abductors in the head before being cut down by M-15 fire from a car following the truck.

Eau de Boo

Security World, a monthly magazine which serves to inform police and private security personnel of up-to-the-minute developments in the field, has recently published a guide for spotting dope users that lists "sudden, unexplained affluence" and a "musty odor or body stench" among its tell-tale symptoms.

Besides the "body stench in part due to using heroin and in part due to lack of personal hygiene," the junkie can also be tagged as he "is often a chain smoker, but seldom uses filter tips."

The pot hound is even easier

to finger than the junkie; the magazine explains that one sign of marijuana use is "hand rolled or crudely made cigarettes containing a coarse tobacco-like substance in cigarette paper (often brownish) with the ends pinched and twisted together." Besides the persistent odor of burnt grass or burnt hay around the Reefer Man, he can be picked out of a crowd as "his fingers may be heavily stained as the result of smoking his 'stick' down to the very end."

If these signs are too esoteric for some security men, the magazine advises that a drug user "knows all the answers before you ask him the questions," because he is "a great con man."

Missing Gringos

The state government of Guerrero, Mexico has announced that, as a result of an anti-corruption drive, all 22 guards have been jailed at the Acapulco Prison, and in the same city, all 86 plainclothes policemen have been confined to their headquarters.

Attorney general of Guerrero, Ramiro Gonzalez Casales commented on the under-covermen's confinement: "The society of Acapulco is more secure this way than with this group on the loose—all of these policemen are of the worst kind." A spokesman for the

local uniformed police department said that shortly after the police were confined, and 63 of them disarmed, the number of crimes in Acapulco dropped.

To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: *High-Witness News*, *High Times* magazine, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.



Demonstrators at the annual July 4th Yippie Smoke-in, in Washington, D.C.



Can you count the number of joints in the picture below? For answer, see page 34

Yippie Smoke-In Kicks Off Campaign '76

One thousand demonstrators gathered behind the White House July 4th to smoke three pounds of reefer and kick off the Yippie bicentennial celebration's Campaign '76. A call was issued for national action next year against the GOP presidential convention to be held in Kansas City, and the Dem-

ocratic convention scheduled for New York City.

Despite police intimidation, the Yips then marched on DEA headquarters to demand an end to killer narc tactics and CIA heroin importation. A few arrests were made, but all charges were dropped by the next day.

Leary to Clear Air

Playboy magazine has done a major interview with Timothy Leary in which he attempts to clear his reputation. Leary has been believed by some to be cooperating with federal authorities investigating the Weathermen and the Brotherhood of Eternal Love. The interview, by Robert Anton Wilson, will be published in a few months.

High Rollers

• Two Colorado law enforcement officials were arrested on dope charges following an investigation by the state's organized Crime Task Force. Arrested were Telluride city attorney, Robert Korn, 33, for dispensing marijuana, and Richard Unruh, 33, the deputy district attorney assigned to San Miguel County, charged with possession and sale of cocaine.

• Ronald Steven Carr, 22, son of San Clemente, California, City Manager Ken Carr, was arrested with two others after state narcotics officers allegedly made their fifth cocaine score in six weeks. Charged with Carr were Robert E. Cooper, 31, of Capistrano Beach; and Angela Marie Martin, 28.



Tom Hoover

• Former New York Knicks basketball player Tom Hoover was one of 20 suspects indicted by a federal grand jury in New York for delivering over 60 pounds of heroin. Hoover became a New York City school system trouble shooter in 1965 and remained on the job until 1973 when he was one of four people arrested on charges of possessing 1580 pounds of marijuana — charges that were later dismissed. Hoover was specifically charged with possessing on one occasion a quantity of

English Cleanup

After Thames Valley, England, police ran a campaign urging people to hand in drugs that they weren't using, they collected 100,000 assorted pills, 22 bottles of cyanide, 6 bottles of strychnine and 64 pounds of arsenic.

mannite, a substance used to cut heroin.

• Rommie Loudd, former boss of the now defunct World Football League Florida Blazers, is in Boston after extradition from Orlando. Loudd is under bonds totaling more than \$500,000 on charges of drug delivery and conspiracy involving cocaine, and embezzlement of football ticket sales taxes.



Michael Butler

• Michael Butler, producer of the rock musical *Hair*, has had charges against him for illegally growing opium poppies dismissed in Santa Barbara, California. A municipal court

judge dismissed the charges against Butler and three co-defendants, ruling the search warrant was unconstitutional and based upon insufficient evidence.

• The 41-year-old daughter of Senator Hugh Scott (R.-Pa.) was arrested in Doylestown, Pennsylvania, on a warrant

naming her for alleged possession of hashish with intent to deliver. Undercover agents reported buying \$100 worth of hash from Marian S. Concanon, also known as "Scottie." When questioned by reporters, Senator Scott issued a press release saying, "I stand by my daughter. Otherwise, I have no comment."

Military Studies Antacid

During studies conducted at the Maryland Research Institute in 1965, Dr. Stanslov Grof, chief of psychiatry, discovered that the use of Niamid, an antidepressant drug, could alleviate many of the symptoms of LSD ingestion. Grof administered the drug to 11 patients for a period of four weeks, then gave them LSD for ten days and

found that they were nearly immune to its effects.

Over a hundred military establishments from countries including the U.S., the U.S.S.R., Australia and Canada have expressed written interest or sent envoys seeking more information and data on the Niamid experiments.

Jra Rosen

Sino-Soviet Smack Rift

The Soviet press has recently accused Red China of massive narcotics dealing to earn billions of dollars in foreign exchange.

Heroin dealing has become a familiar charge against the communist government of mainland China. It was first heard during the Vietnam war and more recently in the international press.

Surprisingly, the U.S. government is coming to China's defense. The official publication

of the Drug Enforcement Administration says, "Not one investigation into the heroin traffic in the Far East in the past two years led to evidence of Peoples Republic of China involvement." The statement was cowritten by State Department aides. It's one of the quirks of modern diplomacy that Russia is now damning her old ally, Red China, and it is the United States that has come to the defense of one against the other.

Reefer Reform

Pennsylvania

Governor Milton Shapp endorsed removing criminal penalties for possession of small amounts of marijuana, and legislation was proposed to put possession of marijuana in the same category as traffic violations. \$100 fines would replace possible jail terms.

Indiana

Three federal court judges in Indianapolis are expected to hear a case brought by NORML attorneys, who oppose a new law against "paraphernalia sale and possession." The judges placed a temporary restraining order on the bill shortly after it was passed at the beginning of August.

If NORML loses the case, possession or sale of pipes, roach clips, coke spoons, etc., will constitute crimes punishable

by up to 20 years in prison, and fines of up to \$2,000. Store owners stand to lose an estimated \$3 to \$5 million this year in paraphernalia items.

Maine

A Maine legislator stood up during a debate on easing reefer laws and said he knew "from personal experience" that marijuana was harmless.

New Jersey

While most states are lowering penalties for drug use, New Jersey just raised the maximum sentence for the sale of drugs from 14 years to life.

New York

The state assembly gave final approval to a bill repealing the key section of hard-line drug laws pushed through the legislature in 1973 by then Governor Nelson Rockefeller. The bill allows the average street-level dealer to plead guilty to a lesser

offense requiring a minimum sentence of one year or less.

Ohio

Ohio has become the sixth state to enact a law that treats simple marijuana possession with a traffic-ticket-like fine.

Governor James Rhodes signed into law a bill making simple possession of 100 grams of pot, five grams of hash or one gram of hash oil punishable by a maximum \$100 fine. The bill rules out any jail sentences.

The new law imposes tough felony penalties for trafficking and cultivating marijuana.

Ohio joins Oregon, Alaska, California, Maine and Colorado in treating simple possession with only a fine.

The Nation

Attorney General Edward H. Levi has said recently that he favors reducing or removing entirely the criminal penalties for the personal use of marijuana.



Iowa weed commissioner Bill Holub says "no problem" with marijuana.

Dean of the Weed Commissioners

"The most marijuana we had was one pasture field," said Bill Holub, Weed Commissioner of Black Hawk County, Iowa. "Oh, we have some in the fence rows. And there are fields of it up by Janesville—by the acre there in the creek bottom. But other than that, there's almost none left."

Bill Holub is 82 years old. He's been Weed Commissioner since 1947. "They call me the Dean of Weed Commissioners," says Holub proudly. While there are 20 or so plants—besides marijuana—designated as "noxious weeds" in Iowa, Holub concentrates most of his efforts on only one: the Canadian thistle.

"Oh, we prosecuted marijuana the first year the legislature wanted us to—that was sometime in the late 60's—we made the farmers mow it," Holub recalled. "Secretary of Agriculture L.B. Liddy at the time had found some marijuana

in Iowa and publicized the fact that he'd found it. People came from all over—they came from New York, even. No doubt they had it other places, but they didn't have a Secretary of Agriculture to publicize it," added Holub wryly.

"After that first year, I went to the supervisors. I said, 'Gentlemen, if we're going to prosecute the marijuana, we need more men. But should we be the guardians of all the people who ain't got enough brains to leave it alone?'"

Either the County Board of Supervisors agreed with Holub or they couldn't see spending the money for more men. Holub hasn't paid much attention to marijuana since. And, says Holub, the rumors of a 2,4-D defoliant spraying attack on ditch and fence-row grass aren't true, either—at least not in northeast Iowa.

Holub, who's paid only \$2.50 an hour to rid the county of nox-

ious weeds, works out of his home in Hudson. He was raised on a farm in Wisconsin timber country, tramped in Chicago when he was 19, farmed for 21 years—and then bought lard on the commodities market. The price of lard tripled and Holub made \$30,000. Now he sells life insurance on the side—he tried to sell me a policy the day after I interviewed him.

The main thing Holub's worried about as Weed Commissioner is the county farmland. And that means Canadian thistles. They grow and spread, and their seeds are carried by the wind—usually onto neighboring farms.

"A farmer can grow any weed he wants all over the farm. But when they spread to the neighbor's farm, that's when we prosecute. That's the thing with the marijuana," continues Holub. "They aren't hurting anybody there; they aren't hurting anybody anywhere, except those that want to hurt themselves."

"The public is funny—just forbid something and they want to see if they can get away with it."

"Sometimes I'd pick a male plant and a female plant, put 'em in the car and take them into the courthouse. The supervisors all gathered around to look. They all wanted to see what it looked like. One fellow asked me what I was going to do with them. I said I was going to throw them away. He said he'd take care of them for me," says Holub with a twinkle in his eye.

Maybe there's not much to worry about. As one VISTA worker told me, "Most Iowa grass won't give you much more than a good case of bronchitis."

—Ron Lichry

Girl Chased by "Bogey Man"

Melbourne, Australian, police reported finding a 20-year-old man dead and five young men and a girl wandering dazed, incoherent, bruised and nearly nude after eating wild lilies containing the drug atropine, a central nervous system inhibitor. The man apparently fell in a creek and drowned after the group chewed the petals of the lilies at a creekside party. Several members had torn off their clothes during the 18-hour trip, and one youth wearing only undershorts was found talking to a tree. The girl told police she was chased through the bush by "Bogey Men."

Opium Sesame

According to two pharmacologists at the University of Illinois, an almost endless supply of opium is only as far away as the neighborhood bakery. Drs. Frank Crane and Norman Farnsworth have recently harvested six milligrams of opium from plants that grew from poppy seeds scraped off the top of bakery dinner rolls.

Although it's illegal to grow opium in the U.S., it's perfectly legal to possess the seeds. Bakeries use the opium-producing seeds—even though there are dozens of types of opium-less poppies—because they are cheap and plentiful. Dr. Farnsworth is now lobbying for legislation requiring that the poppy seeds be sterilized before use, similar to what is done to the marijuana seeds in bird food.

Mobs Guzzled While Frisco Burned

A long-secret Navy report released on the sixty-ninth anniversary of the great San Francisco earthquake reveals that carousing mobs rushed saloon after saloon in the stricken city, guzzling stolen liquor while 28,000 buildings went up in flames and 600 people lost their lives.

"In my opinion," wrote Lt. Frederick N. Freeman, Commander of a U.S. Navy relief force sent on April 18, 1906 to aid the shattered city, "great loss of life resulted from men and women becoming stupefied by

liquor and being too tired and exhausted to get out of the way of the fire.

"The crowds rushed saloon after saloon and looted the stock, becoming intoxicated early in the day," Freeman continued, "and those not incapacitated by liquor were apparently in no mood to help rescue operations." Freeman complained. "Able-bodied men refused to work with the fire department, stating that they would not work for less than forty cents an hour."—a very profitable wage rate in 1906.

COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

• U.S. Customs inspectors arrested two Colombian women and seized ten pounds of cocaine at Port Everglades, Florida, when they arrived there aboard the cruise ship *Italia*.

The women were identified as Gil Helena, 31, and Anna Beatriz Tarquino, 58, both of Cartagena, Colombia.

• Agents seized 38.8 pounds of cocaine from the banana boat *EA* of Liberian registry. The coke was found in a fresh water locker. Officials say it was the third smuggling incident this year involving the vessel.

• Customs inspectors at Miami International Airport were going through the luggage of a Cincinnati couple just in from Bogota, Colombia, when

they discovered that the couple's hair dryer wasn't working. Roma Sly and Richard Depp, both 27, were arrested when the Customs men opened the dryer and found that the motor had been replaced by 3.3 pounds of cocaine.

• Jose Manuel Aispura Quiroz, 48, a Mexican national from Watsonville, California, was arrested when Customs inspectors at the San Luis checkpoint on the Arizona-Mexico border allegedly found 15.7 pounds of cocaine hidden in a secret compartment built into the gas tank of his pickup truck.

• Antonio Casciano, 30, of Scottsdale, Arizona, Alberico Pietrocarlo, 28, of Giuliano, Italy, and Mrs. Michelle Ham-

mond, 26, of Chicago were arrested at the Phoenix, Arizona, Sky Harbor Airport after they retrieved two suitcases containing 12 pounds of cocaine, according to DEA agents.

• U. Luis DeVarona, 32, was arrested by DEA agents in Miami, Florida, as he was removing two kilograms of

cocaine from his car trunk, according to a DEA spokesman. De Varona, who owns three boutiques in the Miami area, is a relative of a former cabinet minister in Cuba.

• Gerald Vlasak, 18, was arrested entering San Juan, Puerto Rico, from Venezuela. Customs agents seized almost seven pounds of liquid cocaine in sealed wine bottles, which allegedly belonged to the Westland, Pennsylvania, man.

• Two banana boats docked in the Miami River were raided on consecutive afternoons, yielding Miami customs agents a total of 61 pounds of cocaine. The ships, the *Frigora* and the *Cubahama* allegedly arrived in Miami from Colombia.

The total volume of coke taken from both ships now runs to 108 pounds. Banana boats are especially popular among cocaine smugglers lately, because they sail directly to the United States from South America, thus avoiding the possibility of narcotics detection by Customs inspectors at interm ports.

Electronic Surveillance Continues

A spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union says that court affidavits show that 22 federal agencies admit to conducting electronic surveillance either within this country or abroad. John Shattuck of the ACLU says that the affidavits were filed after Maj. Dennis

Hunt, acting as judge in a court-martial in Germany, ordered a broad check of federal agencies to see if the officer on trial had been subjected to electronic snooping. Among the agencies admitting to such operations: the FBI, DEA, IRS, and Treasury Department.

Editor to Pay Narc 40 G's

Linda Ross, ex-editor of the *Ann Arbor Sun*, has been ordered by a federal court in Michigan to pay a narcotics agent \$40,000 in damages for the "emotional harm" he allegedly suffered after his picture was published by the *Sun*.

Ross says she ran a photo-

graph of undercover narcotics cop Arthur Burns as part of a campaign to show that narcs were concentrating on marijuana users and ignoring hard-drug sellers. She added that United Press International later ran the picture but was not

Teen Doping Rises Again

The Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency recently heard testimony from a panel of four high-school students who told the legislators that dope and violence have replaced reading, writing, and arithmetic in their schools.

Debbi, 18, of Akron, Ohio, and Kevin, 17, of Adelphi, Maryland, said that 9 out of 10 of their classmates get stoned during a typical day at school. "If it's just the same old thing every day, you might as well get high," explained Debbi. "Usually only the smart kids worry about school."

According to Robert, 16, kids are so bored by the end of the

first period that they go outside, "sit around and get high, pop pills and smoke marijuana." The Chicago teenager reported that a "bad trip" will often cause a student to go home and return to school with some form of weapon.

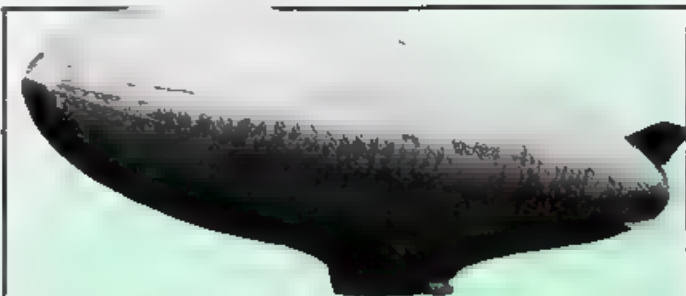
Tim, 17, of Pittsburgh concurred with fellow panelists that dope is usually purchased with stolen goods, profits won shooting craps, rerouted lunch funds, and money stolen or extorted.

Robert said that the best way to control the illicit goings-on is by a series of busts: "If there were a whole lot of police around all the time they wouldn't do it."

Grass Grows on Mexican Government Land

Rigoberto Melchor Moreno, described as a well-to-do farmer and rancher in Parral, Mexico, declared from the witness stand at his heroin trial in El Paso, Texas, that between 80 and 90 per cent of the farmers near Parral grow marijuana on Mexican government land.

Moreno is on trial for conspiring to sell 2,000 grams of heroin, a deal that he became involved in, he maintains, only at the enticement of a government informer.



Arizona Police Test Blimps

City officials in Tempe, Arizona, after a six-month experiment, are recommending that police departments across the country replace their helicopters with blimps.

Tempe police have been using blimps to hover over "high-crime areas" instead of helicopters, which make so much noise

that perpetrators are forewarned of their presence. Goodyear, maker of the blimps, say that the crafts are not as vulnerable as is widely believed. According to the company, several bullets fired into a blimp's belly will only cause it to float to the earth very gently.

Texas Parents Spied on Daughter

A suburban Houston couple who refuse to be identified report that they wiretapped their daughter's telephone for seven years and turned all dope-related information to local narcotics officers.

The parents told the *Houston Post* that they hooked up a device to a home extension in 1967, when their daughter was being "difficult." They con-

tinued the tap even after their daughter left home and moved into her own apartment.

The daughter, now 23, is getting married. About all this? The parents say that their daughter has thanked them a million times for their "vigilance." The top cop who helped them set up the tap is attending the wedding.

High Crimes

• Joseph Curre was sentenced to 570 to 1100 years in prison after pleading guilty to 34 counts of conspiracy to sell narcotics. Judge James Barbuto of Akron, Ohio, issued the maximum sentence on each count. Curre will be eligible for parole in ten years.

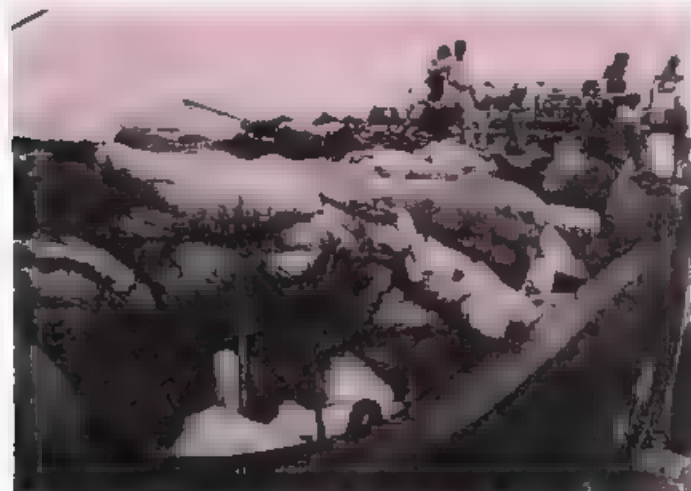
• U.S. Customs officers seized 18 tons of pot as it was being unloaded from a shrimp boat in Savannah, Georgia. Federal agents claim the grass was coming into the country from Colombia.

The boat, the Hazel B., was seized along with a houseboat, a twenty-two foot launch, \$11,000 in cash, and eight campers. Names of the 19 men arrested on smuggling charges were not released as this issue went to press.

• A half ton of grass was seized on a Kenyan vessel docked at Avonmouth, England at the end of May. Two years ago 30,000 pounds sterling worth of drugs were found on a West African ship. Two weeks before the Kenyan bust 5,732 lbs of hashish were thrown into the River Elbe at Hamburg from the Lebanese cargo boat, Baabda. The Polish captain and the Arab boatswain were detained.

—RELEASE Newsletter

• Agents announced a seizure at Zephyr Hills, Florida, of a ton of grass aboard a Lodestar aircraft, after a tip came in from an anonymous citizen. Authorities confiscated the plane, and arrested Joseph Taglione, 36, Johnny William Ivey, 38, and Luis Gonzalez Quiroga, 33.



43 tons of pot off Deep Water Cay in the Bahamas

• 43 tons of high-grade Colombian were discovered and seized by Customs officials at Deep Water Cay in the Bahamas. The grass was taken, aboard the U.S. Coast Guard buoy tender

Sweetgum, to Pompano Beach, Florida, where all 86,280 pounds reportedly were burned. Two Florida men are being sought in connection with the incident.

• Seven people were arrested and the search goes on by authorities in Vicksburg, Mississippi, who seized 2,210 pounds of marijuana at the local airport.

• A U.S. Air Force woman and five American airmen have been ordered to stand trial for possession of five milligrams of hashish after the car in which

they were travelling collided with a Turkish taxi. Officials at Incirlik Airbase, where the six were stationed, identified the Americans as: Sgts. Thomas R. Marshall, Jack L. Garber, Garry L. Milbrandt, Airmen I-C Gregory Baker and Curtis A. Maonna, and Air Force Woman Cynthia Henby. If found guilty, as were three other American airmen who faced similar charges as the result of a George Washington's Birthday beach party last year, the six face a minimum penalty of from three to five years imprisonment.

• Two California women were arrested at Orly International Airport in Paris by customs officials who said the women's luggage contained 123 pounds of hashish. Linda Clark, 21, a physical education teacher from Santa Rita, and Louise Freemond, 33, a secretary from Los Angeles, flew into Paris from Casablanca.

• The step-son of a Bronx, New York, detective and five other men were arrested and charged with growing 100 marijuana plants in a 50 by 75 foot backyard plot. Charged with viola-

• A former member of the Sarasota, Florida, Police Department is one of five men arrested recently at the Lakeland, Florida, Municipal Airport aboard a DC-3 aircraft that U.S. Customs officials say was used to smuggle three tons of pot into this country. Custom agents followed the plane to the Bahamas, where they claim it was loaded with 6,000 pounds of marijuana, and then back to Palatka, Florida, where the agents landed moments after the smugglers. The DC-3 flew off at the sight of the government plane, spreading 2,000 pounds of pot along the runway, however, the craft and its five occupants were



nabbed when they set down at the Lakeland Airport. Arrested were: Joseph E. Able, 37, former Sarasota policeman, Alfred E. Lavoie, 56, John F. Steuber, 19, James G. Gibson, 45, and Larry N. Whittington, 36.

• Two undercover agents "who hung around" nine of San Jose, California's, 34 high schools were responsible for the arrest of 43 people on various dope charges, including possession of 20,000 amphetamines. Police say about \$15,000 worth of various drugs were confiscated in the arrest of the 16 juveniles and 27 adults.

• Seven men were arrested in connection with smuggling 3,000 pounds of marijuana flown into Nevada from Mexico aboard a DC-3.

Five of the men were arrested driving three trucks full of marijuana about 3 a.m. They were identified as Jose R. Rodriguez, 29, of Fairfax; Douglas B. McQuinn, 24, of Belvedere; Gregory M. Lamb, 28, of San Rafael; Norman A. Rogers, 20, of Sacramento, and John M. Highfill, 18, of Nevada City. Arrested by federal agents when the plane landed in Boulder City, Nevada, were Timothy Melcon, of New Mexico and Donald Johnson of Tonopah, Nevada.

State and federal agents had the operation under surveillance even before the plane flew into Mexico, several days earlier.

ting public health laws by growing marijuana without a license were Herbert Schmidt, son of a detective attached to the stationhouse where the six were booked, Paul Cancro, 22, Thomas Daly, 23, Brian Keane, 18, Clifford Berckman, 21, and Stephen Gary, all of the Bronx.



L.A. County Sheriff's Lt. Robert Wilber with 60 G's taken in \$1.25 million drugs, property raids.

• Len Taylor, 33, a former Arizona Department of Public Safety sergeant and Pima County sheriff's deputy, was one of four men arrested with 1,144 pounds of marijuana and five grams of cocaine by Mohave County police. Taylor, Michael Norman, 20, Robert Hicks, 41, and Alex Yanez, 33, were arrested when antidrug task force agents followed them to a ranch after observing them meet an airplane. Police had the field staked out for more than three months following a tip that a car with its headlights out had met an airplane with no lights.

• A suburban Illinois husband and wife and their 29-year-old son were arrested in their home recently by DEA agents who reportedly found a small laboratory in a bedroom with enough supplies to produce about 6,000 amphetamine tablets. Arrested were Charles W. Wegner, 58, his wife Gloria, 44, and son John, 28. Agents report a number of weapons were also seized.

• After a two hour air and ground chase in pursuit of four smugglers' vehicles, Mexican federal police and U.S. DEA agents nabbed 869 pounds of pot and not one suspect. The opera began when a DEA spy plane spotted two cars and a camper parked at the end of a clandestine airstrip 35 miles east of Mexicali, Mexico. Two hours later, the flyer observed a plane land and the persons from the car unload and refuel it. As the DEA plane landed, the other plane took to the air and the camper and two cars sped off in different directions. The DEA pilot called for help from both



Six men were arrested and three tons of grass seized from the *Odessa*, in Savannah, Georgia, on June 22. Police impounded the ship. Insert: Over a ton of *Odessa's* pot in DEA headquarters.

sides of the border, and a second DEA plane and carloads of Mexican police raced to the scene. While the two DEA planes followed the camper and one car, the smuggler plane and the car got away. Occupants of the two pursued vehicles managed to escape after abandoning their cars.

• Customs officials in Marseille,

France seized 1,100 pounds of hash in a Canadian-registered truck on the vehicle ferry *Mouvalia* as it arrived from Morocco. One man was arrested in what Customs men call one of the biggest hash hauls ever.

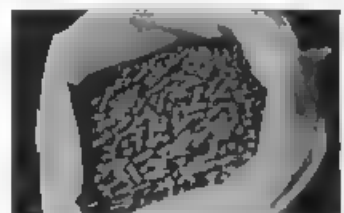
• The U.S. and Mexican attorney generals announced "the smashing of the world's largest cocaine and marijuana trafficking organization" with the arrest of 8 persons in California and 17 in Mexico and the seizure of 660 pounds of cocaine.

• The largest reported bust in South Carolina history netted Federal and state law enforcement officials 8,060 pounds of weed and a 42 foot yacht. Arrested were: Paul Witw, 33, of Hinton, West Virginia; David Wells, 38, of Long Beach, California; Keith House, 42, of Wilmington, California; and Bayard Stockton, 63, of Stuart, Florida.

• Royal Canadian Police assisted by Customs officials arrested three Europeans and seized 375 pounds of hashish

• After tailing the sloop *Odessa* for weeks, dope agents moved in and arrested four people in Savannah, Georgia, charging them with importing 6,000 pounds of marijuana from Colombia. Carl J. Cuschierni, 38, Nina Fogellman, 25, Mark Odiorne, 39, and Harold E. Olson, 59, were arrested in Savannah. Eldon Thompson, 41, and his brother Denver, 39, were nabbed in Atlanta with two campers each filled with 1,500 pounds of pot. DEA agents kept a tab on the sloop as it stopped in the Virgin Islands and Dutch Antilles after sailing from Colombia, and waited for the cargo to be unloaded on the Savannah River before acting.

that arrived in Toronto concealed in the fiberglass hull of a sailboat carried aboard a Soviet freighter. Charged were Patrick Ferdinand Dailly, 32, of France; Richard Curt Wesse, 20, of West Berlin; and Tone Haynes, 25, of Norway.



50,000 bootleg barbs taken in Seattle-Tacoma International Airport.

• David Greer, 27, Rosemary Thompson, 25, David Rogers, 31, and Edward Smith, 25, were arrested in their Virginia farmhouse and charged with the manufacturing of PCP. Police report seizing five pounds of "killer weed," a mixture of PCP crystals and parsley, enough PCP to make an additional 750 pounds of the stuff, a complete laboratory and 15 pounds of parsley.



Miss Aylor contained 12 tons of dope until she was seized by local Wilmington, Delaware, police.

Dope Opera

Another chapter in the continuing comedy of errors perpetrated and performed by dopes and dopers around the world.

• In mid-August, smugglers and Bahamian police staged a shootout in a clearing on Grand Bahama Island where 40 tons of reefer were piled high and ready for transport. The smugglers had returned to their stash for a pickup when police closed in. Both sides opened fire, and the smugglers escaped, only to be captured later. No one was injured in the incident.

Later, the same stash was spotted by low-flying Customs

agents during helicopter surveillance of the area. Not knowing the nature of the stash, which Bahamian police had left behind as an enticement for a dealer-nipoff, the Customs officials reported their gigantic "find" to headquarters. DEA representatives released that information to the press without first consulting Grand Bahama Island authorities, and unwittingly bungled the fairly well-planned police ambush by revealing that the stash was under careful guard.

When *High Times* contacted DEA offices in New Orleans and New York to verify the

story, information officers in both cities had "no comment."

• Boy Scout executive Murkel Coppins and state employee Jerome E. Martin, both of Miami, were arrested on charges of selling cocaine, according to DEA sources in Miami. Walter Gorham, director of support services for the scouts, said he was "totally shocked" by the arrest, since "Coppins was a churchgoing man." Gorham said Coppins dealt primarily with adult leaders in the scouts and had limited contact with youngsters.

• Thomas Duncan, 50, was hauled before the Shepton Mallet, England, magistrate for stealing two vases of water from a house. He explained he needed the liquid in order to brew up what is one of the most popular drinks among the poor in Shepton Mallet—made by smashing up and boiling old phonograph records.

• The Dowagiac, Michigan, Junior Chamber of Commerce has drawn up its list of community projects for the rest of the year: a cancer clinic, bicycle safety program, junior golf tournament—and wild marijuana hunt. And no volunteers, please, for the pot patrol. "Last time," said Joseph Silvia, president of the 53 member group, "some guys joined us and one of them got into trouble after he made a marijuana headband." The unusual project is the latest

salvo in a long war against marijuana that police say covers about 70 of the 32,000 acres of Cass County in the southwest corner of the state on the Indiana border.

The marijuana, also known as hemp, was grown by farmers during World War II to make rope when normal overseas shipments of hemp were interrupted.

• Steve Condon protested the seizure of his food supply, in a Clarence, New York, court, when police there busted him with ten pounds of marijuana. Condon, a vegetarian, told the court that he's a strict vegetarian, and that he eats dope but never smokes it, smoking being dangerous to your health. A ruling in the case is pending.

Dealers Defy NATO Narcs

"You don't get into a unit today in Germany without being propositioned on hard drugs," according to a provost marshal officer at Emery Kasenre, an army base in West Germany. Military police under Sgt. Robert Lathan, head of security at the base, say that when the officers leave the installation for their homes at the end of the day, it is "taken over" by dope dealers. One source said that Army criminal investigators now spend most of their time trying to crack drug rings at bases.

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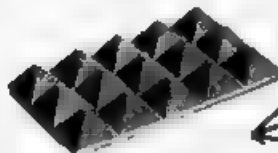


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Senator James Eastland, chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee, recently announced a new federally funded project to determine the potency of the marijuana reaching American consumers. \$50,000 is being added to the budget of the University of Mississippi's ongoing marijuana research program to survey the strength of confiscated pot in the face of evidence that people in this country are smoking grass much

stronger than that of the 1960's.

After Eastland's announcement, Dr. Carlton Turner, director of the Mississippi project, added: "I welcome this joint venture of lawmakers, government agencies, and scientists."

Answer to "Smoke-In" quiz

Probably not. You can be sure there are more than meet the eye.

Enema Bandit Enigma

The mysterious "enema bandit," so-named by baffled police in the mid-1960's during a rash of incidents near the University of Illinois in which a ski-masked man forcibly administered enemas to his female victims, has struck again. In Urbana, Illinois, police report that the un-

known shit-head broke into the homes of two women recently, held them at gunpoint and purged their bowels. As soon as his dirty work was done, cops say, the anonymous irrigator fled into the night. A similar series of unsolved enema attacks occurred in Urbana in 1972.

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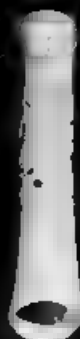
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In the Land of Yagé

By Andrew Weil

The Valley of Sibundoy is a strange and beautiful world. Because of its natural isolation by rugged mountains, the Indian villages within it have developed unique customs, particularly in regard to the use of plants. In fact, some of the plants themselves are unique, as we shall see, and one Colombian botanist I know says a man cannot really call himself a botanist until he has worked in Sibundoy.

One of the first things I did on settling down in the town of Sibundoy was to call on Salvador, a Kamsa witch doctor who specializes in the preparation of yagé. Before I describe that meeting, I should explain that the term "witch doctor" really has no equivalent in Spanish.

"Witch" is *brujo*, and while this term is commonly used by white scientists for men like Salvador, it is usually not used to their faces, for it has the same dark connotations as its English equivalent. The Spanish term for "medical" doctor is *medico*, and some native practitioners insist on being addressed by it. A third term is *curandero*, or "healer," perhaps a more accurate designation for someone who has the power to cure by unorthodox methods.

Salvador, however, asks to be called a *medico* and has a certificate from a botanist at the National University in Bogotá announcing to whom it may concern that he is a skilled practitioner of herbal medicine, and, especially, an expert on the preparation and administration of yagé (pronounced yah-HAY). Now, yagé, is a native of the hot country;

it does not grow anywhere near the Valley of Sibundoy. Consequently, the Ingas and Kamsas who have learned its use have had to cross the mountains to the east and descend into the Amazon basin to study with men of tribes who live in the area where the vine grows. And, when they want to use yagé, they must make the same long trip to get a supply and bring it back to their valley.

No drug plant excites more interest than yagé. A jungle vine, whose ceremonial use by Indians was noted by early explorers of the Amazon basin, yagé is a powerful "remedy" among those tribes that still consume it ritually. It is also a pharmacological problem, imperfectly studied, and an exotic high sought out by drug users from all parts of the world.

In different areas of South America this same drug is known by other names: *ayahuasca*, for instance, and *caapi*. To the botanist it is *Banisteriopsis caapi*, a vigorous and curious liana of the Amazon forests, of relatively rare occurrence even in its home areas.

The drug is prepared from the woody stem or trunk—what Colombian Indians call the *bejuco*. It is cut into manageable lengths, mashed by pounding with rocks and boiled in water, usually along with one or more additives that vary from region to region. Then the plant material is discarded

and the liquid is cooked to a concentrated extract.

Years ago, as a student in the Harvard Botanical Museum, I first saw pictures of *Banisteriopsis* and read much of the older literature about it. I knew that extracts of it commonly produce vomiting, diarrhea and visions. Witch doctors credit it with the ability to confer telepathic powers, so that a yagé-intoxicated *brujo* can communicate with people in other parts of the forest, if not the world, and also with the spirits of animals and plants. Telepathic powers are often attributed to the influence of magic plants by their users. North American Indians say the same thing about peyote, for example.

But the association with yagé is especially strong, so much so that when German scientists first isolated the main alkaloid from the plant, they called it telepathine. It is now known, less interestingly, as harmaline. This alkaloid and others in *Banisteriopsis* belong to a family of drugs related chemically to such known hallucinogens as the tryptamines (including DMT) and LSD. But the pharmacological literature on the harmalines is far less extensive than that on other psychoactive drugs.

If scientific writings on yagé are inadequate, there is no lack of popular literature on the subject. In fact, in the United States, at least, a considerable mythology of yagé has accrued since the early 1950s. A major contributor to this body of folklore was William Burroughs, whose slim book, *The Yagé Letters*, described his wanderings through the Putumayo Territory of southwest Colombia in search of the drug. The book is

distinguished by a uniformly negative tone and, according to experts on the region, considerable misinformation; nevertheless, it has become an underground classic and has drawn thousands of young Americans to the Putumayo.

In a much more recent book, *Wizard of the Upper Amazon*, Manuel Córdova-Rios, a Peruvian healer, recounted his experiences as a child when he was kidnapped by Amahuaca Indians and trained to be a future chief. His training consisted of frequent sessions with yagé during which the natures of forest plants and animals were revealed to him in visions.

In addition to popular books, there exists an oral tradition of yagé tales, not all of them very accurate, in the American drug subculture. During a stay in the Haight-Ashbury in San Francisco in 1967 I was offered yagé by a vendor of unusual drugs. He called it the "tiger drug" because it was supposed to induce visions of jungle animals, especially big cats, in all who took it. I thought this unlikely, but he assured me that "when Eskimos are given yagé in a laboratory, they see visions of huge house cats since they have never seen tigers." I pointed out (to no avail) that with the paucity of research on yagé it was extremely improbable that any-



A yagé-intoxicated brujo can communicate with people in other parts of the forest, if not the world, and also with the spirits of plants and animals.

one had done such an experiment And I declined to buy any of his wares because it seemed to me that yagé could not be very fresh by the time it got to San Francisco.

Salvador lives with his family and animals in a thatched house not far from the town of Sibundoy. To get to it, one must tramp through fields that are quite wet in the rainy season and cross several mildly ticklish log bridges over small ravines. Eventually one reaches a sort of dense thicket of strange plants, in the middle of which is Salvador's house.

It is said that the inhabitants of the Valley of Sibundoy use a greater variety of intoxicating plants than any other people. And most of those plants grow right in Salvador's garden. The first time I entered the house, Salvador's wife was attempting to get a fire going in the middle of the earthen floor. A huge fire-blackened pot rested on some stones, and she was blowing on some glowing wood underneath it, trying to produce flames. The house was filled with smoke.

It was mid-afternoon, but Salvador was curled up in bed, looking under the weather. With some effort he got up, explaining that he had taken yagé the previous evening with some visitors and was now tired. He says he is between 60 and 70, but his face is youthful and of indeterminate age. He has an engaging smile. He speaks perfect Spanish with visitors but converses among his family in the Kamsa dialect.

Salvador told me that he was a medico and a famous one, since people from all over came to see him, principally to take yagé. He showed me a book in which all of these visitors had recorded their names and addresses. Then he asked me if I would get him a document from the United States certifying him to be a medico and an expert on medicinal plants. It would have to have an official seal, he added. I said I would see. His request rubbed me the wrong way, after all, I hardly knew him, and if a medicine man is really a medicine man, why should he need certificates from the United States to prove it?

We drank several cups of chicha, a mildly alcoholic fermented mash of cornmeal, water and raw sugar. I told Salvador I was interested in seeing him prepare yagé and asked him what he made it from besides the bejuco. He said the only thing he added was

the leaves of chagrapanga. Chagrapanga, I knew from my reading, is a related species, *Banisteriopsis rubryana*, whose leaves contain DMT (dimethyltryptamine) but none of the harmalines that are in *B. caapi*.

Synthetic DMT, when available on the U.S. black market, is usually smoked (mixed with marijuana or mint leaves) and rarely injected. It cannot be taken by mouth because an enzyme in the human digestive tract inactivates it. But, as Indians have long known and pharmacologists have recently discovered, it is effective orally if mixed with yagé, because yagé contains substances that inhibit the enzyme. Consequently, chagrapanga is never taken by itself but is always mixed with yagé, and it is one of the commonest additives to the potion. When I asked him why he added the chagrapanga, Salvador replied: "To make the visions brighter" ("Para brillar la pinta").

We decided that I should come back the next day to make and drink yagé. Salvador explained that the potion is prepared in the afternoon and drunk only at night. Women may not be present during the preparation but may consume the finished drink. He told me I should not eat on the day of taking yagé and, particularly, should avoid milk. He then requested that I buy him some meat, coffee, salt, sugar, candles and, most important of all, aguardiente for the ceremony. Aguardiente is an unaged whisky distilled from sugar cane, sweetened and flavored with anise: it is the local fire water of South America. Since I like neither alcohol nor anise, I was not much looking forward to drinking it and wondered just how much of it we were going to use in this "ceremony."

I went back to the little town of Sibundoy to shop. It was a cold, gray afternoon. As usual the streets were full of people doing nothing, mostly Indians but a fair number of hippies as well. This latter group was international: Americans, Europeans, Latin Americans, all with little or no money and yagé uppermost in their minds.

Sibundoy, because it is the closest yagé center to the Pan-American Highway, has been visited increasingly by freaks, many of whom have not the time or means to continue over the eastern mountains to the Amazon basin. Salvador's address book testifies that they have been coming for several years now, and one effect has been that yagé has become good business for the brujos and medicos of the valley. For a fee, they

will put on a yagé ceremony for you.

One of the surest ways to debase the ritual use of a drug is to begin selling the drug to strangers. Evidently, this process had been going on in the Sibundoy for some time, and what I was going to see would be a fairly debased ritual. I decided that a good way to gauge the degree of debasement would be to pay attention to the preparation of the drug.

Most people who come to the valley pay their money and drink their yagé. I was glad I had asked Salvador to let me in on the making, and I supposed his requests for groceries were the additional fee for this privilege. I assumed he would want a few dollars cash for the actual ceremony. As a standard of comparison I had in mind a description of a yagé preparation that took place many years ago in the remote forests of Peru among a group of Amahuaca Indians as yet untouched by Western ways. These Indians made their drink from the bejuco of yagé and from the leaves of another plant, probably also chagrapanga.

When I went back to Salvador's house, it was raining steadily, and by the time I got there, I was soaked. This time Salvador's son was present, Juan Pedro, a young man in his late twenties. I handed over the groceries, and Salvador immediately extracted the aguardiente, saying it would be good for all of us to drink some. He poured out shot glasses of the stuff, and we all gulped it down in turn; it was even worse than I had remembered from my previous encounter with it a number of years ago. Salvador was not satisfied with one round. He continued passing out the booze, usually serving himself two shots for every one given away, while Juan Pedro served up bowl after bowl of chicha. Outside, the rain kept up a steady pitter, inside, chickens ran around on the floor, and the fire went out, causing clouds of smoke—apparently a chronic problem in the wet season.

In a short time I was feeling pretty drunk, but the drinking went on with no signs of our doing anything about the yagé. Then Juan Pedro asked me if I had any marijuana on me. I told him I did not, which disappointed him, because he said many people who came told him how great marijuana was, but he had only smoked it once and had not gotten high on it.

I managed to turn the conversation

(continued on page 69)

"When Eskimos are given yagé in a laboratory, they see visions of huge house cats since they have never seen tigers," he said.



The Deep Dark Secrets of Chocolate

By Robert Lemmo

Nineteenth-century America has oft been called "a dope fiend's paradise," owing to the fact that opium, morphine, cocaine, cannabis extract, nitrous oxide and various other neo taboo highs were then freely and cheaply available to all comers. Modern dopers are apt to clench their nostrils in abject jealousy at the thought of their forebears sauntering down to the village greengrocer or corner apothecary to pick up an ounce of pure coke for \$2.50—the price in New York at the turn of the century. The bubble burst in 1914 when the passage of the Harrison Act—a measure designed to keep the gentle weeds and helpful powders from the populace—drove thrill seekers to the street and prices to the ceiling. Luckily, chocolate slipped through the traps.

Chocolate, you ask? That treat for tots, that lozenge for lovers, that morsel for Mom? The very one. For, throughout its long history, chocolate


True chocolate addicts will attempt to spend chocolate coins, write with chocolate pencils and ignite chocolate cigars.

has been looked upon as a delicious temptress, used not only as a food but also as a homicidal stimulant, a summoner of Satan and a devastating aphrodisiac. In "The Song of Right and Wrong," G.K. Chesterton wrote.

Tea, although an Oriental,
Is a gentleman, at least,
Cocoa is a cad and a coward,
Cocoa is a vulgar beast.

For all its vulgarity, chocolate is an immensely popular beast. World cocoa production in 1973-74 was estimated at 1.45 million tons; in the United States alone, chocolate is a \$2.1-billion-a-year industry. And far from being confined to the mundane rectangular chocolate bar, cocoa today manifests itself in a spectrum of chocolate imagery rivaled only by the chopped chicken liver sculptures of the New York bar mitzvah catering renaissance.

The present-day chocoholic may, for example, chew chocolate-flavored gum, smoke tobacco mixed with chocolate, roll joints with chocolate-flavored papers, drink cocoa wine and liquers, sniff choco incense or stink with chocolate perfume and massage oils, scarf down chocolate psychedelics (the so-called chocolate mescaline), stash away chocolate space sticks (a dried "energy food"), smear on a film of cocoa butter, crunch chocolate-coated ants, snort a dash of chocolate snuff, masturbate over chocolate nudes from Düsseldorf, even lick chocolate-sprayed genitalia. True chocolate addicts will even attempt to spend chocolate coins, write with chocolate pencils and ignite chocolate cigars. The great mystery is how this potent drug, once as psychoactive as any mushroom on the Mazatec menu, has come to be an economic and dietary staple in and out of Christendom.

 Chocolate is a product of the cocoa bean, the seed of the evergreen *Theobroma cacao*, as the Swedish botanist Linnaeus named it in the early eighteenth century. *Theobroma* is Greek for "food of the gods," which is how the ancient Aztecs referred to cocoa, their favorite aphrodisiac; *cacao* refers to the tree itself. Cocoa is the bean that springs therefrom, and chocolate is the pro-

duct made by mixing cocoa butter with ground cocoa beans to make a smooth paste. The word "cocoa" sprang from European confusion between the cacao tree and the coconut palm, and like many errors, it stuck. Modern heads wishfully confuse cocoa with coca, the source of cocaine. Although cocaine comes from *Erythroxylon coca*, a totally different plant, these two gifts of nature do have one essential link: both produce an alkaloid that gets you off.

Cocoa beans are 2 per cent theobromine, a central nervous system stimulant that dilates the blood vessels of the brain and heart, dilates the bronchii of the lungs, stimulates the production of digestive juices and acts as a diuretic on the kidneys. In county jails, the prisoners' commissary is delivered on Friday afternoon, and so much chocolate is eaten by cons at that time that no one can sleep on Friday night.


To varying degrees, chocolate shares these physiological effects with cocaine, caffeine and theine, the active component of tea. Cocoa's advantage over the other common ingestible alkaloid plantstuffs is taste. Of chocolate, coffee, tea, coca leaves and let's include betel nuts, chocolate surely has the richest taste. The sensation of the mouth being inundated with flavor, familiar to the chocolate hound, is caused by the strong stimulation of many taste buds, foremost among them a nerve called Krause's end—a bulbous little nodule, extraordinarily sensitive to all kinds of stimuli, that is located mainly in the lips, mouth and penis or clitoris. Thus the oral attractiveness of chocolate is decidedly sexual.

In addition to this physiological link, the psychology of chocolate is bound to the concept of pleasure. Chocolate is one of the commonest reward-and-punishment devices used by parents who, otherwise careful to keep coffee and tea away from their tykes, blithely charge up young neurosystems with theobromine as a way of teaching their child the difference between right and wrong. And who among us does not recall Peter Paul's Mounds candy bar commercial? Eight or ten times a day during our childhood TV addictions, we

watched chocolate sensuously poured over the bar's two breastlike almonds. Who, more recently, relished Ann-Margaret in Tommy, humping her hot-dog pillow after being sprayed with chocolate from her smashed television tube?

This kind of pleasure association gives chocolate that extraspecial kick of habituation—chocolate lovers will feel a genuine need for chocolate that nothing else can satisfy. In this sense, chocolate is as addicting to a large number of people—millions, probably—as are sex, cigarettes, roulette, cocaine, what have you.

And, to top it off, chocolate is good food. About 90 per cent of the cocoa bean can be digested, comprising 40 per cent carbohydrates, 22 per cent fat and 18 per cent protein. So chocolate, a cocoa product combined with sugar, is a quickly assimilated nourishing energy food—something which the Allies in World War II took full advantage of, plying fresh-faced recruits with bars of chocolate to ensure a high level of homicidal energy in combat. In America, chocolate became an essential wartime industry; manufacturers were given priorities on plant construction materials, equipment and supplies for making chocolate. And we won.

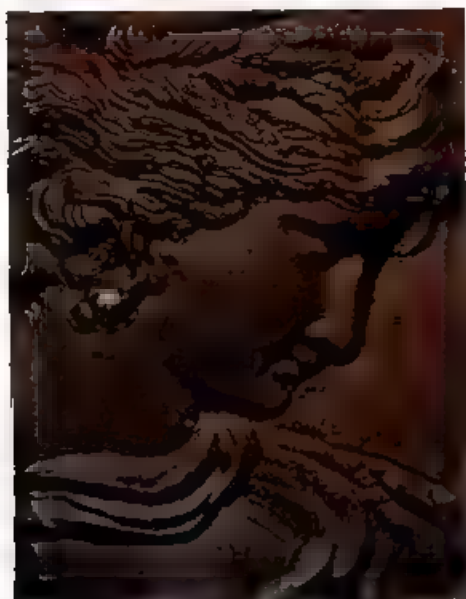
 As with most of life's basic pleasures, the precise origin of cocoa is unknown. The Aztecs, Mayans and Toltecs were busily cultivating the cacao plant over 3,000 years ago, however, and the Indians of South America still revere the ancient god of the air and high places, Quetzalcoatl, who brought cacao seeds to Earth from Paradise. Quetzalcoatl's mythic deed seems to parallel the Promethean introduction of fire to the ancient Greeks. Just as Prometheus had incurred the ill will of Olympus, Quetzalcoatl's generosity angered his fellow deities in the Aztec pantheon. They flayed him alive in punishment and sent forth what was left of him to wander the world as a disembodied ghost.

Quetzalcoatl promised to return, a myth that gave Cortez a brief advantage many years later, when the credulous and worshipful Aztec peasantry mistook him for their long-lost benefactor. But by that time Quetzal-

Who does not recall chocolate being sensuously poured over the Mounds' two breastlike almonds?



Sweet things with sweet teeth love to lounge inside this 12-foot-wide chocolate-filled heart. Created in 1974 for the late Warner superstar Candy Darling, the box was scheduled to appear in the world's first commercial hologram, but it was never used.



Junk Chocolate

THE 5 BEST

By R

1 **Hershey's Kisses.** Catch the sweet, quaint eroticism in the very name: *Her She's Kisses*. Catch the 1-nearly striptease as the diaphanous paper scarf tugs apart the thin foil to bare the tender perky kiss within. Control yourself. Try to hold back. Think of baseball scores. For the best kind of chocolate kiss, try chewing a few of the Hershey's variety with someone you love and then kissing each other.



2 **Milk Duds.** Humble unpretentious, but in the 3 billion years since man has evolved from slime, no one has created a better candy for chewing and sucking during a movie.



3 **El Popular.** This is Mexican chocolate. It's got ground-up almonds, cinnamon and sugar compressed in big bricklike bars. You can cut off some squares, melt them into hot milk and whip in cream for incredible hot chocolate, but you can get superior immediate gratification by gnawing the sweet gritty stuff right from the brick. Deserves comparison and enjoyment with the best of that other commodity that comes across the border in bricks.



4 **Cadbury's Dark Delight.** Personally, I hate semi-sweet chocolate. But I know there are certain people who, perhaps because of an unfortunate genetic quirk, crave the stuff. The ones who have taste insist that Cadbury's is the best.



5 **Hershey's Syrup.** Straight from the can, the famed "Black Lightning" of chocobolics.



THE 5 WORST

1 **Peppermint Patties.** Ever get so frantic you rip off the outer wrapper of a candy bar, take a bite and chew furiously before you discover—with a shivering, crawling, nerve-scraping shudder—that you've left the 1-nfoil on? That's how these bitter mentholated abominations taste with all the wrapping off.



2 **Baby Ruth.** So glutted with garbagemy peanuts and caramel, this bar looks broken out with chocolate boils and warts. If this is what they did for The Babe, Hank Aaron should feel happy they haven't named a candy bar after him.



3 **Charleston.** On the wrapper it says, "For a DELICIOUS TREAT, chill or freeze, strike against a hard surface, remove wrap, and you now have a number of BITE-SIZED PIECES ready to eat."



Bite-sized pieces my eye. More like a hundred thousand tasteless crumbs. Better the tasteless crumb who invented this bar should be struck against a hard surface.

4 **Diet Chocolate Soda.** You're better off remaining a loathsome obese swine than losing a single ounce by drinking this stuff.

5 **M&M's Peanuts.** Once there was a commercial showing a talking peanut diving into a chocolate-filled swimming pool. The peanut emerges draped with an M&M's candy coating. Better he should have drowned.



LAST RESORT

1 **Hottness Creme-Filled Cupcakes.** The icing. Some people carefully peel it off, eat it and throw away the rest. They insist the little curlicue on top acts like a French tickler on the palate and satisfies in a way that the most refined and expensive European chocolates can never satisfy. An ITT product.



2 **Chocolate Covered Donuts.** There have to be some standards. Devil Dogs and Yodels are one thing, but this is something else. If you can eat this brown-covered polyester, you'll eat anything, you'll even eat me.



3 **Chocolate Phillip's Milk of Magnesia.** Smoother than chocolate Ex-Lax. If you're desperate enough to get your chocolate fix this way, you know you've touched bottoms. Or will soon.



The great Aztec Montezuma took his chocolate pretty much for granted and drank it mainly in homage to the goddess of love.

coatl, for all his esteem in the imagination of the lower orders, had slipped somewhat in the regard of the ruling class: the great Aztec Montezuma and his court took their chocolate pretty much for granted and drank it mainly in homage to Xochiquetzal, the goddess of love. Among other things, it was this decadent state of affairs among the Aztec leadership that made the subjection of the Mesoamericans a pushover.

Bernal Diaz del Castillo, in his classic *True History of the Conquest of New Spain*, writes of Montezuma's meals: "From time to time they brought him, in cup-shaped vessels of pure gold, a certain drink made from cacao, which he took when he was going to visit his wives." In fact, Montezuma drank none other than chocolate, a bitter cacao product that he considered "ambrosia for the gods." Chocolate was prepared by drying, roasting and grinding cocoa beans, which were then pressed into cakes after being inflated with such spices as red peppers and chili, with perhaps a little maize thrown in. To serve, these cakes were mixed with water—*latl* was the Aztec word for water, and *choco* described the sound made as the cocoa was whipped in a bowl. The finished product had the consistency of honey, and would be sipped and held in the mouth for a few seconds until it dissolved.

The Aztec court was so fond of this concoction that its daily intake was well in excess of 2,000 cups, with Montezuma himself accounting for 50-odd chalchefs. Quetzalcoatl knows, he needed the energy to service his multiple wives and estimated 700 mistresses, whose demands were so strong by nature that Montezuma apparently forbade them to partake of the erethistic liquid themselves. Subsequent authorities disagree, however, as to the precise motivation of this policy: was Montezuma merely being a nasty male chauvinist pig, or was there already a fatal imbalance in the Aztec boy-girl ratio that led to an overpopulation of sexually demanding females? Were the annual mass sacrifices of virgins attempts to abate this trend? Or was Monte merely being coy, preferring to sweeten the aphrodisiacal effects of the potation with the psychological spice of the forbidden? At any rate, the women of the court did obtain their chocolate, though not without resorting to intrigue and subterfuge. Ultimately, it

was a Mexican princess named Donna Marina—"of fine figure, frank manners, prompt genius and intrepid spirit" [Diaz]—who spread the secret of cocoa to Europe.

The daughter of the prince of Painala, Donna Marina was captured by Mayan Indians and kept as a slave, until Hernando Cortez and his soldiers arrived just west of the Yucatan to begin their conquests of Mexico (or New Spain, as they called it). When the Mayas succumbed to the Europeans, Donna Marina was handed over as a spoil of war. Cortez first presented her to a lieutenant, but later took her for his own and had a son by her. Because she knew not only Mayan but also Aztec dialects, and quickly picked up Spanish, Donna Marina was invaluable to Cortez. She acted as an interpreter to both the highest royalty and the lowliest chatel.

Among the wondrous things she told him was that cocoa was valued especially highly—in fact, it was money. Cocoa beans were honored as currency throughout the markets of Mexico, and continued to be for 250 years after the conquest. Modern-day Ecuadorians still call the beans *pepe de oro*, "seeds of gold." In Cortez's day, ten beans would buy a good rabbit, a hundred a slave, and according to Bishop de Landa, chaplain to Cortez's entourage, "He who wants a Mayan public woman for his lustful use can have one for eight to ten cocoa beans." There was even a problem with counterfeiters who would fill hollowed-out beans with dirt and pass them off on the pre-Columbian rubes. What's more, winked Donna Marina, cacao was the "food of the gods," a little bit of which could make a conquistador drop his sword for a bit. Cortez wasn't interested, though, and neither was the court of King Ferdinand, who had a look at some cocoa beans brought back by Columbus and saw in them a monumental lack of potential.

It wasn't until Cortez entered the capital city as Montezuma's guest in 1519 that he tried some. Sipping from golden cups in the potentate's gilded palace, most of the Spaniards pronounced the beverage to be rank. Joseph de Acosta commented: "The chief use of this cocoa is in a drink which they call chocolate, whereof they make great account, foolishly and without reason, for it is loathe-

(continued on page 91)

HARVEST HERALD

Crop Reports from Around the World

As we predicted in last year's "Harvest Herald," the new crop is not going to be a bumper crop because of generalized political and economic factors, as if the vagaries of weather were not enough. But despite widespread U.S. government-generated narc heat, the scarcity of fertilizer and a so-so year weatherwise, this year's dope crop will be adequate to fulfill most of the rising consumption patterns around the world. If there is a shortage of marijuana, it will be because demand has gone up so high that importers cannot ship it in fast enough. Like last year, large quantities of marijuana will never be shipped to the U.S. because no transportation can be found.

Thus, this year's situation is one of an economy of scarcity in regard to weed, as opposed to an economy of abundance in the past. The average dealer will be able to make good money moving weed along, but it will be hard to get that weed.

Speaking generally, the situation for farmers is fair to good, but the situation for smugglers is poor to fair. There is increased heat at every port, passage and porthole. On the other hand, there are liberal credit terms available from exporting countries, and it's still a big ocean and a bigger sky. The weed keeps coming in to the U.S. at the rate of 15,000,000 pounds a year, according to the government.

Asia

Starting with Asia Minor, Turkey continues to harvest its poppy crop, but 9,000 of the total 18,000 tons of opium expected are missing. Hmmm. Outrageous penalties are being enforced against cannabis traders, especially Americans, whom the Turkish wish to punish in hopes of pressuring the U.S. government for more arms. Turkey should be considered extremely un-

safe for trans-shipping, and Turkish and allied Greek hashish should be considered local commodities only, with less than enough available to satisfy local demand.

In Lebanon, hashish output has been shattered in

indifferent approach to hashmaking combined with new heat means that the green Paki and gold seal of yesteryear are now available only locally. The black Paki is still around in exportable quantities and will be turning up in the U.S. under the nom-de-weed of "Afghani."

Some of this is good stuff, but it will be in short supply. The hassles with Bangladesh and India have taken their toll on border freedom and internal liberality. Word from Pakistan is that the next year looks good, though.

Two years after laws against cannabis were passed for the first time, Nepal is still producing a bountiful crop, and although quality is not up to the legendary half-toke level, the coveted fingers and balls are coming out. This year does not look like a vintage one for Nepalese.

but it will still top most anything else likely to be seen. Beware of bogus Kashmiri and Paki posing as Nepalese, and remember its unique taste. Exporting is now a way of life in Nepal, so look for more of the real thing.

The Indian harvest is fat with hashish, despite Indira Gandhi. Stockpiles are being unloaded cheaply from last year (dry, crumbly) in anticipation of the coming big crop. Indian dealers are anxious to make the move from New Delhi and Bombay. The Kashmiri crop is good, despite what we predicted last year, and there will be no religious festival to consume it, so the big K should be turning up all over the world.

The trade from Thailand is busy these days, with Thai sticks enjoying unprecedented popularity. The harvest is fair, but all grades are being sent, and experts should note that there are three grades of Thai sticks, with only the best grade being worth the \$2,000-plus prices stateside. There should be plenty of the crop coming in, thanks to U.S. air bases there and the miracle of modern duffel-bagging. A combination of pressure from the Thai government and the communists has kept the heat on the Shan tribes



the critical valleys of production.

Although some hash comes out through Al Fatah types, the traditional government sources are tucked in until a cooler period. One of the more interesting developments is a new supply through the Israelis, who buy from the Palestinians. One redeeming factor is that the Lebanese crops this year, both red and blonde, are excellent. Lebanese will remain a connoisseur item in the US and a rather expensive treat in European cities. The forecast is for more of the same, as it is unlikely Mr. Kissinger has given much consideration to the hashish situation in his Mideast machinations.

Afghanistan, while under no external threat, has its puritanical colonels, and the fabled Afghani primo is not as available, even up in the mountains, as it once was. The hash is good, although machine-made hash is becoming predominant (as opposed to the hand-pressed patties). A rather dry year has stunted the charas count, and the quality is nothing to brag about overall. Pakistan is beginning to crack down temporarily too, and an

in the north, making their opium trade difficult. An indifferent harvest, competition from Turkey (the missing 9,000 tons) and the heat means that **Burma** opium balls will be a local item this year.

There is only a trickle of opium and weed from **Laos**, and so it may be the end for the once lustrous **Golden Triangle**. Weed is getting hard to find in **Ho Chi Minh City** (formerly **Saigon**). The people will have to get high on communism. The government is moving 2.5 million people back to the countryside, and once that's done, supplies locally should be okay again. After all, many of the **Viet Cong** used to love to toke up.

Dopers in **Australia** foresaw shortage problems long ago, and the solution in their sparsely populated and patrolled country was to grow their own. Starting with excellent **Vietnamese** and **Thai** seeds, they have developed an excellent **Australian** reefer that bodes well for the future. Outback farmers foresee a fair crop that will help alleviate the chronic **Australian** shortage.

The **Sumatra** crop is great, and the **Philippines** are getting there. Gluehuffing is very big in **Japan**, which says it all for **Japanese** dope production.

Africa

The **Congo** has turned in a credible harvest of potent black, as well as lesser varieties. The drought in the southern part of the **Sahara Desert** has not wiped out **African** production, nor have the disturbances in **Angola**, **Namibia**, **Timor**, **Rhodesia**, **Ethiopia**, **Algeria**, **Libya** (the list could go on). The **South African** harvest is up considerably from the past, but still not enough to supply local needs, and it's generally not worth exporting.

In the **Atlas** and **Rif Mountains** of **Morocco**, good kif-hash is being cranked out and will once again be abundant in **Europe**, with lesser quantities making their way to the **U.S.** The harvest has been taking place without government harassment, the crop is good, but generally the hash is no better than before—at least it is not more expensive. Credit should be given to the **Moroccans** for reliable production and consistent quality. Hash enthusiasts would be advised to reconsider the better grades of **Moroccan**, since this looks like a near-vintage year.

South America

The **Colombia** mystique is up for a severe test this winter, now that **compañeros** in that lush nation are faced with **DEA**-financed pressure from a basically indifferent **Colombian** government. **Colombia**, like most dope-producing countries, needs money badly, and officials there are trying to walk a thin line between getting as much money as possible from the **DEA** and reducing the money coming in from dope. The recent bust of a 20-mile-long valley planted with weed indicates that the balance

has been hard to maintain.

The pressure is on **Colombia** to produce more of the famous golds and reds, with **Santa Marta** province being one of the main breadbaskets. The crop of **marijuana** has been good in **Colombia**, and it looks like a truly vintage year there, with wacky weed likely to return to these shores. This year has also seen an influx of sophisticated **American** and **Italian** farm machinery, but farmers are hard-pressed to meet demand. With the **Caribbean** basin boiling in narc intrigue, there is more interest than ever in the more concentrated hashish, but the results have not been good. Golden kifoid blocks have been the best result to date. While the taste is good, the strength is only moderate and the crumbly texture is cosmetically unfortunate.

Brazil has been upset with an unexpected frost, sending coffee crops into distress. Some worried farmers have switched to hardy **marijuana**. **Brazil** has served as pot producer to **South American** heads recently, and, of course, some black **Brazilian** is being stockpiled for the upcoming festival in **Rio**.

Despite heavy pressure, cocaine is still readily available, and the delicate high-altitude coca plants have survived another winter. Look for cocaine prices to level off. Despite a lot of heat in the coca-producing regions of **Peru**, **Ecuador** and **Bolivia**, as well as **Chile** and **Colombia**, cocaine is so portable and so profitable that there are always ten more cocaine traffickers to replace the ones who get busted. And incredible numbers have gotten busted, in both cocaine and **marijuana**.

North America

After a confused political year, heavy rains and increased **U.S.**-funded harassment, the farmers of **Mexico** seem to have their act together and the harvest looks like more and better. **Marijuana** production is the backbone of the **Mexican** cash economy at this point, at least as far as the poor majority are concerned. They have taken the necessary *mordido* steps to see that the weed gets in this year, unlike last year, when several hundred tons were lost to the *federates* and several hundred tons more went stale awaiting trans-shipment. The **Mexicans** are beginning to realize that quality counts, and more of the connoisseur varieties will be coming in. A bit less acreage was probably planted this year than last, but the crop—due to more concerned tending—is excellent in quality and the yield per acre is up.

Production in the **Guerrero** province is fully resumed, now that the **guerrilla** threat is over and the government has pulled out troops. The best weeds will probably not be available in quantities sufficient to make it to the eastern **U.S.**, but the west coast and border states should see a fair supply. The situation along the border is increasingly intense, with the government taking an isola-

tionist stance. Electronic sensors, planes, radar and spot checks on roads have made smuggling a master's game there. Both sides should be careful.

The **banana republics** of **Central America** have not moved as rapidly into **marijuana** production as they might have. They finally got a decent price for their bananas last year, and it's mostly the small farmers who are producing, with local consumption the rule. A trickle of gummy red weed is still coming from **Panama**, but rising consumption locally by **Americans** and young **Panamanians** is eating up a lot of the production. **Guatemala**, **Costa Rica** and **Nicaragua** have each dipped a timid toe into the waters, and they will probably be heard from more in the future.

Jamaica has had a good year, harvesting a small but potent crop. With only a few airports still operating and the government-funded **Jamaican Coast Guard** scouring the seas and the **Windward Passage**, **Jamaican** will probably be limited to the southern **U.S.** The temporary suppression of the **Rastafarian** movement on the island has had a chilling effect on the pot trade, but **Jamaica** may be a stronger factor in the market than some observers anticipate.

The arrest of 2,200 "marijuana traffickers" in **Puerto Rico** has pretty much choked off the **Puerto Rican** connection for the moment.

In the **United States**, the situation looks good. Thousands of foresighted agriculturalists have planted and tended, and now they are reaping the harvest. The **Midwest** and **West** show an especially strong harvest, and the upgrading of genetic strains, mainly through **Colombian** and **Mexican**, is giving the reputation of domestic weed a definite boost. In **California**, careful tending of **Thai** and **Hawaiian** crops has produced some exceptionally fine weeds with a distinctive airy taste. Down south, there have been good crops in **Florida** grown from **Colombian** seeds that have proven a handy supplement during dry periods. While these are the states producing enough to engage in interstate commerce, all states are filling a portion of local needs through local production now. With increased heat on smuggling, it is reasonable to assume that smart people are hedging their bets with some isolated property in the country.

Hawaii is back in the picture, with commercial quantities of **Maui** reappearing after some absence. The quality is good and prices are down. **Alaska** has been showing up the other 49 states with excellent growing conditions for modest quantities of **Mexican** and **Colombian** seeds.

Finally, the domestic magic mushroom crop has been tremendous, and the *psilocybin* toadstool will be abundant this year, cutting into the sales of and supplementing the continuing availability of good, pure **LSD**. ☐



A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dope Smuggler

By Jerry Kamstra

In 1957, dope smuggling wasn't on my mind. I'd come to San Francisco to become a writer, to record the whole San Francisco scene. The city was full of dope then, but it was a different kind of dope, heady stuff spewed out at the drop of a joint by the streetcorner poets, writers and gangling neo-bohemians called beatniks. It was a pejorative word when hissed off the tongues of North Beach Italians and cops. But everybody started using it the minute Herb Caen minted it; like finally a diminutive had been found; "nik" to go along with "beat," making us all smaller, more punkish. Less to be reckoned with and sooner forgotten.

For three years I was a hardcore beatnik, living in cheap pads and dingy hotels, keeping my journal, hanging out at Mike's Place, stealing fruit and taking an occasional odd job in a bookstore while learning how to write.

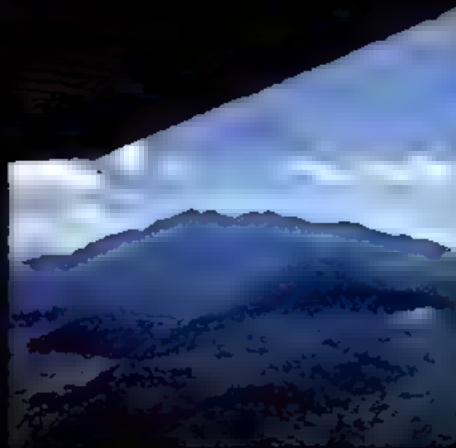
In 1960, after the famous City Hall riots against HUAC, "beatnik" became even more of a pejorative, and in San Francisco the law started coming down heavy in North Beach. I packed my bags and fled east to New York City, the Big Apple, as everybody called it, to sit down seriously and write my novel.

I soon returned to San Francisco: for me the Big Apple had had a rotten

core. My novel now had a life of its own, and I was no longer in control. I was a feeble amanuensis who met a girl and got married, fished in Alaska to make money to write and returned at last to Big Sur.

From there I began to take occasional trips to Mexico, where I could live cheaper on the money I earned, justifying everything I did in the name of my novel. A Frankenstein monster now, it was over 1,000 pages long.

During the early Sixties, I yo-yoed back and forth from Mexico to home a hundred times, lugging my manuscript, my books, my wife, my children and my dreams. Returning from



The high sierras of Guerrero from the window of a Cessna.

one such trip to Mexico, I smuggled a little weed back across the border, a personal stash for myself and a few friends. I was surprised it was so easy. About a year after that, a friend who knew I had solid connections in Mexico pleaded with me to start bringing marijuana back in earnest. He claimed every hipster in Frisco would pay good money for it, and then he hit the right button. "If you do it," he said, "you can finally have enough bread to really sit down and write."

I'd smuggled things into Mexico—levis, TVs, typewriters, used cars, anything that could turn cash, and prolong my stay—but soon, I was really smuggling, buying marijuana in quantity and driving it back across the border to sell in San Francisco.

By '63, the Bay Area dope scene was rolling along in high gear, and

my hood was on the gearshift, driving half-ton loads of dope nonstop from Culiacan to Big Sur, 36 hours with my head wired tight by bennies, stretched so taut by the weed in my rig and amphetamine hallucinations that bushes alongside the road turned into monsters, leaping out at me as I thundered across the border and up Highway 1. I was hustling down to Mexico every other month to score, working my way higher and higher into the Mexican marijuana echelons, turning other people on to smuggling, scamming and screeching along the Big Sur-Mexico highway so often the road between the two places became like a commute to me, every signpost familiar, every little indentation along the road part of my lexicon, topiary visions guiding me further into the Mexican dream.

Writing? I didn't have time for that. I was plunging deeper into the marijuana underworld, fighting my way through friends and enemies who wanted to get in on my scam—dope dealers and narcotics agents who wanted to set me up and see me in prison, partners who wanted me to branch out—and a wife who wanted me to quit before it was too late.

Early in 1966 I returned home from a run to find my house deserted, my kids' toys and my papers scattered around like driftwood after a storm. My wife and children were gone. Dope smuggling had finally become too much for them.

I walked around the deserted house stunned. Even the dope run turned out to be empty. I got word the

following day that the truck I'd loaded had been popped at Nogales. Goose eggs all the way down the line.

To rescue myself from the double disaster, I plunged back into writing. My latest effort, "General Popo," started out as a joke on all the things I despised about Mexico—ordering cold beer and getting warm, requesting hot coffee and getting lukewarm, asking directions and getting sent miles out of your way by people who didn't know but who refused to admit it, living and traveling in a country where tomorrow is always better than today. I typed 120 pages of the novel and learned how to live alone. Then I ran out of money and decided to return to Mexico.

The last run. The Big One. The run that would pay for all the hassles and failures and bad debts. The lifeline that would pull me out of the mess in which I'd entangled myself, and justify all the past goofs, lost time and wasted energy: 200 kilos of Michoacan, the finest marijuana grown in West Central Mexico.

Six weeks later when I attempted to cross the border, I was popped, made a run for it, was gunned down and captured. I worked my bust through the courts, and in July 1967, I was sentenced to two years in the federal penitentiary, sentence suspended and placed on five years' probation. After my sentencing I returned to Big Sur to write.

It's a strange feeling, returning home after having gone through a big federal bust. Most working dudes in Big Sur had a habit after the day was over of meeting alongside the road,



At 11,000 feet above sea level, the plants grow eight to twelve feet high.

swapping gossip over sixpacks before retiring to their cabins and homes in the mountains. Big Sur is remote, and these little gatherings along the road allowed everyone on the scene to find out what was happening along other parts of the coast. I'd lived in Big Sur for seven years, and had been up and down the road for over 12. I knew everybody, and everybody knew me. But I remember the first time I pulled up to one of these roadside gatherings after my bust; it was a mile or so south of Deetjen's Inn, and when I pulled my jeep off the road to where my old buddies were standing, it was like a leper had just taken a swan dive into the country club swimming pool.

In a minute every car and pickup parked alongside the road was gone, and I was left standing there alone wondering, what the hell? I hadn't realized that my bust and subsequent release without any prison time was enough to make my name mud along the coast for years to come. Word had gone out that I was working for The Man, that I had to be because I wasn't in prison and had been popped on the border with such a heavy load.

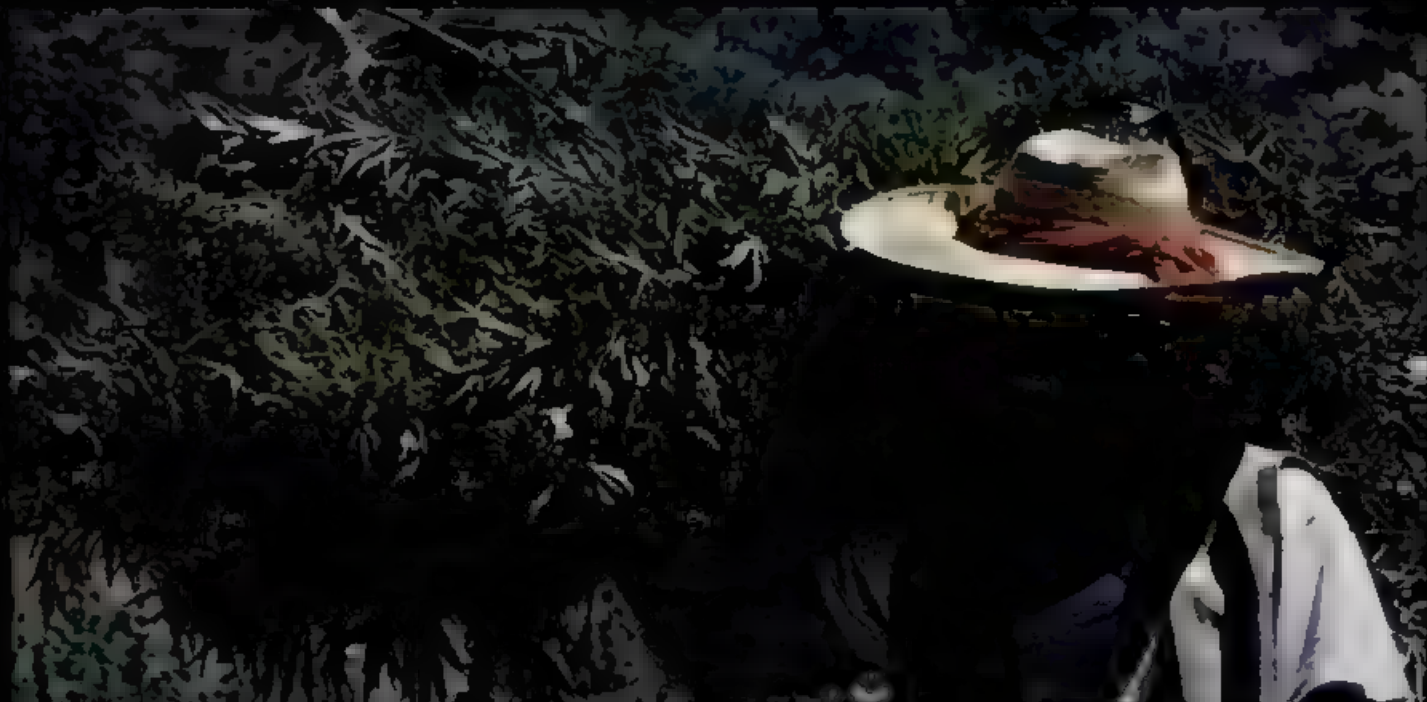
There's no rumor harder to break than the one that says you're working for The Man. For some reason some people have a curious desire to want you to be working for The Man, and in the dope trade there's a hell of a lot of envy. If a dude can be pinned as "working for The Man," his reputation is ended.

But I wasn't working for The Man. I wasn't working for anybody but myself. After nine months of harass-

"If you do it," he said, "you can finally have enough bread to really sit down and write."



If the *colas de zorra* are covered with sticky resin, the plants are ripe.



The *campesinos* tended "our" field for six months; it meant their families wouldn't starve for another year.

The last run. The Big One. The run that would pay for all the hassles and failures and bad debts.



Spreading the colas on the drying rack before bricking.



Midday siesta during bricking.

ment by the F.B.I., who kept coming down to my house looking for my dope partner, and by the rumors of my finking, I left Big Sur. I was living in Capitola when I got a visit from Jesse, my ex-dope partner. He said he had an offer I couldn't refuse.

Jesse had met Gene Anthony, a successful photographer, at a party in the Haight-Ashbury. Gene heard Jesse talking about the Mexican marijuana industry and thought he could convince *Life* magazine to do a story on

it. Gene thought right, and *Life* soon promised \$5,000 in expense money for the story. Jesse wanted me to write it. I couldn't refuse.

Jesse and I returned to Mexico and spent the next four months trying to break into the mountains. We wanted to document the whole marijuana industry, from cultivation, harvesting and bricking to warehousing, transporting and smuggling itself. Our plan was easier said than done, however. For one thing, even though

we were experienced marijuana smugglers, few gringos in those days had ever gone into the mountains where marijuana is grown. Even our connections had trouble getting into the mountains. At last we met Jesus Jaramillo. Four months after setting out to do the story, we found ourselves climbing into a small Cessna for the journey into the Sierras.

Two hours after take-off, we landed on a small out-of-the-way dirt airstrip 10,000 feet up in the moun-

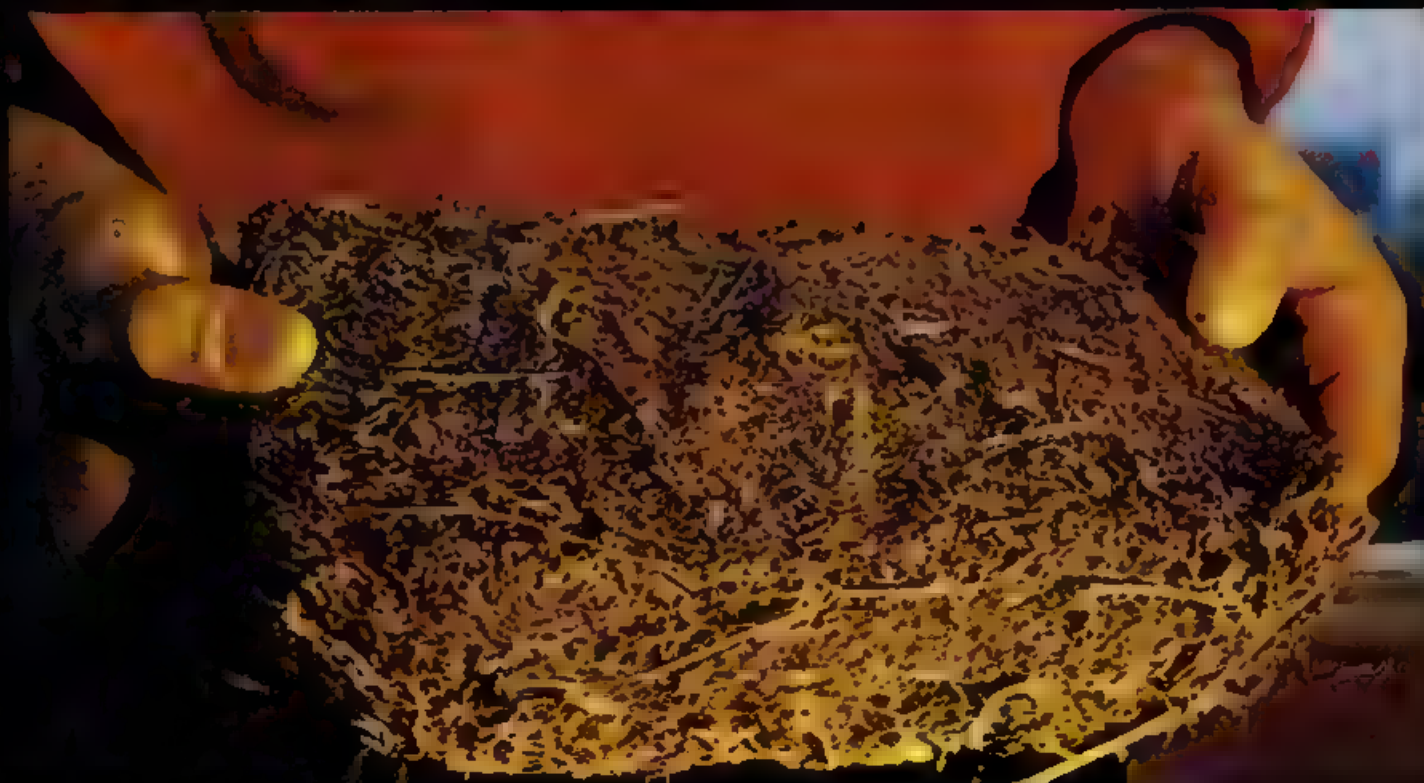
That night, Jesse and I slept in our own marijuana field, bought and paid for by Life.



Back to the lowlands by air, while



the campesinos, toting AR-15s, bring the weed down by mule.



You wish to buy some fine Mexican marijuana, Señor?

tains. There we hired mules and journeyed another three days to even higher altitudes. But when we finally arrived at the marijuana fields, we discovered that we couldn't take photographs. The growers wouldn't allow it.

For two weeks Jesse and I worked alongside the growers, helping them with their cultivation and trying to break down their resistance to cameras. I had a Polaroid, and the plan was for me to slowly break the

ice with "instant prints." In one sense, the plan worked, for within a week I had everyone in the area lining up in front of my Polaroid for one of the "magic pictures." Finally, after one day's work in the hot sun with Lupe, a grower, we sat down with him to talk about our problem. "None of the growers will allow you to take pictures in their fields," Lupe said. "They are afraid. Besides, we make money from marijuana, not from pictures."

"So what's the solution, Lupe? Without pictures we have no story. Without a story our whole trip has been a waste."

"Why don't you buy the fields? Then they will be yours, and you can do what you want in them."

Jesse and I looked at one another. Buy a field! We asked Lupe how much he wanted for his. "Twenty-five pesos per plant," he answered. Jesse and I counted our Life

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TITS 'n' GR

God knows where you heard it first. Maybe you were skimming the afternoon paper the day Amy Vanderbilt wrote it up. Or caught the three-minute segment on NBC's recent marijuana special. Or somebody trying to keep a straight face told you about it while you toked up with oxygen mask force. But he probably laughed telling it, and you laughed too. Sure, and there're wild crocodiles in the sewers of New York, you told him. But later, maybe, you checked your pecs in front of the bathroom mirror, like an eleven-year-old girl. It couldn't... they wouldn't... this can't happen to me... tits on a bull!

Yes, it was the answer to a school girl's dream: marijuana would stimulate estrogen production and result in a whopping new sex characteristic—one day flat as a pool table, next billowing forth in bold buxom bosomhood, thy breasts like to clusters of grapes, thine eyes like the fishpools in Heshbon, thy nose as the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus.... No thanks! You'll huff and puff till your lungs cave in, all right—but cave out??—and out of the closet at that. Which might be okay for some of these Prima Melvins, but when you go under the sod you want to be as stiff—and as flat—as the board God meant you to be. "RIP Rex Macho, died of a marijuana overdose, 38-24-36." You get the picture.

Let us then examine the evidence for this Martin Hermann-sized mastectic mythology, not without an occasional wary glance in the incipient direction of the Mary Poppins.

It started in the November 1972 issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine* (NEJM), when Drs. John Harmon and Menelaos Aliapoulos of Cambridge Hospital, Massachusetts, reported three cases of male breast development (gynecomastia) in a test group of heavy pot smokers between the ages of 23 and 26. The subjects had otherwise normal secondary sex characteristics. They showed no evidence of delayed puberty;

they tested negatively for the presence of other causes of gynecomastia (including liver disease, feminizing tumors in the testicular, pituitary or adrenal glands). All subjects claimed they did not use any drugs besides marijuana.

"The exact mechanism of action in these cases is not known," wrote Harmon and Aliapoulos. Noting the similarity between the molecular structure of delta-9 THC (one of the psychoactive agents in marijuana) and estradiol (an estrogenic hormone in females), they speculated that cannabis either directly stimulated the breast growth, or indirectly acted through the central nervous system, releasing the lactation-producing hormone prolactin from the pituitary gland. Harmon and Aliapoulos wound up with a plea for corroboration by further research.

The next ripple, or nipple, on the pond was made by the report of Drs. Robert C. Kolodny, William H. Johnson (of Masters and Johnson fame) et al on "Depression of Testosterone Levels after Chronic Intensive Marijuana Use" in the April 1974 issue of the *NEJM*. These researchers found no evidence of elevated prolactin levels in their subjects—20 heterosexual males between the ages of 19 and 28 who used marijuana exclusively for four days a week for six months.

They did, however, find that the mean plasma testosterone (male hormone) level of the dopers was lower than that of a control group of nonsmokers. In addition, two men in the smokers group were impotent, and six showed significantly lowered sperm counts. Testosterone, by the way, is the hormone produced by the testes and responsible for the male sex characteristics (not the wish to drive Harleys and drink Miller's but the growth of body hair etc.)

Although this report found no support for the breast theones of Harmon and Aliapoulos, it did speculate that intensive marijuana use might alter male reproductive physiology through action

ASS Does Marijuana Cause Male Breast Growth?

By Gilbert Choate and Pamela Lloyd

on the central nervous system, specifically the pituitary or hypothalamus glands, which regulate testosterone production. It was a glum day for the old two-fisted breed.

A third article in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, published several months later, in November 1974, proved, however, beyond a shadow of reasonable doubt that Harmon, Alapoulias, Kolodny, Johnson and Amy Vanderbilt, who had by then broadcast a simplistic version of the studies to the public, were one and all talking through their stethoscopes.

Led by Dr. Jack H. Mendelson of the Harvard Medical School's McLean Hospital branch in Belmont, Maryland, researchers measured plasma testosterone levels before, during and after chronic marijuana smoking. Their results read higher than the average levels obtained by Kolodny et al for both smokers and the nonsmoker control group. The Maryland team studied a group of 27 men divided into two subgroups "heavy" and "casual" smokers. They give two possible explanations for the differences between their results and Kolodny's: (1) periodic variations in plasma testosterone levels occur normally in men. Kolodny took measurements only once a month, while Mendelson took them daily. (2) The use and abuse of other substances, e.g., alcohol simultaneously with heavy dope-smoking could also affect testosterone levels—and it is hard to be sure if a subject is telling the truth about drug use prior to the experiment.

No further information has come forth to support the original scary story of breast growth in men, and so it seems that the early reports were wrong. Another example of an eager press over-reporting marijuana fright tales. So it would appear that today's reefer madmen need worry no more about losing their boyish figures. And not a minute too soon either. While most smokers spotted the marijuana-breast-growth rumor for what it

was, some grew scared. After all, if Columbus proved that the Earth itself wasn't flat, where was it written that pot-smoking wouldn't so to speak take the hair off their chests? "I always knew I was headed for a bust," said one Albuquerque, N.M. weedhead, "but this is ridiculous."

Then again, didn't Billy Graham or somebody a lot like him always say that dopers were effeminate? And so, in a sense, they are. There is that estrogenlike THC, after all. Male dopers usually do find the cannabis experience to be an awakening of such hitherto "female" attributes as intuitiveness, sensuousness, personalness—in short, the very life and soul of mellowness. Enhancement of the esthetic sensibility and all that. On the other hand, women themselves might be seen as having a "masculine" relation to grass; it helps them out of the traps set for them by society or capitalism or machismo or something, helps them to communicate, to interact, to assert, to act aggressively, as it were. Chemical women's liberation and men's liberation rolled up in a cigarette. The more the macho man puffs cool with his Marlboro pose the more he's sucking up a mellower view. And the more the nervous lady inhales her joint, the stronger she feels.

But what about the flat-chested ladies who bought this magazine to find out how to make their lungs the pneumatic envy of Raquel Welch, Carol Doda and the Cockettes? Will grass make your breasts grow? Probably not. But it might make you happier with what you've got.

And men? Is it safe to smoke grass again without fear of mammary outbursts? Well, look at it this way: how many Afghani, Moroccan, Nepalese, Mexican, Jamaican or Colombian men have you seen with bazooms? None, right?

And if we're wrong, so what? There's nothing wrong with having nice full breasts on your chest after all. It's fun. Ask any woman. ☐



sonoma

DOPE BEHIND BARS

Smuggling, Scheming and Scamming in the Big House

By Albert Goldman and Chic Eder

California has a vast penal empire. Fuck up in one of their lesser joints and you're headed for Soledad or Q. Get too rowdy for those cesspools and you're Folsom bound. That's the end of the road—almost. Smack in the heart of Folsom is a special solitary-confinement slammer designed to hold the most dangerous men in the country. A prison within the prison, this terrifying hole is the bottommost ring of the penal hell.

Inside the "adjustment center," every prisoner is kept caged 23 hours a day in a six-by-seven-foot concrete cubicle. Security is so tight that no trustees are allowed inside the building and every sheet of toilet paper is inspected for contraband. When a prisoner has to be moved from the building, he is not only handcuffed but also manacled so that he can step only a foot at a time.

So picture, if you can, the scene inside this squeeze box on Christmas Eve, the most miserable day of the prison year. At 3:30 P.M., the building is secured for the night. The guards stuff Christmas dinners of sliced turkey roll and pumpkin pie through the feeding slots. After the prisoners have finished eating with spoons—the only implements allowed—the guards clear out the trays and distribute the day's supplies: two sheets of writing paper, a pencil stub sharpened, books from the book cart. The day ends at 7:00 P.M., when the body count is taken and the guard retreats to his cubicle to sip a mug of coffee.

Suddenly, glittering shards of mirror poke through the bars and mesh. The prisoners are checking the position of the guard. When the bull is safely in his cage, each weedhead on the tier liberates a skinny joint loaded with dynamite grass. Everybody lights up at once. Soon the most heavily guarded prison in America is full of sweet smoke and sucking sounds. MERRY CHRISTMAS, WARDEN!

How do they do it? How do cons smuggle weed past guards and guns, skin searches, prying snitches, goon squads that rip apart your cell looking

for contraband and prison censors who butcher every letter? The accomplishment, you may be sure, owes nothing to slackness on the part of authorities. Prison honchos don't tolerate inmates smoking on the premises. In fact, they regard a lit joint on the big yard as an intolerable act of provocation.

No, prison authorities have done everything inhumanly possible to stop the traffic in the high weed. Ponder a second how tough it is to get into most prisons—second in difficulty to getting out. There are forms to fill, lines and week-long fuckarounds before you're even cleared for a visit. And one look at those walls and towers and grim-pussed guards, and you ain't exactly anxious to commit a felony and join the party on the inside. What's more, giving them the right to strip you to the buff is one of the prices you pay for admission.

Even if delivery is made without a hitch, it's a miracle that the dope gets back to the cellblock. Take, for example, the procedure at California Men's Colony (East) at San Luis Obispo—the eleven-year-old maximum-security pride of the California Corrections Board. As soon as a visit at CMC ends, every prisoner is stripped and searched for contraband. A guard runs his fingers along each seam of clothing where dope might be secreted. The prisoner then puts both hands in his hair and shakes it out vigorously, showing the back and inside of his ears, opens his mouth and removes any dentures, holds out his hands, turns them over and wiggles his fingers. Then he's forced to lift his cock and balls. Turning around, he bends over and spreads his cheeks for inspection, wishing he could loose a fart in the guard's nose. Finally, he lifts each foot in turn to show that

Prison honchos regard a lit joint on the big yard as an intolerable act of provocation.

there's nothing on the soles or between the toes. Now how in hell do you smuggle dope through that kind of security?

The answer is a fascinating example of men struggling against seemingly insuperable odds to obtain a heart's desire. To a prisoner locked in a cell, nothing means more than a toke of righteous weed. First and foremost, grass provides a moment of pure pleasure in a day full of ugliness and boredom, deprivation and danger. Second, smoking pot is in defiance of the prison and its guards. The thrill of smoking that joint is the next best thing to making an escape—grass is an inner escape, a psychological liberation. Little wonder, then, that men in prison scheme and work, and risk whatever freedom and comfort they still enjoy for the taste of this doubly forbidden fruit.

But all is not grim hassle in the inside dope world. Several years ago at the U.S. Drug Rehabilitation Facility in Lexington, Kentucky, Chic Eder gave one of the zaniest pot parties ever. And to hear him tell it, Chic was only helping his pals.

"I was doing time," he writes in a letter. "at the 'hospital' at Lexington when this petite fagele from Philly drives up as a 'volunteer' patient and for some reason ribs himself into thinking that he loves me. With the exception of keeping some jocks from crowding him, I did nothing to encourage this feeling. His family had lots of buck, and he had a steady stream of visits from friends. On one of those visits he made arrangements to smuggle in a quarter pound of clean, dynamite weed.

"This hip, gay dude was slick enough to know that if I got my hand in the bag I would turn on everybody in the can. So he stashed the load and would only come up with one matchbox at a time. The deal was that I could have all I wanted—as long as I smoked it with him!"

Here's where the determined doper uses his noodle, especially locked behind walls. "I tried everything from

The classic don't-give-a-fuck prison dope runner is a fresh-faced girl in her teens.

threats of violence to having him tailed to ransacking the area in which he worked. I never uncovered a clue. Just then a guy starts riding me, saying I had a 'marital' problem. Suddenly the light bulb flashed in my head. I decided to marry him—and throw a great big Jewish wedding party!

"The wedding was the event of the season. At that time we were into rehearsing one of Lexington's famous inmate variety shows, so we had the auditorium to ourselves every day from noon until three.

"The ceremony was freak-Orthodox, with a canopy, a smashed plastic tumbler full of brew and all the guests wearing freaky homemade yarmulkes. Pearl Mesta would have creamed behind the reception. Naturally, the buffet was an epicurean delight, cakes, cookies, dainty little sandwiches—all spread so pretty it looked like it had been catered by Mama Grossinger. The capper was that every guest received as his 'favor' a lovingly rolled reefer."

What may surprise the outsider is the amazing trust that smuggling reveals among convicts. Men who would cut each other to pieces on the outside unite to defeat a common foe. Without perfect teamwork, very little weed would ever enter prison. The trick in smuggling into the stir is the knack for putting together a winning combination. Alone, few inmates have the resources for the job. Even if a cat has good connections on the outside, he still needs protection inside from snitches and goons. The Combination.

Start with two guys. One has the supply, the other is the courier. Since prison's an occupational hazard among dealers, plenty of guys in the can have excellent connections. Their buddies on the outside want the favor returned when it's their turn—courtesy of the road. Then again, the connection may be an ex-con who remembers how important smoke was in prison and feels honor bound to supply anyone willing to take the risk of running dope behind bars. And the solution to supply is also the solution to the problem of quality. Big dealers know big dealers, and big dealers don't smoke garbage.

What really counts in the end is the courier. Who has the nerve to brave armed and dangerous screws and the signs threatening horrible punishments for smuggling contraband into prison? Some old con? A tough young punk? A corrupt and greedy guard?

None of the above, Jim. The classic hard-nosed, don't-give-a-fuck prison dope runner is a fresh-faced girl in her teens! That's right, dope comes to prison out of the mouths of babes, so to speak. For prison visiting regulations leave one tiny loophole—a visitor may be stripped and searched, but no visitor may be touched or examined internally. That's the law. And that means much of the grass smoked in American prisons today arrived there tucked up inside a young woman's cunt.

Not only has nature provided women with the perfect stash, but prison history has demonstrated that as smugglers they are cooler and more efficient than men. An attractive, self-possessed young girl confident of her charm and ability to disarm men without firing a shot makes a far better courier than even the most hardened male agent.

You ask, why would she want to risk her future on a dangerous gamble? What could motivate teen women to participate in scams and felonies? Face it—today's young females are potential outlaws. These are the same women who have robbed banks to finance the revolution and have shot it out with police in kamikaze confrontations. There are plenty of young girls who want to be underground heroines. When someone lays out the game of smuggling dope into prison, they jump to it like Patty Hearst.

Take this typical combination that developed a few years back at the aforementioned CMC East at San Luis Obispo. Let's call the lady Jayne. Now, at San Luis they have educational tours for college classes and service organizations, sort of showing off the latest techniques in repression. Jayne is part of such a tour with her social-work class from U. of C. Santa Barbara. The guide for the tour is the president of the inmates' government, a prisoner named Chappy, possessed of a great line and a personality as powerful as an electromagnet. In the old usual way Jayne takes a shine to Chappy and they begin to write to each other. Pretty soon Jayne is bopping out to the prison on visitors' days, and one afternoon Chappy starts bemoaning his hard life behind bars. "If only I could get high once in a while," he complains bitterly. "I could bear the beatings, the plots, the paranoia."

An occasional smoker herself, Jayne sees nothing wrong with a little grass.

She asks: "How can I get it in?" Chappy has the answer on the tip of his tongue. He doesn't offer a course in smuggling, or even a few tips. No, he just makes a referral. He tells Jayne to get in touch with another woman on the outside, Rhonda, who already knows the scam.

Rhonda's old man is serving seven-to-the-board for murder one. She looks Jayne over carefully and calculates she'd be perfect for the gig. Rhonda runs down the game plan. First Jayne must buy grass of the highest quality and manicure it perfectly. Then she must buy a pack of penny balloons—the kind that look like tiny zeppelins—and pack the herb tightly inside them. Each balloon is stuffed to the largest size that can be comfortably swallowed: about an inch and a half long and a half-inch in diameter, approximately the size of a woman's little finger. Jayne learns how to tie off the balloon just above the grass, then fold it back on itself so it has a double thickness. Later, in her motel room, she puts the balloons in a heavy-duty plastic baggie. Before driving to prison, Jayne slides the baggie of weed up her vagina. Some women can carry as many as 12 balloons, each containing enough grass for about ten prison-sized "pinner."

The visiting room at CMC East is brightly lighted and painted institutional green. Inmates and their guests sit around on vinyl lounge chairs, and the atmosphere is reminiscent of a college dormitory TV room—except for the armed guards. Jayne and Chappy chat and hang loose for a half-hour. Then she goes to the ladies' room, where she removes the baggie and flushes it down the toilet, concealing the balloons in her blazer pocket. Chappy, meanwhile, is munching on barbecue potato chips from a wax paper bag and sipping Coke from an opaque plastic cup. As he chats with his returned lady visitor he passes both for them to share. Palming the contraband, Jayne drops the balloons into the coke and the chips bag. Soon Chappy is taking little sips of coke and big sips of balloon, along with some unseen, round potato chips.

As soon as Chappy gets back to his one-man cell, he prepares to reclaim his grass. He guzzles down plastic tumbler after plastic tumbler of warm, salty water until his stomach is sloshing and swollen, all the while jumping up and down like a madman and keeping an eye on the guard doing the

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BLACK OPIUM

By Claude Farrère

Like the dim red dens and delicately painted pipes of opium itself, Claude Farrère's *Black Opium* transports the reader into realms of terrifying beauty and illusion. Since its publication in 1911, when it was immediately hailed by Anatole France as a masterpiece of French prose, it has become a small classic of its genre, an elegant work that belongs with the best of Coleridge, De Quincey and Cocteau. Now *Black Opium* is available again, with the original illustrations by Alexander King, in a luxurious paperback edition published by And/Or Press, from the edition in the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library.

Farrère, honored in 1936 with France's highest literary award, the Prix Goncourt, never forsook his passion for opium. Nor did opium forsake him; he continued to produce his haunting, studied evocations of the smoky realm until his death. In the following tale, Farrère takes us to colonial Shanghai's "merry street," where smokers recline on their mats, their layouts spread before them, waiting for opium to carry them off

Foochow Road

It has now become my most cherished habit. Each evening, I smoke opium.

Not at home. I do not care to have a layout in my house. I live on the Bund, in the Concession Française. Many people come to see me, and that I like, better than you would think. There are always so many absurd stories told about smokers!

No, no one knows it. In the evening, at an hour when Europeans are dozing at the club or carrying on flirtations in the drawing-rooms, I pretend to go home, with a very blasé air so far

as fashionable life is concerned. And my jinrikisha-man, who is waiting at the door, takes me at once, as fast as his sturdy yellow legs can trot, along the deserted streets which lead to the heart of the Concession Internationale. It is there that I do my smoking in Foochow Road, Shanghai's merry street.

I have no preferred place. In Foochow, smoking dens abound, all of them receptive. Shanghai is the city of festivals, the voluptuous rendezvous of the whole of Yangtze,—a Deauville, Biarritz and Monte Carlo.



Shanghai is the city of festivals, the voluptuous rendezvous of the whole of Yangtze.

all in one. And Foochow Road is the Chinese heart of Shanghai. When night comes, the entire street is one red glow of lights. Each door is a den, more or less weird, more or less alluring, but generous in the matter of opium. I enter, at hazard, the first one that strikes my fancy, I stretch out near a lamp that is not in use, and immediately, a boy,—a brat with an old and curdled face,—comes up and prepares the pipe. I never tire of looking at him.

No matter where, he is the same silent, prompt being who never smiles and never bestows a glance. He dips the needle into the little jug filled with sticky opium. Then, over the lamp, he proceeds to cook the pearly drop. The drop swells, grows yellow and buds. He kneads and works it against the bowl of the pipe; he rolls and stretches it, makes it supple,—and finally glues it, with a blunt pressure, to the center of the bowl, against the orifice of the slender stem. As for me, all that I have to do is to suck in, with long-drawn breath, the stale and tepid smoke, while he holds above the flame the black pill, which crackles, diminishes and then evaporates.

The first pipe knocks me out and annihilates me. I lie upon my back, incapable of the batting of an eyelid. And that lasts one, two, three minutes. The patient boy offers me the second pipe, which is ready. But I continue to relish, minutely, the first fruits of my drunkenness. I gluttonously taste the distracted wheelings of my brain, which is not as yet able to undergo phlegmatically the first assault of the divine poison. It is only as the voluptuous vertigo spends itself that I heavily raise my neck and stretch forth my lips for he second pipeful.

There are other smokers around me. I cannot see them clearly, for the reason that the smoking-room is almost in darkness, and for the further reason that we are all reclining, our figures indistinct against the brown mats. But I can see the glow of lights amid the black smoke, and I hear the crackling of numerous pipes, and am conscious of an indescribable odor. I am aware, likewise, that other, neighboring intelligences are sinking simultaneously into drunkenness; and this fills my soul with a fraternal joy and the feeling of an affectionate security. Opium, in reality, is a fatherland, a religion, a strong and jealous tie between men. And I can better feel a brother to the Asiatics smoking in Foochow Road than I can to certain

inferior Frenchmen now vegetating at Paris, where I was born.

Formerly, I believed that Asiatics were separated from my own race by a wide gulf. And in truth, what a bottomless precipice there is between us! We are children, and they are old men. There is not so much difference between the infant in arms and the centenarian, hastening to his grave, as there is between them and us.

But I know, today, that opium is able, in a marvelous manner, to scale that precipice. Opium is a magician which transforms, and works a metamorphosis. The European, the Asiatic are equal,—reduced to a level,—in the presence of its all-powerful spell. Races, physiologies, psychologies,—all are effaced; and other strange new beings are born into the world,—the Smokers, who, properly speaking, have ceased to be men.

All this is quite literal. Each evening, in Foochow Road, I shed my gross humanity, I free myself from it, casting it into the street like a bundle of rags. I, and all the other smokers like me. From then on, our renovated brains, the sons of opium and brothers to one another, at once understand and appreciate each other, and are friends. Unfortunately, the intoxication is too brief, and in the morning, as I sorrowfully return to my house and bed, I abdicate my superiority, and put on those human rags and tatters once more, while the yellow men of that other age become for me again closed and indecipherable books.

No matter. Among these same individuals, drunkenness has given me a few friends.

For a number of evenings, a youth with piercing eyes has stretched out beside me, in the most gilded of the smoking-dens in Foochow Road,—a low-ceilinged room, bristling all over with weird carvings, carefully covered with gilt varnish.—A young man in a robe of mauve-colored moiré, whose lean fingers roll the opium with a marvelous dexterity. His name is Tcheng-Ta. His father is a rich merchant. He lives as he likes, in the manner of an opulent Chinese artist.

Tcheng-Ta has brought me to his own smoking-den, on the mezzanine of one of the most labyrinthine houses in Foochow Road. The entrance is by a perpendicular and very dark alleyway; and then, one has to climb two floors and come down one,—all this being broken by tortuous corridors and narrow court-yards, where one sometimes perceives singular things.... And at the very end is Tcheng-Ta's den. It is a very simple

whitewashed room, with plenty of mats and cushions on the floor. While one is smoking, Tcheng-Ta's mistress prepares the green tea, or sings, to the accompaniment of a guitar, melodies which resemble very gentle miaulings.

There is no talk between us, for the thoughts we have in common are not such as are easily exchanged in an unfamiliar tongue. But the opium spares us idle words. Our friendly glances are enough. And I know, and he knows, that we are always in a state of perfect communion.

The other day, he surprised the quickly restrained glance which I thoughtlessly had cast upon Ot-Chen, his mistress. Today, he introduced me to Tchen-Hoa, Ot-Chen's sister. They are a pair of dolls, rose-red and white, like painted porcelain. Their amber-perfumed hands are adorably fine, and their bound feet are easily contained within satin slippers the size of two nuts.

Their hair is of curiously wrought ebony, though one catches but a glimpse of it, since they hide it under close-crowded pearls. Tchen-Hoa and Ot-Chen love nothing in the world except jewels. On each arm, they wear sixteen bracelets, and on each finger seven rings. Only for love will they consent to shed their precious sheaths and to present themselves nude, like poor little prostitutes; but once the embrace is over, they hasten to pick up their ornaments before worrying about their scattered clothing.

They smoke opium beside us. Their fingers lay hold of the pipes in a pretty mannered gesture, and their mouths assume subtle pouts before the bamboo which our lips have moistened.

They wear bodices of light-colored moiré, trimmed with satin, with very wide sleeves, and above these, other sleeveless bodices. Their pantaloons, which fall straight down to their ankles, are of the same heavy, stiff, sumptuous material, all the seams being concealed under embroideries of the same color as the material itself—Nile-green, pale mauve or silver-gray.

When the opium has seized me in its clutches and has carried me off in its winged flight, Ot-Chen and Tcheng-Hoa become, in my fancy, two legendary princesses, and I am greatly comforted by dreams which are very ancient and very wonderful. Tcheng-Ta's den becomes a marble palace, sheltering my sovereign indolence,

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American Beauty

An autumn moon is rising and all across America a cool wind blows in the annual harvest. Just beyond bountiful fields of green-gold domestic pot, the sound of a fiddle can be heard—it's county fair time!

Everyone gathers from miles around to enjoy the herbs of their labor and honor the finest produce of the season. There's plenty of corn-on-the-cob, hard cider, barn dances, hayrides and, best of all, bushels of prize-worthy marijuana, freshly cured and ready for rolling.

Around the fairgrounds proud growers swap tips on cultivation while the lucky judges savor each mellow sample and children sniff at the burlap sacks piled on stout tables. There's lots of talk about imported pot—there is every year at this time—but the folks in the country know that it takes more than just horse sense to raise your own field of weed. Why, with the seeds from an ounce of city smoke, a good farmer can raise all-American pot—with smooth taste and a touch of spirit that's damned Yankee!

Take for example our harvest centerfold. A blue-ribbon boo fit enough to turn any foreign smoke green with envy, and delight patriotic tokers in all 50 states. ■





The Rastafarians

Exile in Babylon



and Other Dredful Jamaican Knowledge

By J.B. Alexander

Ras Ibo reaches into his leather pouch and pulls out a five-inch-long yellow rectangle. "These be corn leaves," he explains to a visitor as he packs and rolls one leaf tight with herbs. "We cut them and then dry them out." After rolling the leaf, which he calls a spliff, Ibo ties it tight with a small string. Then he takes a narrow piece of wood out of the nearby campfire and, with its smoldering end, lights up. Following a deep drag he cocks his head high, staring for a few seconds into the bright noonday sky.

"His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Haile Selassie, Lord of Lords, King of Kings, Conquering Lion of the tribe of Judah, can never be removed from power. He is the Trinity. How can you remove the Trinity from power?"

This is Negril, a hilly bit of paradise in western Jamaica, and Ibo, a Rastafarian farmer, finally responds to earlier questions: What did the removal of Haile Selassie from power in Ethiopia mean to the Rastafarian movement, and what does his recent death signify?

"His Imperial Majesty is the living God—Jah Rastafari," Ibo continues. He passes the spliff over to one of his brother Rastafarians. "Rastafari has promised us that he will not truly die again. He already fulfilled that prophecy 1,000 years ago."

As Ibo speaks, a gust of wind plays with his fantastic dreadlocks, making them dance briefly in the air. Dyed bronze with a special oil containing a henna and twisted into waist-length locks, Ibo's hairstyle is the symbol of the Rastafarians, a Jamaican religious sect that worships the late deposed Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie and smokes pot as part of its religious ceremonies. Rastas believe they are one of the Lost Tribes of Israel, doomed to Babylon because of the sins committed by their forefathers.

"I'm a Jew," says one Rastafarian fisherman. "A black Jew."

Jamaican authorities say there are around 70,000 Rastafarians on the 146-mile-long island. That's out of a total population of around 2 million.

But Rastafarians dispute these figures. "Nobody can number the Rastafari," says Rupert Black, a Rastafarian who works as a porter in a Montego Bay hotel. "Trying to number the Rastafarians is like trying to number all black people. Nobody really knows how many there are."

Perhaps not, but there may be more than the Jamaican government admits. Looking like a Rastafarian, talking like one, is a fad in Jamaica these days. According to one Jamaican writer, "Every Jamaican kid between the ages of 14 and 21 is Rasta." Actor Carl Bradshaw, a recent convert to the sect, adds, "At the rate the movement is growing, within ten years it will be the religion of Jamaica." Although some people scoffingly refer to Rastafarians as "hippies," the movement has indeed attracted thousands of Jamaican youngsters in recent years, many from the "best families," including two sons of a Deputy Prime Minister.

The new Rastafarians represent all classes of society, from high government officials and soccer stars to fishermen. According to a study by the University of the West Indies, ganja and Rasta-Marxism have been the pied pipers luring children of the wealthy and influential into the Rasta movement.

The ganja appeal is easy enough to understand: being a Rastafarian gives easy access to the best of ganja, the kali plant. But why Marxism? Because Jamaica is entrenched in a centuries-old caste system, with whites and orientals at the top, light-skinned blacks in the middle, and dark-skinned blacks at the bottom. The Rastafarian movement has grown up as a poor man's response to this. The first Rastafarians were of slate-black complexion, and what they prayed for in sermons and songs was an overturning, a reordering of the caste system that crushed them for so long. This element of social protest has a great fascination for the children of the Jamaican middle class, who are liberal and feel guilty about their af-

fluent lifestyle while the majority barely survive in shanty towns.

Old-timers like Ibo see the growth of the movement as fulfillment of the prophesied "gathering of the sheep." Ibo has been a Rastafarian for over 20 years, living on his three-acre plot for the last eight. There he grows a variety of things—corn, radishes, beets, bananas and some ganja.

The herb was first introduced to Jamaica in the nineteenth century by East Indians. In fact, the word ganja is Hindi. Today, ganja smoking is as common on the island as rum drinking is on the other West Indian ports-of-call, and ganja can be bought almost anywhere. It's easy to come by, since it sells for \$2 an ounce, even to tourists.

Nobody smokes more ganja or knows more about the herb than the Rastafarians. While most Jamaicans smoke three or four large joints a day, Rastafarians smoke as many as six and eight. Moreover, a recent study by the National Institute of Mental Health shows that Jamaican ganja is far more potent than the Mexican grass commonly smoked in the U.S.

To Rastafarians, ganja is not a drug, but an herb, provided by God to help heal the wound inflicted by the rich on the poor. Here is how a member of the Mystic Revelations of Rastafari, a reggae group, explained it in a recent letter to a Jamaican paper: "During the days of slavery, the slaves would gather in circles, smoke their peace pipe, or 'hubble bubble,' and 'mombo jobo' in their lingua. The slave masters, knowing the wrong they did, figured that the slaves were communing in circles to overthrow them. They started breaking up the crowds. This was done repeatedly. The slaves continued. They could not see any reason for not smoking their peace pipes, since this was a cultural pattern brought from Africa. The slave masters decided that they would seize the pipes. This was done without much success. The slave masters became more suspicious of the persistence of the slaves with their gathering and started punishing them at random for

Ras Ibo pointed to an unhealed gash on his forehead. "That's why we call them Babyions," interjected one of his brethren.

several different bushes. At this point, we are sure one will see that the danger in ganja from that time is the gathering of people in unity."

The letter continued: "Trying to equate ganja... with things like morphine, heroin, LSD, quinine or alcohol, is acting 'ultra vires' to the presence and preservation of cultural history of a people scattered in this hemisphere, not by free will but by force."

Rastafarians use ganja, they say, to help them cope. But cope with what, exactly? Ras Ibo pointed to an unhealed gash on his forehead. Three policemen had cornered him two nights back, he said. They beat him unconscious and left him to crawl his way home. "That's why we call them Babyions," interjected one of Ibo's brethren.

From the days when the first Rasta locksmen began appearing on Jamaica's back roads in the 1930s, there has been trouble with the police. The sect grew as an offshoot of Marcus Garvey's Back-to-Africa Movement. "Black men will not be free in the 'new world' until a black king is crowned in Africa," predicted Garvey, a native of Jamaica, before being led off to jail on charges of tax evasion. Taking Garvey literally, followers of "Black Moses" saw the coronation later that year of a young Ethiopian prince, Ras Tafari, as the fulfillment of Garvey's prophecy.

And as Ras Tafari adjusted to his new duties and his new name—Haile Selassie (Power of the Trinity)—several of Garvey's followers in Jamaica, traveling among the poor in shanty towns, began attributing divinity to the Emperor. Today, the practice of worshiping Selassie still brings a bad taste to the mouths of some Jamaicans. "I think there are some good points to the Rastafarians," says one Kingston pedestrian, "but I just don't believe that any living man can be God."

But there are those who defend the Rastafarian belief. Interviewed in a documentary film about the Rastafarian movement, Marcus Garvey Jr., son of the late activist, says: "If Jesus is God born as a Jew, and the Buddha is God born as an Indian, why cannot Jah [God] appear as a Black Man." From the early leaders of the movement, like George Howell and Nathaniel Hibbert, the Rastafarians got their name and many of their symbols. Independently, Howell and Hibbert studied the Bible closely

and found many passages suitable to the new religion.

Reason to wear their hair in twisted dreadlocks, as most Rastafarians do, was found in Leviticus 21:5—"They shall not make baldness upon their head, neither shall they shave off the corner of their beard, nor make any cuttings in their flesh." And as for smoking herbs, they found many passages to explain this. Genesis 3:18—"The earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind... and God saw that it was good... and God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed, to you it shall be meat." Exodus 10:12—"Eat every herb of the land." Proverbs 15:17—"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hated there with."

And, thus, Rastafarians took the herbs of the earth as the gifts of God. But there was a hitch. Ganja smoking was and is illegal in

Rastafarians have easy access to the best ganja.

Jamaica, and its users are criminals. That ganja is used by Rastafarians as part of their religion means little to police. Criminals are criminals.

Jamaican jails began to swell with dreadlocks. Today, Rastafarians are said to number more than 40 percent of Jamaica's prison population. This is not to say that Rastafarians are arrested only on dope charges; some are sent up for other crimes, including robbery and murder. But many of those arrested as Rastafarians are not. Rather, they are Jamaicans who have adopted the Rastafarian lifestyle and dress as a means of expression.

However, police abuse of Rastafarians has been greatly curbed since the release of the report by the University of the West Indies that outlined the true tenets and objectives of the movement. It has been reduced even more since Michael Manley became Prime Minister a few years back. The son of former Jamaican Prime Minister Norman Manley, young Manley has set Jamaica on a course approximately in line with Rastafarian goals—democratic-socialism. "Socialism is love," reads a recent government advertisement in a local

Jamaican newspaper. And after all, isn't that what the Rastafarians have been demanding for so long—"peace and love"?

While Manley's push toward socialism, including occasional junkets to Cuba, has made him a revered figure among the general populace, there are many upper- and middle-class people who would prefer to see him gone. Some Jamaicans say that the Rastafarian movement, if it were seriously organized, could become a popular front that any politician would need to maintain power on the island.

And there are attempts to organize among the Rastafarians. A group calling themselves the Rastafarian Movement Association has set up offices in Kingston and called for unity among all "beloved brethren." Leaders of the association charge interference from the C.I.A., fearful of the power Rastafarians could wield, nationally and internationally, if they ever did pull together.

"They don't want another Cuba," comments one Rasta.

Already, offshoots of the Rastafarian movement have popped up on the island of Dominica. But the so-called Dreds, whom police charged with murdering tourists, have been outlawed. Anyone caught wearing dreadlocks on Dominica is shot on sight.

In America, too, there are those who call themselves Rastafarians. New York police spokesmen say there are Rastafarians in Brooklyn and the Bronx who are deeply involved in drug smuggling, extortion, rape and murder. They even go so far as to allege a definite hook-up between Rasta groups in Jamaica and those in the States not only philosophically but in the ganja trade as well. However, they have offered no proof of these allegations, and it's doubtful they ever will. The word on the streets in Brooklyn and the Bronx is that these ersatz Rastafarians are Jamaican youth gangs, members averaging 15 years in age. What's more, it's almost impossible to find ganja in New York, making the smuggling charges unlikely.

Genuine Rastafarians, whose ages range to over 60, spend most of their time on cultural pursuits—painting, sculpting, writing or playing music. This doesn't mean they don't do a little dealing on the side. In fact, much of the cultivating and trade in the hills and shanty

(continued on page 67)



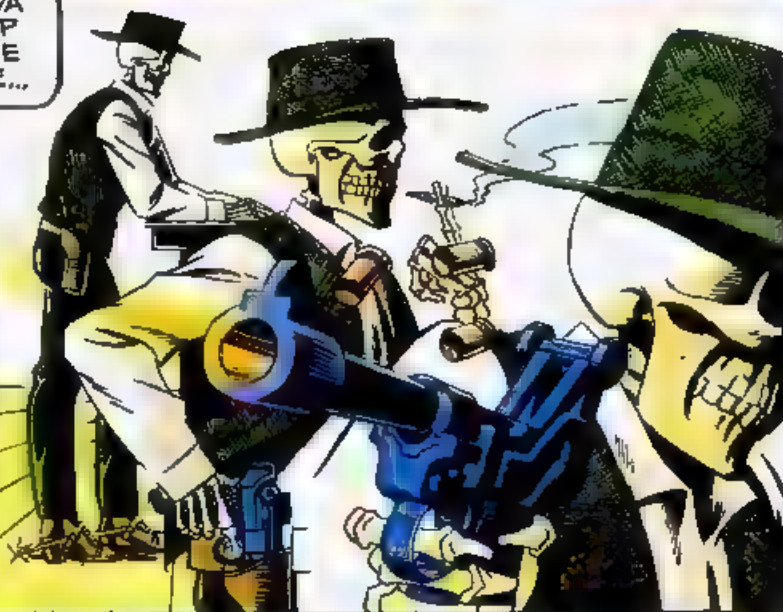
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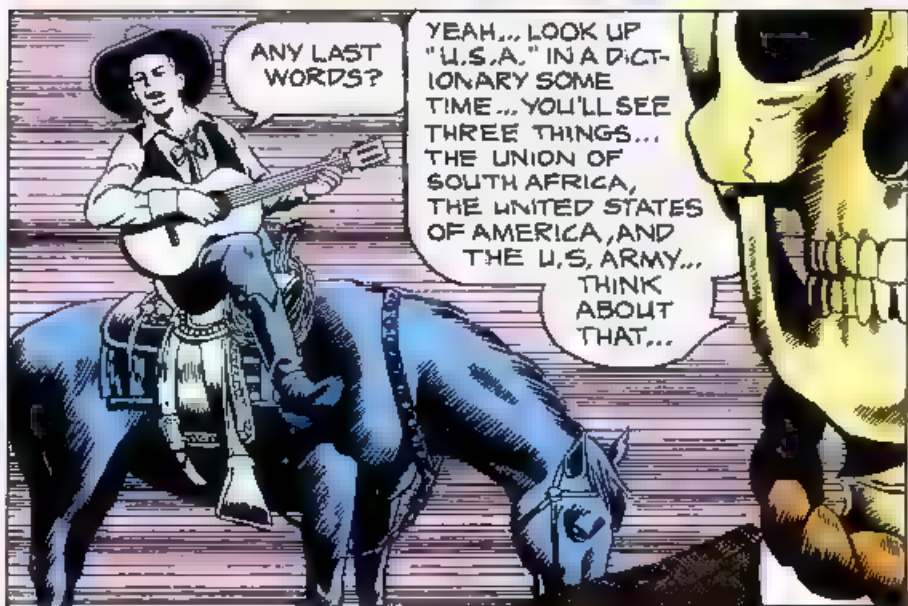
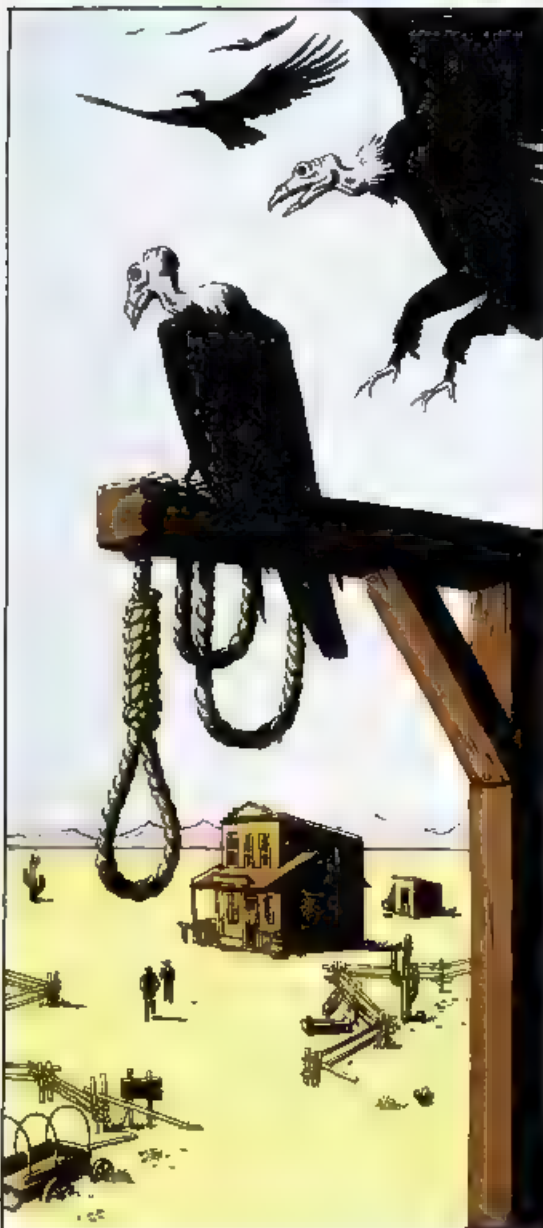
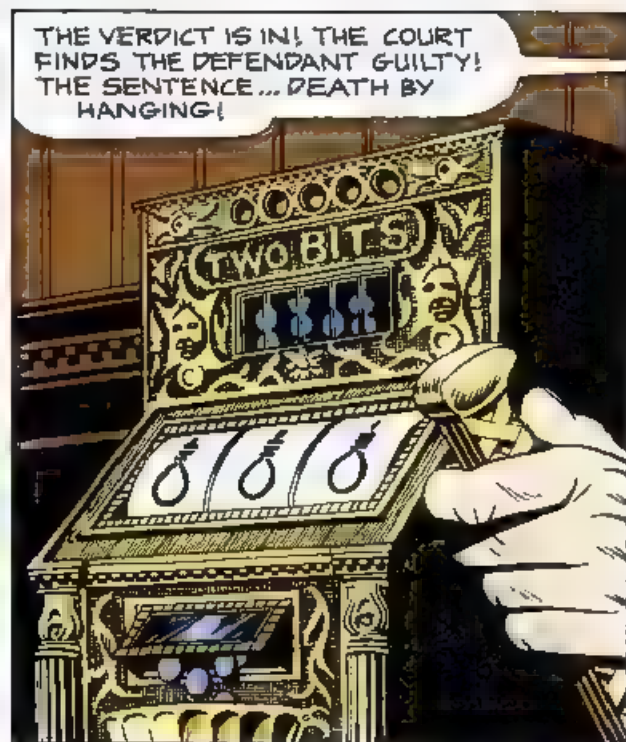
WELL, WELL... LOOK WHAT
BLEW IN WITH THE FLIES...

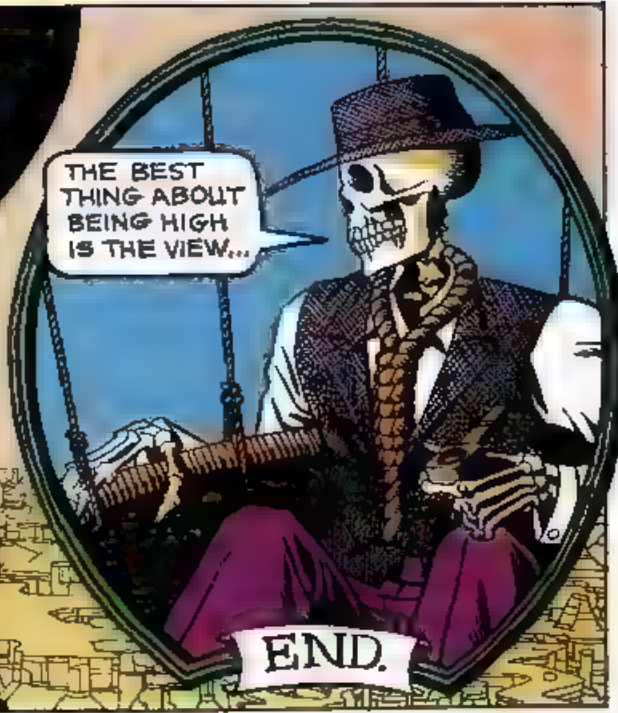
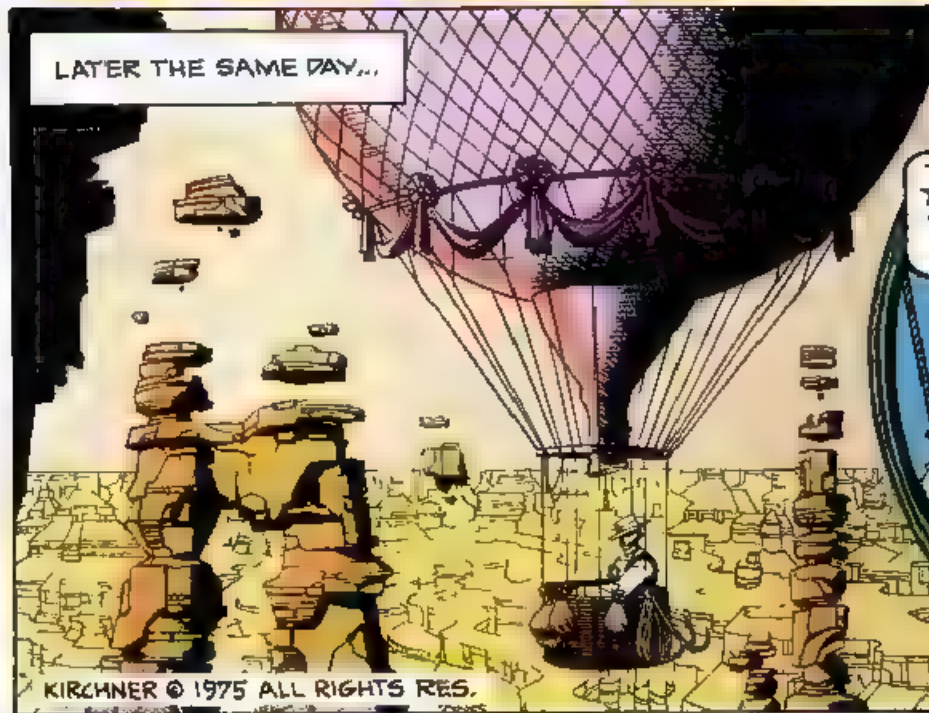
YOU WANT
SOMETHIN',
DUDE?

YES...

I'D LIKE
A GLASS
OF WATER.







END.

The Rastafarians

(continued from page 62)

towns is in the hands of Rastafarians. But with wholesale costs so low, there is little real income realized from the local ganja trade. The big bucks are in the international ganja market, to which Rastafarians contribute mostly as farmers and harvesters. Much of Jamaica's economy is dominated by white Europeans and orientals. These groups probably also dominate most of

That ganja is used by Rastafarians as part of their religion means nothing to the police.

the highly profitable international ganja traffic.

The most notable Rastafarian export has been the music called "ska," later known as "rock steady" and now called "reggae." Rastafarian drums, the heart of reggae music, have an almost intoxicating effect on the listener. As much as ganja and the Marxist dialectic, this music has drawn Jamaican youth into the exotic

movement and spread it around the world.

Reggae is so popular among Rastafarians that Jamaica's two leading reggae artists—Bob Marley, of the Wailers, and Big Youth, now being called Jah Youth, both Rastafarians—are virtual prophets of the movement and its only real leaders. Listen closely to the lyrics of the best reggae tunes. "Rivers of Babylon," "Concrete Jungle," "Slave Driver." Der's a lot of dred in dem.

Stardom has not changed the smoking habits of Rasta musicians. They have not abandoned ganja for reggae. Marley has been smoking spliffs between performances in the national stadium in Kingston, and not a policeman dare touch him. Along with bauxite and tourism, reggae is one of Jamaica's top industries. Damaged merchandise isn't worth very much, even if the ganja smoker is a Rastafarian.

While Marley and other Rastafarian musicians may be free to smoke ganja fairly openly, the average Rastafarian like Ibo must still be cautious.

"Dem Babylon, dem say if dey catch me with spliff next time, dem cut off me locks." Ibo runs his fingers through his hair, as soft as lamb's wool. "I don't know what I'd do without me locks. I think I'd die." ■



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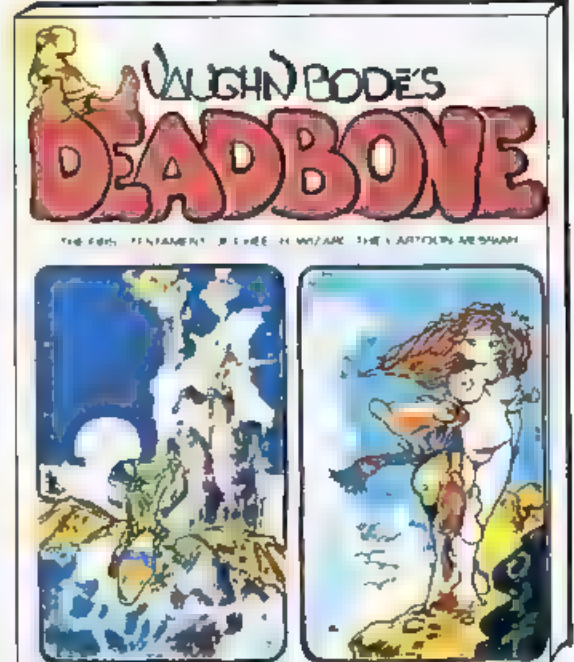
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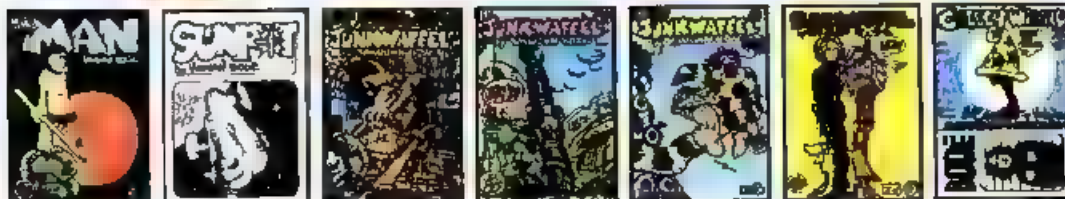
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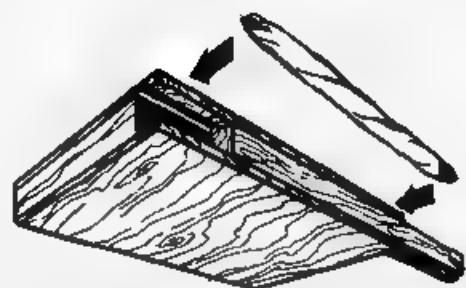
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CARRY ROLLED

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dope Smuggler

(continued from page 49)

magazine money "We'll give you fifteen." Jesse said "Agreed."

That night, Jesse and I slept in our own marijuana field, bought and paid for by Life

Three weeks later, when the field was ready for harvesting, Gene Anthony flew down and took photographs. Since we now owned the marijuana in the field, Jesse and I decided to smuggle it out of the country—and have Gene take pictures of that, too. I returned to the States, made a deal with some friends in Berkeley to sell the weed once we got it up, then flew back to Mexico. Six weeks later the dope was off-loaded on the California coast, 1,750 pounds, bought, paid for, delivered. I then returned to Capitola and wrote the complete story for Life, leaving out the fact that we'd bought the fields with their money. Three months after handing in the assignment, Gene got word from the magazine that they were exercising their right of refusal. They were not going to buy the story.

I was stunned. The story was great. We had great photographs. Public interest in marijuana was phenomenal, but Life came out with a lame, typically third-hand marijuana smuggling story I felt terrible.

Then Gene flew to New York and sold the story to Look magazine. I rewrote it completely, 5,000 words, and Gene printed more photographs. Look laid the story out and was preparing to run it. One year later, Gene and I had to send them a telegram giving them 24 hours to answer us, a yes or no on the story.

We got no answer. Neither Gene nor I realized that Look was rapidly going out of business, partly because of their habit of buying stories and then not running them. As a last resort, I published a story and some of the photographs in a short-lived magazine of the time. Two months later, I signed a contract to write *Weed: Adventures of a Dope Smuggler*.

So, 13 years after coming to San Francisco to be a writer and becoming a dope smuggler instead, I had my first book contract. I was 11 years behind my self-imposed publication schedule, but I didn't care. After 13 years of scuffling and scamming and working my way through a hundred incredible scenes, I had actually written a hell of a lot—parts of four novels and innumerable short stories, thousands of pages of dues that had taught me how to write. Now I was ready. ■

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In the Land of Yagé

(continued from page 38)

to yagé, and Salvador launched into a long series of anecdotes about the miraculous powers of the drug. (By the way, he never referred to it as a drug, but always as *el remedio*—"the remedy.") But the condition it produces is a *borrachera* or "intoxication.") There were stories of locating lost objects through yagé visions, solving crimes and producing miracle cures. I listened to these stories with interest, but I have learned that witch doctors always have good raps about their products, and the stories are very much the same, whether the drug is peyote, yagé, magic mushroom or anything else—which may simply mean that the "effects" of the drug are really capacities of the mind in other states of consciousness.

Finally, when we had dispatched the bottle of *aguardiente* and my stomach was about bursting from the volume of *chicha* I had drunk, Salvador decided we could start making yagé. Fortunately the rain had let up, and even a little bit of sun was showing. We took wooden stools from the house and walked to a little clearing partly sheltered by banana fronds. A large fire-blackened caldron was on the ground next to the ashes of an old fire. And on a mat of banana leaves was a pile of the *bejuco*—lengths of the woody stems of yagé.

Salvador indicated that the first step was to strip off the outer bark of the *bejuco*, and I set to work on that task with the blade of a pocket knife. The *bejuco* seemed neither very fresh nor very old. Looking at the cut ends I noticed that it had the requisite number of "hearts" and therefore was mature enough for use. The bark came off easily.

Meanwhile, Salvador had uncovered the caldron, which contained a mess of black, cooked leaves and mashed *bejuco* in a rusty brown liquid—apparently the remains of the last batch of yagé. He poured the liquid into a bottle and fished out the spent leaves and stems. Then he seemed a bit confused and mumbled something about firewood that I did not catch.

The next step in the process was the mashing of the *bejuco*, a job that took considerably more energy because the stems—up to three inches in diameter—were tough wood. There was a smooth flat stone to lay them on and a heavy rock to pound with. I set to work, taking frequent rests.

When I was finished and had an

armload of mashed *bejuco*, Salvador announced that there was no firewood so that we would have to make this yagé without actually cooking it. Nor, apparently, was there any fresh *chagrapanga*, because he began putting the old, unattractive leaves back into the caldron with the freshly pounded *bejuco*. He then poured the liquid from the old brew into the pot, plus a little fresh water, and set about mashing everything together with a heavy stick. After about ten minutes, he felt the potion was finished and poured it into two empty *aguardiente* bottles, it was a muddy brown liquid. Then we walked back to the house.

In that moment I knew that I had no desire to spend more time with Salvador and certainly no interest in drinking his yagé. His preparation had turned out to be much sloppier and more haphazard than I could have imagined. I was not expecting a three-day production with interminable chants, but, at least, I wanted cooking, particularly since the alkaloids of yagé are not terribly soluble and require long boiling to release them from the plant tissue. I doubted that Salvador's brown liquid had any potency except what might have been there from the previous batch, if that had been made properly.

It was now nearly dusk, and Salvador suggested that I go off and return at nine to take the drug. "And don't forget to bring more *aguardiente* for tonight," he said. I was still a little wobbly from all the drinking I had done that afternoon, and the thought of more sickly sweet, anise-flavored alcohol did not make me feel better. I said good-bye and made my way back to the road.

To solidify my decision not to take yagé that night, I went back to Sibundoy and ate a large meal. My stomach had been crying out for something to soak up the remaining *aguardiente* and *chicha*. Shortly afterward the rain started again, this time in torrents. I doubt that I could have made it back to Salvador's house even if I had wanted to.

I felt I had seen enough of yagé in Sibundoy. I decided I would leave the valley the next morning and head into the hot country, over the mountains to the little town of Mocoa, the capital of the Putumayo Territory. There, I hoped, the travelers would be fewer and the Indians a little more scrupulous about their yagé rites. Besides, the damp chill of winter in Sibundoy was getting to my bones, and I longed to be somewhere where the chance of seeing sunshine was a bit better. ■

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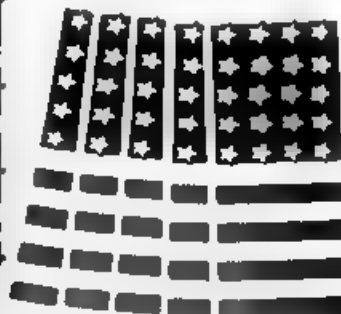
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DOPE BEHIND BARS

(continued from page 54)

count. The flood of liquid in his gut and the jiggling motions make the balloons rise to the surface of his stomach. The moment he bends over and sticks his head down into the porcelain toilet, he starts to puke.

Out pop the balloons. Green! Yellow! ... Blue! ... Red! ... Out they pour like a technicolor jackpot. Chappy is gagging and gloating. There before him—mixed with shrimp roll, barbecue chips and Coke—are scores of future joints just

The flood of liquid in his gut and the jiggling motions make the balloons rise to the surface of Chappy's stomach.

waiting to be washed off, peeled back and rolled for consumption. If he doesn't get them all up this way, Chappy just waits until tomorrow, when the double-strength balloon will ride out of his system inside his shit. (It seems the biggest balloons settle in when swallowed and often cause nervous nights before the morning crap.)

Most combinations have a stash man. This is usually a prisoner beyond suspicion, some well-behaved, scholarly type whose cell is never roused. For a price, this cat not only hides the grass but also rolls it in the special manner prisoners employ to avoid detection. Since hand-rolled cigarettes are an old prison favorite, a joint may not arouse suspicion. But to be on the safe side, prison weedheads roll their joints small and tuck them inside regular-sized cigarettes, with a little tobacco stuck in either end. (Rolling "pinners" also stretches the grass supply.) Looking innocent to the naked eye, such a joint can be carried in a cigarette case or even behind a prisoner's ear without fear that some guard will pounce on it.

When the roller has finished his chores, he hits the yard and saunters over to a prearranged rendezvous point, most likely the bleachers around the handball court. One by one, members of his tip come by to get their taste. "Tip" is prison argot for a close group of buddies, usually six or so, who act as a team at all times. Some prisoners spend ten years talking to nobody outside their tip. After the pickup, each man moves off to divide with his tightest partner. Eventually the yard is spotted with men in pairs, standing or sitting face to face,



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DOPE BEHIND BARS

one man keeping an eye peeled over his partner's shoulder while he gets quietly zonked.

A flexible set of rules keeps the prisoner-dopers out of trouble while they smoke under the noses of the guards. One rule is never hold more grass than you can eat. Then, if the guards move in on you, all you have to do is swallow the roach. It's said in prison, "They can't bust you for what's in you, only what's on you." Another rule is get all that smoke inside you fast. A final very important canon is that men with a weedhead reputation must never hold any grass in their cells or on their persons.

Of course, the lady courier is only one prison smuggling technique (n.b., all methods described in this article are familiar to the authorities), and there are numerous others. Many a prisoner has amassed a fortune on the inside with several scams going on at once. It's easy. The current price for one skinny little joint in a California prison is a carton of cigarettes, convertible to cash.

The trick in smuggling is putting together a winning combination.

In the old days, prisoners recruited their "mules" among guards or other employees who had a price. Today there is another kind of mule: the young, liberal pot-smoking professional who works full or part time in the prison as a teacher, counselor or medical aid. An old con has no trouble turning such young heads his way. Perhaps in their second or third conversation, the prisoner will say in an offhand way, "Hey, next time you come in, bring me a joint!" If the prisoner has done his work well, the mule is now in the harness.

Then there's the annual Christmas package, providing you're not in the squeeze. The prisoner can receive a box, but its contents must conform exactly to prison regulations. Chocolates are OK, but only one layer. Nuts are allowed, if they come in a vacuum-sealed can. You get the idea. Some Viet vets who have landed in the can send out word that their Christmas cigarettes should be doctored the way mama-san used to do it in Saigon. The cigarette packages are skillfully opened, emptied, filled up with bombers, then sealed again so they look factory fresh. In a carton of smuggled Camels, the packs at either end are full of cigarettes; but the six at the middle have been opened and filled with pure, clean boo. Santa Claus can squeeze almost a half-pound of grass

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into these six packs. Unfortunately, the Grinches of prison Christmas sometimes intercept such stocking stuffers, as they did at CMC East this Christmas past.

And sometimes prisoners go fishing for weed, like they did at the Ventura County, California, hoosegow four years ago. An old-time jail with cell windows that face the street in downtown Ventura, the joint was a pushover for a band of nine prisoners determined to stay high. It was arranged that a 15-year-old heroine named Flip would cruise the street outside the jail, keeping her eye on the progress of the guard, whose nightly round from his catwalk was reflected through the cell windows.

Lowering a string not thicker than a hair from the end of a broom handle, our heroes angled in the street for an instant before Flip neatly stepped up, attached her parcel of Oaxacan and went on her way. Up, up, jiggled the

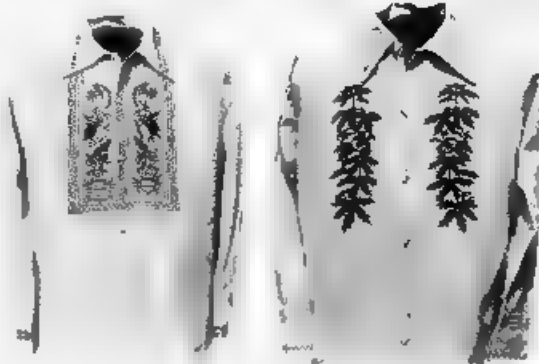
Nothing drives a prison guard crazier than the spectacle of six hardened cons sitting in a circle and giggling like silly schoolgirls.

catch, with all the prisoners at the ventilation window sweating blood and praying that the fisherman got it through the grating.

Sometimes a game, smuggling weed into prison is always a political act. Nothing brings men together better than the simple act of sitting on the bleachers and passing joints from hand to hand—the camaraderie of passing the peace pipe, the gratifying sense that you've beaten the man at his own game and finally, the feeling of inner liberation that comes from getting high and loose right in the yard under the guns of the guards. Nothing drives a prison guard crazier than the spectacle of six hardened cons sitting in a circle and giggling like silly schoolgirls.

Apart from the everyday kicks, there are those special occasions in prison when grass becomes the high point of a real celebration. One traditional jailhouse boogie occurs when a prisoner gets ready to go home. Monday morning is the usual discharge time, so on Sunday night the boys party. The party is hyped with lots of good weed and plenty of home brew, the potent alcoholic beverage brewed from prunes or orange juice or tomato catsup (continued on page 91)

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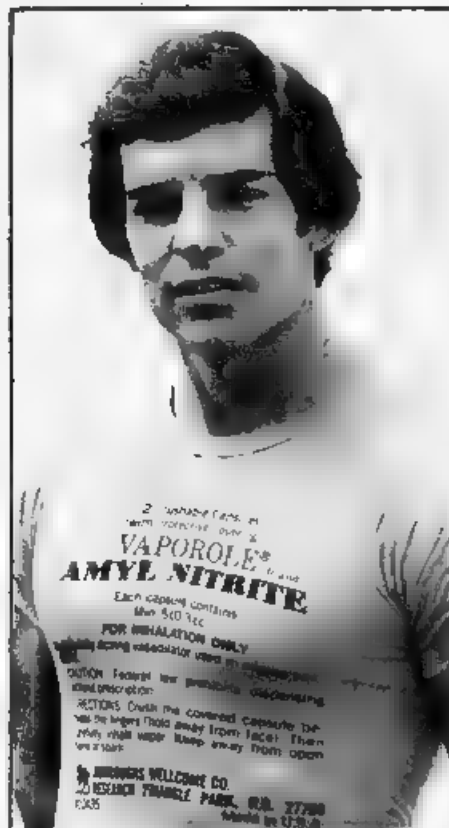
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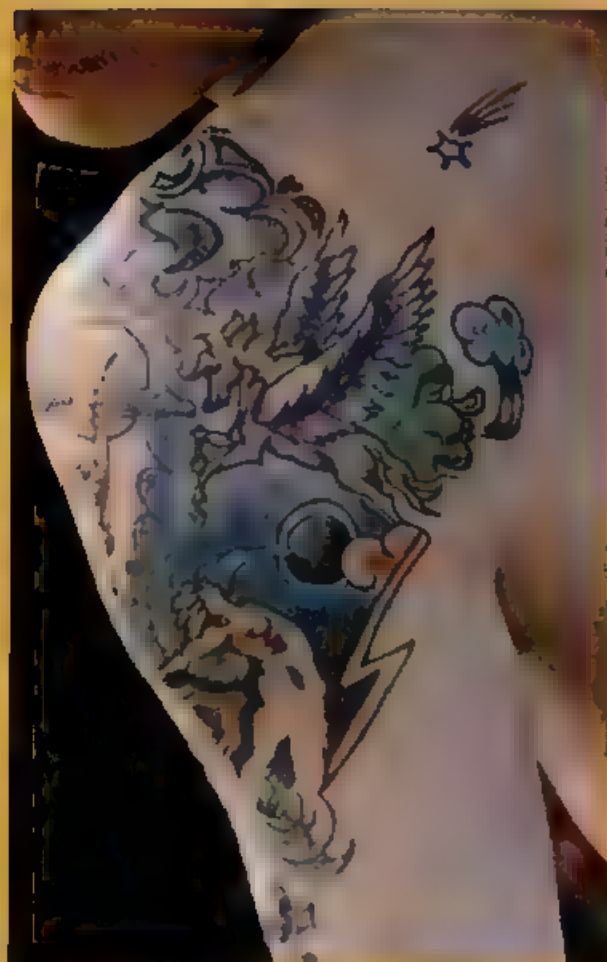
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Tattooing is an age-old body language—the carnal code of bikers, dopers and lovers. And the master of today's needlefreaks is Spider Webb, of Mount Vernon, New York. President of the Tattoo Club of America, Spider is the man who said, "Getting a tattoo is like losing your virginity—there's no going back." Herewith, a pointillistic portfolio of Webb's works.

* * *

When tattoos were taboo, your average illustrated man used to stick to familiar faces—like Mom's. Today, taboos are tattooed: from beer to eternity, the tincture in the puncture is about society's forbidden pleasures. For example, acres of pin skin have been devoted to the numeral 13, an old biker cipher corresponding to the thirteenth letter, M—for marijuana.

And what about the aphrodisiac allure of anatomical acupuncture? Well, one of Spider's female customers allows that "Ever since Spider started tattooing me, I've had more pricks than a pincushion." Touche.

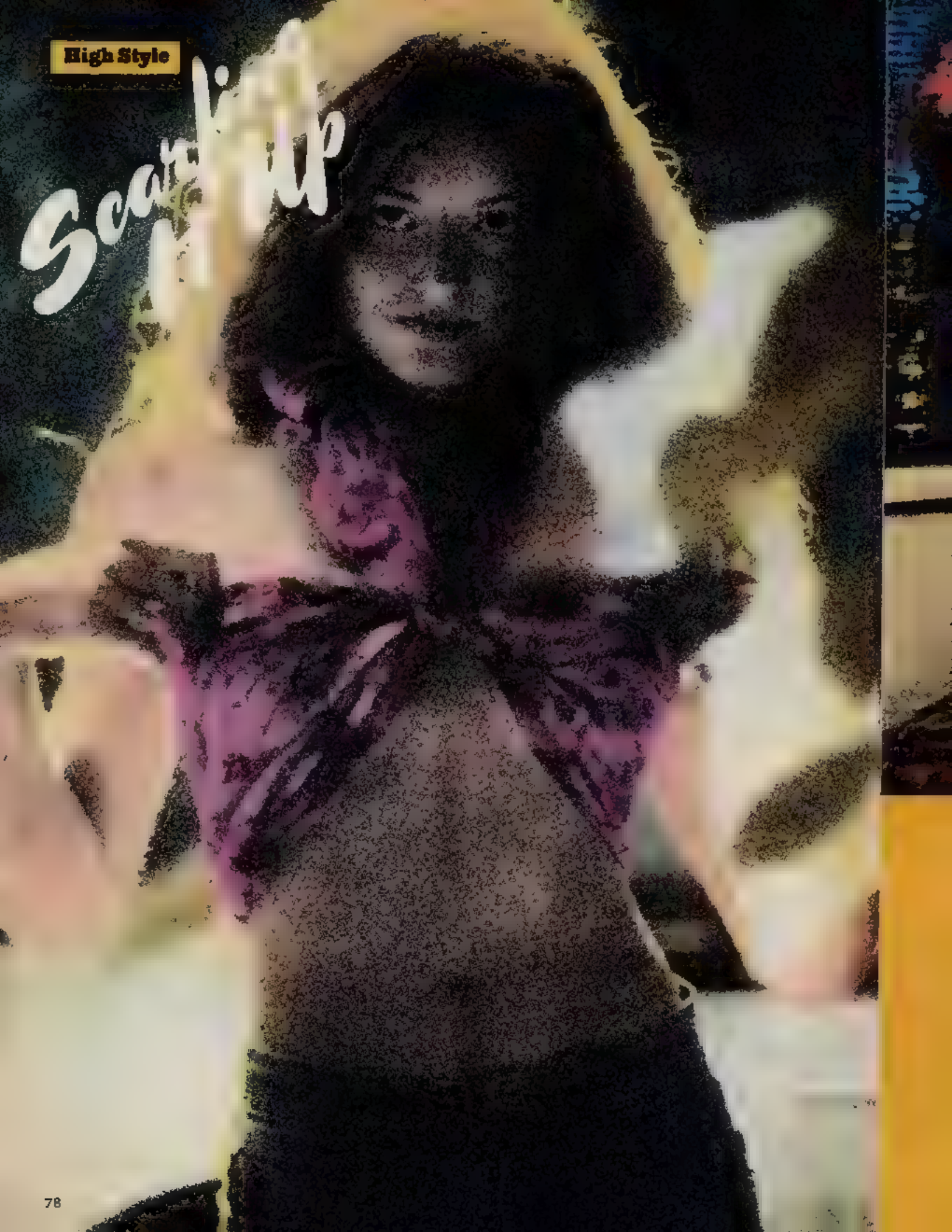


Photographs by Peter O'Sullivan



High Style

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(Left) Lavendar silk chiffon rectangle wrapped behind the back, knotted behind the neck \$100 from Mirage of San Francisco

(Top center, Purple and gold fringed shawl, folded cornerwise and tied at the back for that hapless, strapless look. \$18 at the Third Hand Store, San Francisco.

(Top right, And the bandana played on. For the head, a print babushka, traditionally tied \$150 almost anywhere. Square printed cotton bandana, clinched at the cleavage and going backward on extended wings for that dovetail effect. \$15 at Mayfair Riding and Sports Shop, Beverly Hills

(Lower right, All eyes on Texas A Lone Star chatchka with cowboy design. Wherever antique American clothing is sold



Photographs by Jerry Wainwright
Design and Concept for Mirage by Kristine Saint-Roch and China T. Rice

High Style



SMOKING JACKETS

(Left) He's ready to meet the power that clouds men's minds in this classic long smoking jacket of 100

percent cotton velvet, with contrasting lapels and cuffs and self-belt, by John Karl for Flo Toronto, Ltd.

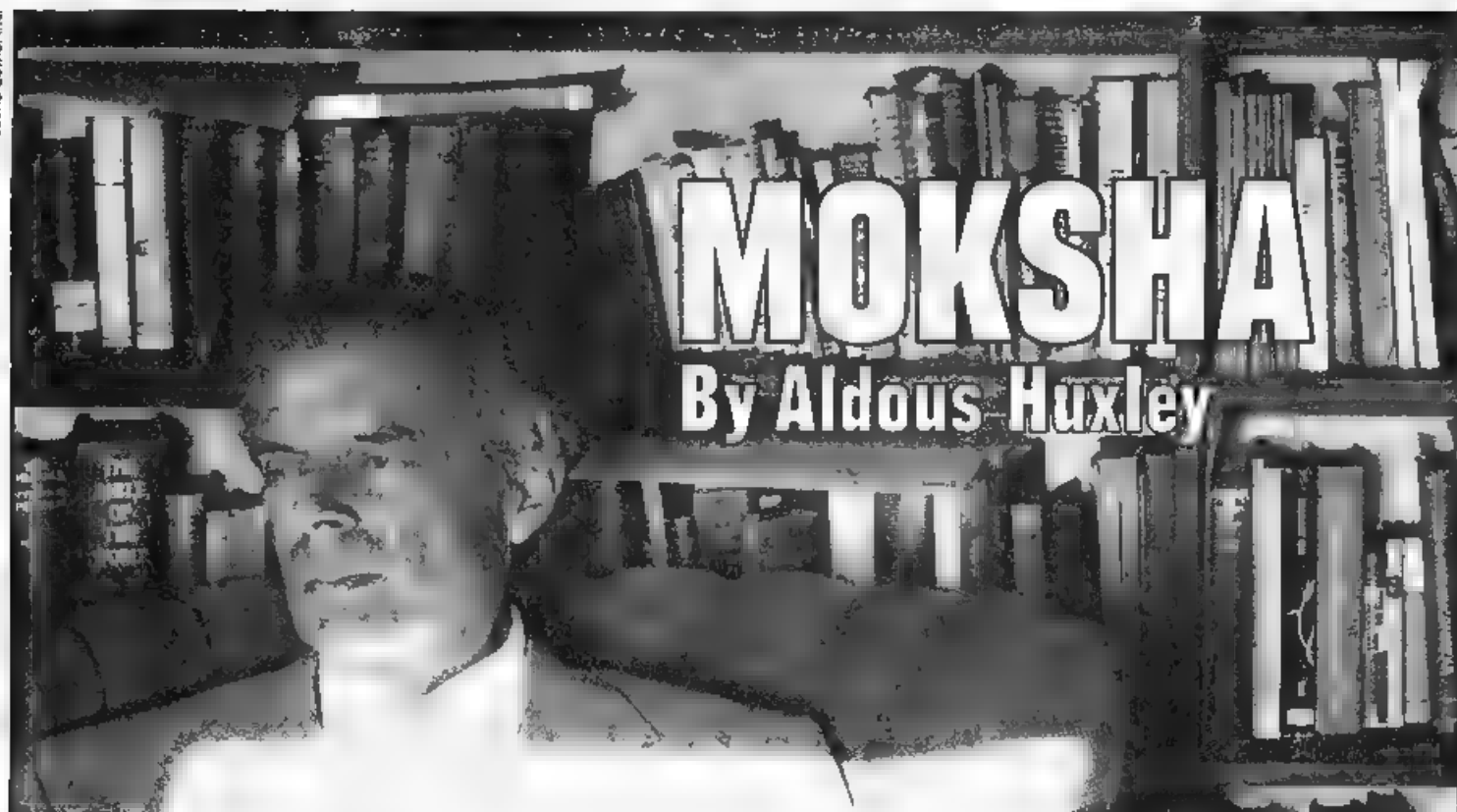


\$100 at Bead Experience, Baltimore. (Center) She plays misty for him in a hand-embroidered and hand-painted pure silk antique kimono. He's looked at clouds from both sides now in long-wrap, self-belted 100 percent acetate satin smoking jacket with Oriental paisley print, by Butch Unlimited \$75. Every cloud has a sensual silver lining with all Goldtone

and Silvertone necklaces and bracelets by Rosecraft. \$3 to \$10, wherever souls find jewelry. (Right) Smoke gets in his eye and melts in her mind in his Tuxedo short jacket of 100 percent rayon brocade with exotic dragon print and solid trim, \$120 from Butch Unlimited New York. Belted in Turkish-looking custom-studded leather, \$25 from Butch Unlimited. ■

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Papers on Psychedelic and Visionary Experience

The publication of Aldous Huxley's *Doors of Perception* (1954)—amidst the intellectual wasteland of Eisenhower's America—had a cultural impact few books have ever achieved. The British author's fortieth book describes the day in Los Angeles when Huxley, then nearly 60, “cleansed” his “doors of perception” with mescaline. The author of *Brave New World* (1934) had long studied the intellectual systems of East and West. His own life had become a conscious quest for the attainment of moksha (liberation) based upon “love and work, passion and detachment.” Huxley's literary output toward the end of his productive life comprises a series of maps to ego-shattering, soul-searching exploration. *Brave New World Revisited* (1958) and *Island* (1962) are among the most accurate applications of intelligence to consciousness expansion ever penned. The following selections are taken from Aldous Huxley's *Moksha, The Uncollected Pieces on Psychedelic and Visionary Experience*, to be published by the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library later this year.

—Michael Horowitz and Cynthia Palmer

Aldous Huxley made his last home in Los Angeles. There he could pursue the study of Vedantism, write film scripts for Hollywood and lecture. His letters to Canadian physician and researcher Humphry Osmond reveal Huxley's early concern with the powers of mescaline and LSD-25.

*740 North Kings Rd.,
Los Angeles 46, Cal.
29 October, 1955*

Dear Humphry,

How strange that our letters should have crossed! I shall be much interested to hear the details of your joint experiment and to repeat the procedure. . . . From my own experience I cannot see that it is necessary for anyone to do

anything to keep the mescaline consciousness on a high level—it stays there by itself, all the time, so far as I'm concerned. It is, of course, perfectly legitimate and desirable to make such experiments, provided of course that one remembers the warnings of the mystics, the only people who know anything about the subject. First, that though miracles take place, of course, they are gratuitous graces, not saving graces, and have ultimately no importance, or anyhow no more importance than anything else—everything being, naturally, infinitely important if you approach it in the right way. Second, that siddhis or odd powers, are fascinating and, being fascinating, dangerous to anyone who is interested in liberation, since they are apt to become, if too much attention is paid to them, distracting impediments. However rich and rewarding, an expedition into the areas on the side of the direct route to the Clear Light must never be treated idolatrously, as though it had reached the final goal.

The highest mystical awareness comes only when there is freedom from the known.

My own view is that it would be important to break off experimentation from time to time and permit the participants to go, on their own, towards the Clear Light. But perhaps alternation of experimentation and mystical vision would be psychologically impossible; for who, having once come to the realization of the primordial fact of unity in Love, would ever want to return to experimentation on the psychic level? . . . My point is that the opening of the door by mescaline or LSD is too precious an opportunity, too high a privilege to be neglected for the sake of experimentation. There must be experimentation, of course; but it would be wrong if there were nothing else. There is a point where the director must stop directing and leave himself and the other participants to do what they want, or rather what the Unknown Quantity which has taken their place wants to do . . . The highest mystical awareness comes only when there is freedom from the known, when there is no purpose in view, however intrinsically excellent, but pure openness. God's service is perfect freedom and, conversely, perfect freedom is God's service—and where there is a director with a scientific or even an ethical purpose, perfect freedom cannot exist.

In practice, I would say, this means that, for at least the last hour of mescaline-induced openness, the director should step aside and leave the unknown quantities of the participants to do what they want. If they want to say things to one another, well and good. If they don't, well and good too. François de Sales's advice to Mme. de Chantal, in regard to "spiritual exercises," was not to do anything at all, but simply to wait. Every experiment, I feel very strongly, should terminate or (if this should be felt to be better) should be interrupted, by a period of simple waiting, with no direction either from the outside or from within. . . . Let us give the Unknown Quantity at least one hour of our openness. The remaining three or four can go to directed experimentation.

And now let me ask you a favour. There is an unfortunate man in this town (I don't know him personally, but he is a friend of a friend), who has been using peyote on himself and other people who want to explore the remoter regions of their consciousness, get rid of traumas and understand the meaning of Christian charity. He is, apparently, a very worthy, earnest fellow; but, unwittingly, he has committed a felony. For in the state of California it is a felony to be in possession of the peyote cactus, and this man had a consignment of the plants sent to him from a nursery gardener in Texas, where peyote is legal. He will have to plead guilty, for he has undoubtedly broken the law. But meanwhile he can make a statement about peyote not being a dangerous drug. He has some of the references and I have given some others. Can you, without too much trouble, supply other references, medical, anthropological and psychological? I'd be most grateful if you would send me any references you know, so that I can pass them on to this poor fellow who is liable, under this law, to be sent to San Quentin for five years, but who may, if character witnesses are good (which they are) and if expert evidence can be marshalled to show that the stuff is not a dangerous drug, get off with a fine and probation.

My love to the family

Affectionately
Alfred

*740 North Kings Rd.
Los Angeles 46, Cal.
23 December, 1955*

My dear Humphry,

I was very glad to get your long, good, most interesting letter.

We had our LSD experiment last week, with Al, Gerald and myself taking 75 micrograms. . . . I found the stuff more potent from a physical point of view than mescaline—e.g. it produced the feelings of intense cold, as though one were in shock. . . . The psychological effects, in my case, were identical with those of mescaline, and I had the same kind of experience as I had on the previous occasion—transfiguration of the external world, and the understanding through a realization involving the whole man, that Love is the One. . . . I had no visions with my eyes shut—even less than I had on the first occasion with mescaline, when the moving geometries were highly organized and, at moments, very beautiful and significant (though at others, very trivial). . . . Evidently, if you are not a congenital or habitual visualizer, you do not get internal visions under mescaline or LSD—only external transfiguration.

Time was very different. We played the Bach B-minor suite and the "Musical Offering," and the experience was overpowering. Other music (e.g. Palestrina and Byrd) seemed unsatisfactory by comparison. Bach was a revelation. The tempo of the pieces did not change; nevertheless they went on for centuries, and they were a manifestation, on the plane of art, of perpetual creation, a demonstration of the necessity of death and the self-evidence of immortality, an expression of the essential all-rightness of the universe. . . .

Who on earth was John Sebastian? Certainly not the old gent with sixteen children in a stuffy Protestant environment. Rather, an enormous manifestation of the Other. . . . All of us, I think, experienced Bach in the same way. One can imagine a ritual of initiation, in which a whole group of people transported to the Other World by one of the elixirs, would sit together listening to, say, the B-minor Suite and so being brought to a direct, unmediated understanding of the divine nature. (One of the other records we tried was one of traditional Byzantine music—their Greek version of Gregorian. To me at least, this seemed merely grotesque. . . . Only polyphony, and only the highly organized polyphony (structurally organized and not merely texturally organized, as with Palestrina) can convey the nature of reality, which is multiplicity in unity, the reconciliation of opposites, the not-oneness of diversity, the Nirvana-nature of Samsara, the Love which is the bridge between objective and subjective, good and evil, death and life.) On this occasion I did not have any spontaneous psi awarenesses, and our attempt to induce psi deliberately seemed after a few minutes so artificial and bogus that we gave it up. . . . Whether I personally shall ever be able to do psi experiments under LSD or mescaline, I don't know. Certainly, if future experiments should turn out to be like these last two, I should feel that such experiments were merely childish and pointless. Which I suppose they are, for purposes of

Understanding—though not at all so, for purposes of Knowledge

Meanwhile let me advise you, if ever you use mescaline or LSD in therapy, to try the effect of the B-minor suite . . . John Sebastian is safer because, ultimately, truer to reality.

To return to your letter. Of course the stroboscope effect is not retinal. One of the stroboscopic effects, as experienced by my friend Dr. Cholden, was that the patterns he was seeing under LSD turned, when he sat under the stroboscope, into ineffably beautiful Japanese landscapes.

I wish old Jung were not so hipped on symbols. . . . The symbol business has been a very smelly red herring, leading him off the trail of Given Realities "out there" in the mind (just as they are out there in the material world, in spite of Berkeley etc), and leading it into the jungle, about which he and his followers write in that inimitably turgid and copious style, which is the Jungian hallmark. . . .

Give my love to Jane and the poetess. I hope the coming year will bring you all contentment, happiness, growth, understanding.

Yours affectionately
Aldous

In this letter Huxley has somehow misread Osmond's suggestion that "psychedelics" replace "psychotomimetics" as the name for mind-changing drugs. It is interesting to see Huxley bring the entire weight of linguistics to bear on the question of tripping.

*740 North Kings Rd.,
Los Angeles 46, Cal
30 March, 1956*

Dear Humphrey,

Thank you for your letter, which I shall answer only briefly, since I look forward to talking to you at length in New York before very long. About a name for these drugs—what a problem! . . . Psychodetic is something I don't quite get the hang of. Is it an analogue of geodetic, geodesy? If so, it would mean mind-dividing, as geodesy means earth-dividing, from *ge* and *darein*. Could you call these drugs psychophans? or phaneropsychic drugs? Or what about phanerothymes? *Thumos* means soul, in its primary usage, and is the equivalent of Latin *animus*. The word is euphonious and easy to pronounce, besides it has relatives in the jargon of psychology—e.g. *cyclothyme*.

I expect to be flying east on the tenth, or eleventh, and will let you know before then where we shall be staying—possibly not in a hotel at all, but in a borrowed apartment

Yours, Aldous

Mescaline and the "Other World"

My purpose tonight is to discuss the mescaline experiences, not of neurotics, but of those, who like myself, are relatively sane. Classic descriptions of this experience were given, many years ago, by Weir Mitchell and Havelock Ellis, whose accounts tally very closely with what I myself and all the experimenters with whom I am personally acquainted were able to report. These classic mescaline experiences differ in many respects from those we have heard discussed tonight. . . . How different is the classic mescaline experience! . . . The classic mescaline experience is not of consciously or unconsciously remembered events, does not concern itself with early traumas, and is not, in most cases, tinged by anxiety and fear. It is as though those who were going though it had been transported by mescaline to some remote, non-personal region of the mind.

Let us use a geographical metaphor and liken the personal life of the ego to the Old World. We leave the Old World, cross a dividing ocean, and find ourselves in the world of the personal subconscious, with its flora and fauna of repressions, conflicts, traumatic memories and the like. Traveling further, we reach a kind of Far West, inhabited by Jungian archetypes and the raw materials of human mythology. Beyond this region lies a broad Pacific. Wafted across it on the wings of mescaline or lysergic acid diethylamide, we reach what may be called the Antipodes of the mind. In this psychological equivalent of Australia we discover the equivalents of kangaroos, wallabies, and duck-billed platypuses—a whole host of extremely improbable animals, which nevertheless exist and can be observed.

Now, the problem is, how can we visit the remote areas of the mind, where these creatures live? Some people, it is clear, can go there spontaneously and more or less at will. A few of these travelers were great artists, who could not only visit the Antipodes, but could also give an account of what they saw, in words, or in pictures. Much more numerous are those who have been to the Antipodes, have seen its strange inhabitants, but are incapable of giving adequate expression to what they have observed. At the present time they are reluctant to give even an inadequate expression to their experience. The mental climate of our age is not favorable to visionaries. Those who have such spontaneous experiences, and are unwise enough to talk about them, are looked on with suspicion and told that they ought to see a psychiatrist. In the past, experiences of this kind were considered valuable and those who had them were looked up to. This is one of the reasons (though not perhaps the only reason) why there were more visionaries in earlier centuries than there are today.

Those who cannot visit the mind's Antipodes at will (and they are the majority) must find some artificial method of transportation. One method which works in a certain proportion of cases is hypnosis. There are persons who, under moderately deep hypnosis, enter the visionary state.

**The opening of the door by mescaline or LSD
is too precious an opportunity, too high a privilege
to be neglected for the sake of experimentation.**

Those who cannot visit the mind's Antipodes at will (and they are the majority) must find some artificial method of transportation.

More certain in their effect are the so-called hallucinogens, mescaline and LSD. Personally I have never taken LSD, so I can speak, from experience, only of mescaline. Mescaline transports us very painlessly . . . to the mind's Antipodes, where we find a fauna and a flora strikingly different from the fauna and flora of the familiar Old World of personal consciousness. . . . They conform to the laws of their own being, they can be classified and their strangeness possesses a certain regularity of pattern. As Klüver has pointed out in his book on peyote, visionary experiences, though varying from individual to individual, belong nevertheless to one and the same family. Mescaline experiences of the classic kind exhibit certain well-marked characteristics.

The most striking of these common characteristics is the experience of light. There is a great intensification of light; this intensification is experienced both when the eyes are closed and when they are open. Light seems praeternaturally intense in all that is seen with the inward eye. It seems also praeternaturally strong in the outside world.

With this intensification of light there goes a tremendous intensification of color, and this holds good of the outer world as well as of the inner world.

Finally there is an intensification of what I may call intrinsic significance. That which is seen, either with the eyes closed or open, is felt to have a profound meaning. . . .

Intensified light, intensified color and intensified significance do not exist in isolation. They inhere in objects. And here again the experiences of those who have taken a hallucinogen, while in a good state of mental and physical health, and with a proper degree of philosophical preparation, seem to follow a fairly regular pattern. When the eyes are closed, visionary experience begins with the appearance in the visual field of living, moving geometries. These abstract, three-dimensional forms are intensely illuminated and brilliantly colored. After a time they tend to take on the appearance of concrete objects, such as richly patterned carpets, or mosaics, or carvings. These in turn modulate into rich and elaborate buildings, set in landscapes of extraordinary beauty. Neither the buildings nor the landscapes remain static, but change continuously. In none of their metamorphoses do they resemble any particular building or landscape seen by the subject in his ordinary state and remembered from the near or distant past. These things are all new. The subject does not remember or invent them; he discovers them, "out there," in the psychological equivalent of a hitherto unexplored geographical region.

Through these landscapes and among these living architectures wander strange figures, sometimes of human beings (or even of what seem to be superhuman beings), sometimes of animals or fabulous monsters. Giving a straightforward prose description of what he used to see in his spontaneous visions, William Blake reports that he frequently saw beings, to whom he gave the name of Cherubim. These beings were a hundred and twenty feet high and were engaged (this is characteristic of the personages seen in vision) in doing nothing that could be thought of as being symbolic or dramatic. In this respect the inhabitants of the mind's Antipodes differ from the figures inhabiting Jung's archetypal world; for they have nothing to do either with the personal history of the visionary, or even with the age-old problems of the human race. Literally, they are the inhabitants of "the Other World."

This brings me to a very interesting and, I believe, significant point. The visionary experience, whether spontaneous or induced by drugs, hypnosis or any other means, bears a striking resemblance to "the Other World," as we find it described in the various traditions of religion and folklore. In every culture the abode of the gods and of souls in bliss is a country of surpassing beauty, glowing with color, bathed in intense light. In this country are seen buildings of indescribable magnificence, and its inhabitants are fabulous creatures, like the six-winged seraphs of Hebrew tradition, or like the winged bulls, the hawk-headed men, the human-headed lions, the many-armed, or elephant-headed personages of Egyptian, Babylonian and Indian mythology. Among these fabulous creatures move superhuman angels and spirits, who never do anything, but merely enjoy the beatific vision.

The costumes of the inhabitants, the buildings and even many features of the landscape in "the Other World" are encrusted with precious stones. Interestingly enough, the same is true of the inner world contacted under mescaline or in spontaneous vision. Weir Mitchell and many of the other experimenters, who have left an account of their mescaline experience, record a profusion of living gems. These gems which, in Mitchell's words, look like clusters of transparent fruit, glowing with internal radiance, encrust the buildings, the mountains, the banks of rivers, the trees. One is reminded, as one reads these descriptions of the mescaline experience, of what is said of the next world in the various religious literatures of the world. Ezekiel speaks of "the stones of fire," which were found in Eden. In the Book of Revelation, the New Jerusalem is a city of precious stones and of a substance which must have seemed to our ancestors almost as wonderful as gem-stones. The wall of the New Jerusalem is of "gold like glass"—that is to say of a transparent, self-luminous substance having the color of gold. Glass reappears in the Celtic and Teutonic mythologies of Western Europe. The home of the dead, among the Teutons, is a glass mountain, and among the Celts it was a glass island, with glass bowers.

The Hindu and Buddhist paradises abound, like the New Jerusalem, in gems; and the same is true of the magic island which, in Japanese mythology, parallels Avalon and the Isles of the Blest.

Among primitive peoples, ignorant of glass and having no access to gemstones, paradise is adorned with self-luminous flowers. Such magical flowers play an important part in the Other World of more advanced peoples. One thinks, for example, of the lotus of Buddhist and Hindu mythology, the rose and lily of the Christian tradition. . . .

Gem-like objects, bright, self-luminous, glowing with praeternatural color and significance, exist in the mind's Antipodes, are seen by visionaries and are felt by all who see them to be of enormous significance. In the objective world, the things which most nearly resemble these self-luminous visionary objects are gems. Precious stones are held to be precious, because they remind human beings of the Other World at the mind's Antipodes—the Other World of which visionaries are fully conscious, and ordinary persons are obscurely and, as it were, subterraneously aware. There is a magical kind of beauty, which we say is "transporting". The adjective is well chosen; for it is literally true that certain spectacles do carry away the mind of the beholder—carry it out of the everyday world of com-



Through these landscapes and among the living architectures wander strange figures, sometimes of human beings (or even of what seem to be superhuman beings) sometimes of animals or fabulous monsters.

mon, conceptualized experience into the magical Other World of nonverbal, visionary awareness.

Flowers are almost as transporting as precious stones, and I would be inclined to attribute the almost universal passion for flowers, the almost universal use of flowers in the rites of religion, to the fact that they remind men and women of what is always there, praeternaturally bright, colorful and significant, at the back of their minds.

Of the connection between visionary experience and certain forms of art, . . . suffice it to say that the connection is real, and that the almost magical power exercised by certain works of art springs from the fact that they remind us, consciously or, more often, unconsciously, of that Other World, which the natural visionary can enter at will, and to which the rest of us have access only under influence of hypnosis or of a drug such as mescaline or LSD.

Drugs That Shape Men's Minds

In the course of history many more people have died for their drink and their dope than have died for their religion or their country. The craving for ethyl alcohol and the opiates has been stronger, in these millions, than the love of God, of home, of children, even of life. . . . Why should such multitudes of men and women be so ready to sacrifice themselves for a cause so utterly hopeless and in ways so painful and so profoundly humiliating?

To this riddle there is, of course, no simple or single answer. Human beings are immensely complicated creatures, living simultaneously in a half dozen different worlds. Each individual is unique and, in a number of respects, unlike all the other members of the species. None of our motives is unmixed, none of our actions can be traced back to a single source and, in any group we care to study, behavior patterns that are observably similar may be the result of many constellations of dissimilar causes.

Thus, there are some alcoholics who seem to have been biochemically predestined to alcoholism. . . . Other alcoholics have been foredoomed not by some inherited defect in their biochemical make-up, but by their neurotic reactions to distressing events in their childhood or adolescence. . . . Nor must we forget that large class of addicts who have taken to drugs or drink in order to escape from physical pain. Aspirin, let us remember, is a very recent invention. Until late in the Victorian era, "poppy and mandragora," along with henbane and ethyl alcohol, were the only pain relievers available to civilized man. Toothache, arthritis and neuralgia could, and frequently did, drive men and women to become opium addicts.

De Quincey, for example, first resorted to opium in order to relieve "excruciating rheumatic pains of the head." He swallowed his poppy and, an hour later, "What a resurrection from the lowest depths of the inner spirit! What an apocalypse!" And it was not merely that he felt no more pain. "This negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened up before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. . . . Here was the secret of happiness, about which the philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered."

"Resurrection, apocalypse, divine enjoyment, happiness. . . ." De Quincey's words lead us to the very heart of our paradoxical mystery. The problem of drug addiction and excessive drinking is not merely a matter of chemistry and psychopathology, of relief from pain and conformity with a bad society. It is also a problem in metaphysics—a problem, one might almost say, in theology. In *The Varieties of Religious Experience*, William James has touched on these metaphysical aspects of addiction.

"The sway of alcohol over mankind is unquestionably due to its power to stimulate the mystical faculties in human nature, usually crushed to earth by the cold facts and dry criticisms of the sober hour. Sobriety diminishes, discriminates and says no. Drunkenness expands, unites and says yes. It is in fact the great exciter of the Yes function in man. . . . The drunken consciousness is one bit of the mystic consciousness, and our total opinion of it must find its place in our opinion of that larger whole."

William James was not the first to detect a likeness between drunkenness and the mystical and premystical states. On the day of Pentecost there were people who explained the strange behavior of the disciples by saying, "These men are full of new wine."

Peter soon undeceived them: "These are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day. But this is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel. And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh."

And it is not only by "the dry critics of the sober hour" that the state of God-intoxication has been likened to drunkenness. In their efforts to express the inexpressible, the great mystics themselves have done the same. Thus, St. Theresa of Avila tells us that she "regards the centre of our soul as a cellar, into which God admits us as and when it pleases Him, so as to intoxicate us with the delicious wine of His grace."

Every fully developed religion exists simultaneously on several different levels. It exists as a set of abstract concepts about the world and its governance. It exists as a set of rites and sacraments, as a traditional method for manipulating the symbols, by means of which beliefs about the cosmic order are expressed. It exists as the feelings of love, fear and devotion evoked by this manipulation of symbols.

And finally it exists as a special kind of feeling or intuition—a sense of the oneness of all things in their divine principle, a realization (to use the language of Hindu theology) that "thou art That," a mystical experience of what seems self-evidently to be union with God.

The ordinary waking consciousness is a very useful and, on most occasions, an indispensable state of mind, but it is by no means the only form of consciousness, nor in all circumstances the best. Insofar as he transcends his ordinary self and his ordinary mode of awareness, the mystic is able to enlarge his vision, to look more deeply into the unfathomable miracle of existence.

The mystical experience is doubly valuable; it is valuable because it gives the experiencer a better understanding of himself and the world and because it may help him to lead a less self-centered and more creative life.

In hell, a great religious poet has written, the punishment of the lost is to be "their sweating selves, but worse." On earth we are not worse than we are; we are merely our sweating selves, period.

Alas, that is quite bad enough. We love ourselves to the point of idolatry; but we also intensely dislike ourselves—we find ourselves unutterably boring. Correlated with this distaste for the idolatrously worshiped self, there is in all of us a desire, sometimes latent, sometimes conscious and passionately expressed, to escape from the prison of our individuality, an urge of self-transcendence. It is to this urge that we owe mystical theology, spiritual exercises and yoga—to this, too, that we owe alcoholism and drug addiction.

Modern pharmacology has given us a host of new synthetics, but in the field of the naturally occurring mind changers it has made no radical discoveries. All the botanical sedatives, stimulants, vision revealers, happiness promoters and cosmic-consciousness arouasers were found out thousands of years ago, before the dawn of history.

Do we have to go on in this dismal way indefinitely? Up until a few years ago, the answer to such a question would have been a rueful "Yes, we do." Today, thanks to recent developments in biochemistry and pharmacology, we are offered a workable alternative. We see that it may soon be possible for us to do something better in the way of chemical self-transcendence than what we have been doing so ineptly for the last seventy or eighty centuries.

Is it possible for a powerful drug to be completely harmless? Perhaps not. But the physiological cost can certainly be reduced to the point where it becomes negligible. There are powerful mind changers which do their work without damaging the taker's psychophysical organism and without inciting him to behave like a criminal or a lunatic. Biochemistry and pharmacology are just getting into their stride. . . .

It seems quite possible that, within a few years, we may be able to lift ourselves up by our own biochemical bootstraps. . . . Let us now pass to the strictly religious problems that will be posed by some of the new mind changers. We can foresee the nature of these future problems by studying the effects of a natural mind changer, which has been used for centuries past in religious worship; I refer to the peyote cactus of Northern Mexico and the Southwestern United States. . . . Peyote produces self-transcendence in two ways—it introduces the taker into the Other World of visionary experience, and it gives him a sense of solidarity with his fellow worshipers, with human beings at large and with the divine nature of things.

The effects of peyote can be duplicated by synthetic mescaline and by LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide), a derivative of ergot. Effective in incredibly small doses . . . it lowers the barrier between conscious and subconscious and permits the patient to look more deeply and understandingly into the recesses of his own mind. The deepening of self-knowledge takes place against a background of visionary and even mystical experience.

When administered in the right kind of psychological environment, these chemical mind changers make possible a genuine religious experience. Thus a person who takes LSD or mescaline may suddenly understand—not only intellectually but organically, experientially—the meaning of such tremendous religious affirmations as "God is love," or "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

It goes without saying that this kind of temporary self-transcendence is no guarantee of permanent enlightenment or a lasting improvement of conduct. It is a "gratuitous grace" which is neither necessary nor sufficient for salvation, but which, if properly used, can be enormously helpful to those who have received it. And this is true of all such experiences, whether occurring spontaneously, or as the result of swallowing the right kind of chemical mind changer, or after undertaking a course of "spiritual exercises" or bodily mortification.

Those who are offended by the idea that the swallowing of a pill may contribute to a genuinely religious experience should remember that all the standard mortifications—fasting, voluntary sleeplessness and self-torture—inflicted upon themselves by the ascetics of every religion for the purpose of acquiring merit, are also, like the mind-changing drugs, powerful devices for altering the chemistry of the body in general and the nervous system in particular. Or consider the procedures generally known as spiritual exercises. The breathing techniques taught by the yogi of India result in prolonged suspensions of respiration. These in turn result in an increased concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood; and the psychological consequence of this is a change in the quality of consciousness. Again, meditations involving long, intense concentration upon a single idea or image may also result—for neurological reasons which I do not profess to understand—in a slowing down of respiration and even in prolonged suspensions of breathing.

Many ascetics and mystics have practiced their chemistry-changing mortifications and spiritual exercises while living, for longer or shorter periods, as hermits. Now, the life of a hermit, such as Saint Anthony, is a life in which there are very few external stimuli. But as Hebb, John Lilly and other experimental psychologists have recently shown in the laboratory, a person in a limited environment, which provides very few external stimuli, soon undergoes a change in the quality of his consciousness and may transcend his normal self to the point of hearing voices or seeing visions, often extremely unpleasant, like many of St. Anthony's visions, but sometimes beatific.

That men and women can, by physical and chemical means, transcend themselves in a genuinely spiritual way is something which, to the squeamish idealist, seems rather shocking. But, after all, the drug or the physical exercise is not the cause of the spiritual experience; it is only its occasion.

Writing of William James' experiments with nitrous oxide, Bergson has summed up the whole matter in a few lucid sentences. "The psychic disposition was there, potentially, only waiting a signal to express itself in action. It might have been evoked spiritually by an effort made on its own spiritual level. But it could just as well be brought about materially, by an inhibition of what inhibited it, by the removing of an obstacle, and this effect was the wholly negative one produced by the drug. . . .

Physiologically costless, or nearly costless, stimulators of the mystical faculties are now making their appearance, and many kinds of them will soon be on the market. We can be quite sure that, as and when they become available, they will be extensively used. The urge to self-transcendence is so strong and so general that it cannot be

**In the course of history many more people
have died for their drink and their dope than
have died for their religion or country.**

The revival of religion will come about as the result of biochemical discoveries.

otherwise In the past, very few people have had spontaneous experiences of a premystical or fully mystical nature; still fewer have been willing to undergo the psychophysical disciplines which prepare an insulated individual for this kind of self-transcendence. The powerful but nearly costless mind changers of the future will change all this completely. Instead of being rare, premystical and mystical experiences will become common. What was once the spiritual privilege of the few will be made available to the many. For the ministers of the world's organized religions, this will raise a number of unprecedented problems. For most people, religion has always been a matter of traditional symbols and of their own emotional, intellectual and ethical response to those symbols. To men and women who have had direct experience of self-transcendence into the mind's Other World of vision and union with the nature of things, a religion of mere symbols is not likely to be very satisfying. The perusal of a page from even the most beautifully written cookbook is no substitute for the eating of dinner. We are exhorted to "taste and see that the Lord is good."

In one way or another, the world's ecclesiastical authorities will have to come to terms with the new mind changers. They may come to terms with them negatively,

by refusing to have anything to do with them. In that case, a psychological phenomenon, potentially of great spiritual value, will manifest itself outside the pale of organized religion. On the other hand, they may choose to come to terms with the mind changers in some positive way—exactly how, I am not prepared to guess.

My own belief is that, though they may start by being something of an embarrassment, these new mind changers will tend in the long run to deepen the spiritual life of the communities in which they are available. That famous "revival of religion," about which so many people have been talking for so long, will not come about as the result of evangelistic mass meetings or the television appearances of photogenic clergymen. It will come about as the result of biochemical discoveries that will make it possible for large numbers of men and women to achieve a radical self-transcendence and a deeper understanding of the nature of things. And this revival of religion will be at the same time a revolution. From being an activity mainly concerned with symbols, religion will be transformed into an activity concerned mainly with experience and intuition—an everyday mysticism underlying and giving significance to everyday rationality, everyday tasks and duties, everyday human relationships. ■

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DOPE BEHIND BARS

(continued from page 73)

cooked with sugar and yeast. If the guest of honor has been active in the smoke trade, everyone will bring a taste: there will be two kinds of home brew and four kinds of grass. You see everybody show up on the yard with his Tupperware tumbler and old Purex bleach bottle filled with prune-blossom special. Joints are broken out, and for 15 minutes everybody sits quaffing the brew and sucking up the smoke. Then somebody whispers, "Let's clean up our act!" Instantly every trace of the stuff vanishes into lungs, mouths and guts. And all the guys are standing in the yard loaded to the hilt.

With a merciless swoop, they grab the lucky prisoner who's leaving to-

Smoking that joint is the next best thing to making an escape.

morrow and tear off his clothes. They shave his body and paint his prick and balls gentian violet, all the while belaboring him with kicks and punches. The better you're liked, the more they beat you. It's an ancient prison tradition, a reminder to the guy to remember on the outside how tough it is inside. As each friend slugs him, he gives the lucky stiff a piece of good advice to take with him.

When the free cat gets out, he has a lot of trouble explaining to his old lady why his prick is purple and why there is this big arrow painted down his spine, pointing to his asshole, with the invitation: "You might as well get in—everybody else does."

The Deep Dark Secrets of Chocolate

(continued from page 42)

some to such as are not acquainted with it, having a skumme or frothe that is very unpleasant to taste." When Cortez returned to Spain in 1521, he brought back cocoa samples, which were not immediately popular, although much of the nobility choked down the beverage for its priapic benefits. When European pirates captured a Spanish ship, though, they persisted in throwing the chocolate overboard, calling it *cacuro de carnero* (sheep shit).

People began to bad-mouth chocolate for reasons other than its repugnant taste. Witness Marradon, writing at the beginning of the seventeenth century "Every kind of intercourse was prohibited between Indian

Only a few years later, the drink had become so popular locally that a bishop found himself with a congregation of women on his hands who would "pretend much weakness and squeamishness of the stomach" and thus could not sit through a Mass without a cup of the chocolate elixir. At first the bishop let these indiscretions pass, but as the habit became omnipresent, he banned chocolate outright in the cathedral. Harsh words erupted from the congregation, swords were drawn and most of the worshipers switched over to the cloister church. Soon after this, the bishop was found dead, apparently from having ingested a cup of poisoned chocolate.

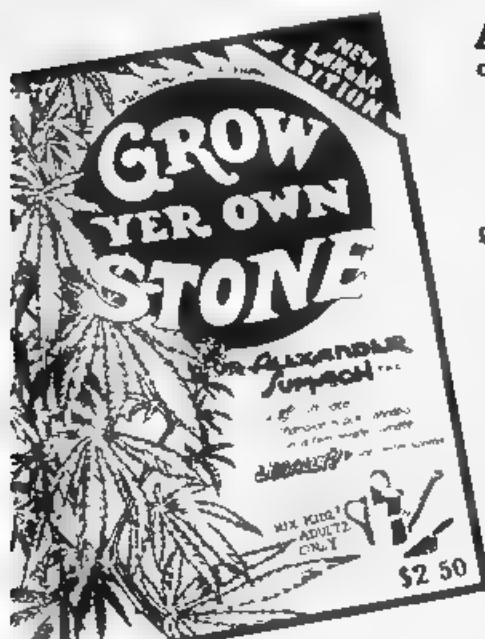
Quetzalcoatl knows, Montezuma needed the energy to service his multiple wives and 700 mistresses.

women and the ladies of New Spain. The latter were accused of learning sorcery from the former, who being taught by the devil, committed an infinite number of crimes under the influence of chocolate, of which they were great mistresses." Besides its inflammatory properties, chocolate was often cited as the medium through which Mexican witches contacted Satan.

Ironically, it was a group of nuns in a cloister at Chiapas, near the Yucatan, who changed the course of chocolate history sometime around 1550, when they mixed sugar—another new commodity—and vanilla with some powdered cocoa

The Church seemed to retain its dim view of chocolate for quite a while. Joan Fran Rauch wrote a treatise in 1624 damning chocolate as "a violent inflamer of the passions," explaining that if certain monks had been denied chocolate "the scandal with which that holy order had been branded might have proved groundless." As late as 1748, churchmen were arguing whether the use of chocolate violated dietary laws for pious Christians. But the work of the nuns of Chiapas could not be undone. Sweet, rich, seductive chocolate was already on its way to becoming an international habit.

(continued on page 94)



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BLACK OPIUM

(continued from page 56)

while I know that round about me there exists no longer the tumult of Foochow Road, but the formidable silence of historic forests, where imperial yamens sleep. The pipe-smoke sinks in a fine black dust; and the walls, the mats and the ceiling, where swings an enormous red and yellow lantern, become veiled and shaded with it, become variegated with old and mysterious colors, clothe themselves in bronze, in gold and in ivory, and proudly adorn themselves with giant porcelains and venerable lacquer-work. Favorite Queens offer me Yunnan tea in the imperial goblet, the goblet of green jade. And in a very

seemly cries pierce my marble walls? Is it that, without remembering, I have transported my capital to those noisy cities which my successors shall prefer,—to Ho-Nam or to Tchin-Tou-Fou? . . .

But no. All is calm, so calm that surely I must have been dreaming but a moment ago. . . And upon some nameless, invisible seesaw, the opium now rocks me, rocks me to the point of nausea.

The Pipes

In my layout, I have five pipes. For the reason that China, the source of opium, the source of wisdom, is familiar with five primitive virtues.

My first pipe is of brown shell, with a black earthenware bowl and two muzzles of light-colored shell.

It is old and precious

The stem is thick, and opaque or diaphanous according to the marbling of the shell. The knob, which holds the fingers while one is smoking, is an amber-hued projecture, finely carved in the form of a diminutive fox. The bowl is hexagonal, and is fastened in the middle by a silver fang.

In the center of it, the coagulated opium-ash, the dross, bitter and rich in morphine, has been gradually deposited, in the form of thin black pel-

licles. Therein resides the soul of by-gone pipefuls, the soul of dead intoxications. And the shell, progressively penetrated by the dross, retains among its molecules the vestiges of the years which have flown.

Those are Japanese years. For my first pipe was in Kiou-Siou, the Japanese island of turtles. And in the convex mirror of the wide stem, I can see the whole of Japan reflected.

The fox which forms the knob is not a fox. It is the Kitsoune of legend, the fairy beast which undergoes a metamorphosis at will. And so it is, when I take the shell pipe in my hands, I never fail to examine the knob, to see if it may not, mysteriously, have changed form. If it were to undergo such a change, some fine day, I should not be greatly surprised. The Kitsoune of my pipe must, indeed, be a famous beast, and one wise in sorcery, to have been selected as a model by the artist who did this carving. It is possible that it is the very Kitsoune which, in the old days, misled the heroine Sidzouka in the mountains of Yosino.

The porcelain pipe knows the story of Sidzouka and sometimes relates it to me in a low tone,—on winter evenings, whilst the opium is budding and crackling above the lamp Sidzouka was a Japanese lady of noble race, whom the hero Yositsoune loved

Certainly, no spasm of the heart or marrow is comparable to the radiant rape of the lungs by that black smoke.

real fashion, I am the Emperor, Hoang-Ti the Most Sacred.—But here, memory fails me, and I know no more. What century is this, what dynasty, my dynasty? And why do those un-

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Yositsoune lived in Nippon, many centuries ago. A brother of Prince Yoritomo the Terrible, he alone it was who had assured his brother's triumph over the rival clans of Taira. But his enthusiastic samurai had been too loud in proclaiming him the bravest of his race, and the jealous Yoritomo had condemned him to die. The fugitive Yositsoune had wandered for a long time, far from cities, in the solitude of the violet mountains, where only wild-boars climb. Nevertheless, this perilous exile was sweet to him, for the reason that Sidzouka, the sweetest of all, had followed him in his disgrace and had proudly shared his hardships.

For long, the Japanese forest provided a doubtful shelter for their weariness. The moss-grown cedars mounted careless guard about the proscribed while the moon, all too white, dangerously silvered the pools of light and the bark of the birch-trees. But at these anxious moments, Sidzouka would dance voluptuously in front of her lover, and the enchanted hero would forget his sorrow, would forget the unrelenting pursuit of the tyrant's soldiery, bent upon hunting him down.

This lasted till the day of grief, when, with the enemy tightening his death-circle, Yositsoune sent his mistress away, preparing to face his destiny alone. Then, before she departed, guided by a faithful samurai, the hero presented his loved one, in

token of his tender gratitude, with the tambourine which still serves her as accompaniment in her nocturnal dance, in the wooded solitudes of the mountains of Yosino.

Her eyes blurred with tears, Sidzouka departed. But the samurai, for some mysterious reason, failed to keep faith with her. The path which he had chosen soon plunged into strange and fearful regions, bristling with peaks and riddled with abysses. The terrified lady no longer was able to recognize the way. And as she paused, overcome with fear, the guide, casting off his two sabers and suddenly shedding his human form, became visible, in the last rays of the moon, for what he was,—a long-tailed Kitsoune, bellowing fantastically at the betrayed princess as he danced the Kitsoune's supernatural dance.

With furtive steps, the fairy beast then approached his victim, and Yositsoune's tambourine at once flew to him. For that had been the cause of all the trouble. The Kitsoune had recognized this fox-skin tambourine. A Kitsoune, slain out of revenge, had furnished the parchment for it; and the bewitched instrument logically had returned to its bewitched source. As for Sidzouka, the Ever Faithful, once free of the ill-omened tambourine, she found no difficulty in regaining the right path, and the blue-eyed moon promptly guided her to the convent which she had chosen as

(continued on page 97)

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The Deep Dark Secrets of Chocolate

(continued from page 91)

The Spaniards were able to keep chocolate a secret until 1606, when an Italian named Antonio Carlette brought cocoa home from Mexico. Louis XIII of France picked up a taste for chocolate, and when his son, Louis XIV, married Maria Theresa, Infanta of Spain and a real chocolate

fortnight (This feat in itself is worthy of serious consideration)

In 1657, chocolate came to England in a big way. While not the first, the Cocoa Tree became the most famous chocolate house in England, and when it gradually became a social club, it was the foremost in England. Among its devotees were Jonathan Swift, Gibbon, and Addison and Steele, who in a 1712 issue of the Spectator, advised young ladies who wished to remain chaste to "to be careful how you meddle with romance, chocolates, novels, and the

Every week the Swiss yodel down over five and a half ounces of chocolate per capita.

freak, the drink became the most fashionable in the licentious French court. A contemporary writer tells us that "Maria Theresa had only two passions: the King and chocolate."

Madame DuBarry, the lustful lady of Louis XV's court who used everything from truffled sweetbreads to cinnamon bark to enflame the old roi, resorted to ambergris-soaked chocolate bon-bons to enable an Arabian sheik to deflower 160 maidens in a

like inflamers."

Inflamers indeed. Nearly 150 years later, the French psychiatrist, hashishin, and pioneer of psychopharmacology Jacques-Joseph Moreau, known to scholars as Moreau of Tours, described this seance of the Marquis de Sade: "M de Sade gave a ball, to which he invited a numerous company. A splendid supper was served at midnight; now the marquis had mixed with the dessert a profu-

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sion of chocolate, flavored with vanilla, which was found delicious and of which everybody freely partook....All at once the guests, both men and women, were seized with a burning sensation of lustful ardor; the cavaliers attacked the ladies without any concealment...excess carried to the most fatal extremity; pleasure became murderous; blood flowed upon the floor, and the women only smiled at the horrible effects of their uterine rage."

That sage of the satyrs, Casanova, very often writes of employing choco-

a few years back *Cosmopolitan* itself dubbed chocolate one of the "top ten aphrodisiacs." So while liquor is perhaps quicker, don't forget that candy, if chocolate, is definitely candy

Cosmo's rating aside, it's doubtful that Helen Gurley Brown or anyone else today would attribute the quality of their sex lives to the powers of chocolate. What is the difference between the killer chocolate of Montezuma's day and the tame variety of our own? Maybe you could call it the process of civilization

Since some cocoa beans proved more psychoactive than others, our sober ancestors simply chose to breed the less potent strains. And even the civilized bean marketed today must undergo lengthy processing before it is "fit to eat." However, current chocolate research is still trying to sort out what really happens to the many chemical components of the cacao bean during the production of commercial candy, and Dr. Philip G. Keeney of Pennsylvania State University has revealed that there are more than 300 chemical compounds in the

The spread of cacao cultivation and consumption is a tale of wind and tide, luck and disaster, plunder and exploitation....

lates in seduction, but he used chocolate more as a love stimulant, like champagne, rather than a chemical to produce a roomful of hemorrhaging rutters. Old Dr. Bushwhacker, a fictional rock of wisdom whose books sold widely in mid-nineteenth-century America, tells a compatriot at one point: "Tea, my learned friend, inspires scandal and sentiment, coffee excites the imagination; but chocolate, sir, is an aphrodisiac." And only

The botanical origin of *Theobroma cacao* is in dispute: the Amazon Basin of Brazil, the Orinoco Valley in Surinam and various other places in Central America all claim to be the birthplace of the plant. But the subsequent spread of cacao cultivation and consumption is a tale of wind and tide, luck and disaster, plunder and exploitation—in short, the history of modern economics

fragrance of chocolate alone.

Theobroma is an evergreen tree cultivated not more than 20 degrees north or south of the Equator, although there are a number of flowering trees grown under controlled conditions in temperate climates. As a matter of fact, a cacao tree grows in Brooklyn in the Botanical Gardens.

To the uninitiated, the cacao tree looks bizarrely artificial. The leaves, (continued on page 96)

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It's likely that someone has at some time covered dirt with chocolate and found it tasty.

red when small, turn glossy green; the delicate flowers and pods grow directly from the trunk or main limbs and look as if they were tied on with No. 12 wire. The trees present a myriad of colors to the eye. Since the growth cycle is continuous, at any one time the tree will be covered with leaves, blossoms, flowers and pods of many different sizes and colors—with colorful clinging mosses, and, in some areas, small orchids and lichens completing the rainbow.

Each of the pods has 30 or 40 beans imbedded in a foul-smelling mucilaginous scum, each bean encased in a pulpy shield. The cocoa beans at this point are ivory colored and will remain so until they are harvested.

The job of picking ripe cacao pods is strictly a hand operation. The tumbadors, or pickers, employ mitten-shaped steel knives attached to long poles with which they neatly

snip off the pods, taking care not to wound the tree. Once collected, the pods are split with machetes and their contents emptied out with wooden spatulas to prevent irritation from the slightly acidic pulp. As soon as the pods are split, the beans begin to oxidize to a lavender or purple hue. It is not until the beans are fermented that they acquire their characteristic chocolate richness of color and aroma.

Fermentation, or curing, serves the vital purpose of separating the bean from its adhering pulp. But in early cocoa days in Nigeria, farmers' helpers discovered that the drippings from fermenting beans made an extremely intoxicating drink. To this day, it is no uncommon sight to see cocoa workers in Africa stretched out on the ground after a day's work, their state not entirely attributable to exhaustion.


The curing process also reduces the

bitterness of the cocoa bean and hardens the seed skin to a shell that can be easily split in the factory. Once cured, the beans must be dried. In some places the beans are polished before drying. Although polishing is usually done by machines, the cocoa workers of Trinidad still dance on cocoa beans with their bare feet to effect this extra touch. "Dancing the cocoa" is a graceful, rhythmic dance done to Calypso verses improvised around the theme of cocoa and cocoa drying.

Today, diesel-driven mechanical dryers have virtually taken over. This is unfortunate, since sun-drying is the most direct, convenient and effective method if the harvest takes place during the dry season. Before mechanization, all cocoa beans were dried in the sun, spread out on palm leaves or large wooden trays that could be covered in the event of rain, to prevent moisture from rotting the beans. The lyrical Trinidadians have a saying, "Ah ent got cocoa in the sun, so ah ent lookin' for rain." Which means, approximately, "I don't give a fuck." Modern international chocolate cartels have a less colorful respect for so unstable an economic force as rain. Time marches on.

Eighty per cent of global chocolate output comes from the "Big Five": Ghana, Nigeria, Brazil, the Ivory Coast and Cameroon. The growing countries generally keep no more than 10 per cent of their crop for home use, usually less. The five giant processing countries—the United States, West

(continued on page 100)



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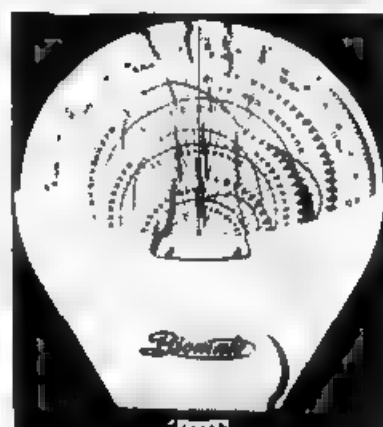
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BLACK OPIUM

(continued from page 93)

the place to weep for her beloved.

...The shell pipe knows many Japanese stories, and sometimes tells them to me in a low voice, during the winter evenings, while the opium is budding and crackling above the lamp

My second pipe is wholly of silver, with a bowl of white porcelain. It is old and precious.

The extremely long stem is not a thick but a fragile one. This is in order that the pipe may not be too heavy in the smoker's hands. The knot is a massive silver projecture, carved in the form of a rat. And the bowl, carefully polished, is as round as a little snowball

The whole length of the pipe has been engraved by the artist with marvelous Chinese ornaments. For my second pipe is Chinese.—Cantonese. It speaks to me of that south of China, where I once passed some very charming years.

Coiled about the silver pipe are flowers, leaves and grasses. The flowers are the beautiful hibiscus in bloom; the leaves are leaves of wild mint; and the grasses are rice-stalks. All this exhales a delicious odor of the China of Kwang-tung, with its cool lanes, its fertile rice-fields and its pretty villages squatting in groves of trees.

Coiled about the silver pipe are men and women. The men are, alternately, laborers and pirates, and both groups are courteous and impassive. The women are the daughters of Pak-Hoi, of Now-Chow or of Hainan. Their soft skin gleams like amber-colored satin. Their hands and feet would make the

(continued on page 111)

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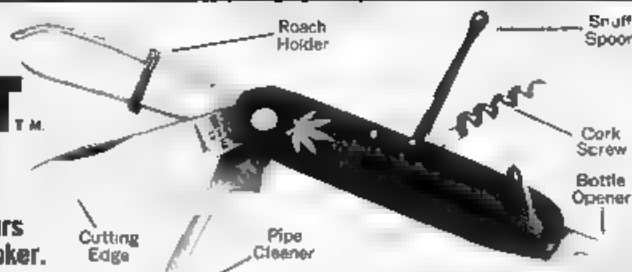
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For whatever political reasons LBJ could create, Theodore J. Flicker's *The President's Analyst* was released in 1968 with a minimum of fanfare and left to twist slowly, slowly in the wind. While it received good reviews, it did no great box office business and was soon taken off the circuit, only to reappear in succeeding years in a profusion of art theaters and late-night showings. Since then, TPA has become a modest cult film among those paranoids not averse to a few furtive laughs. And seven years after its release, TPA has lost none of its relevance or humor. In fact it has gained a little, since it deals with a now common theme—actualized paranoia.

But *The President's Analyst* is not about the talmudic convolutions of who killed Kennedy. It's full of a wacky, psychedelic inspired paranoia that mocks everything frightful about modern electronic fascism. *The President's Analyst* is an acid-age search for the current Wizard of Oz, the real power behind the nonsense.

TPA stars so many known Hollywood heads that it was obviously a conspiracy. James Coburn is the handsome shrink. One day a patient, Godfrey Cambridge when he was horribly fat, reveals on the couch that he likes to kill, and has just killed an Albanian. Before Coburn can consult *Civilization and Its Discontents*, Cambridge reveals that he is a CIA agent and that Coburn has been chosen to minister to the mental discontents of the President himself.

Tripping with success, the analyst moves into the swank townhouse provided for him in Georgetown. But elation turns to trauma as Coburn discovers the burden of the President, and

the paranoia of *Knowing Too Much*. Even his girlfriend, Joan Delaney, is working for the CIA. The analyst is now an important man, too important to be left unwatched, unlistened to or alive.

Worst of all, he has incurred the hatred of the Director of the FBI, J. Edgar Hoover played with a straight face by a dwarf (Eduard Franz). Coburn freaks out and sneaks from the White House in dark glasses amidst a touring family of middle-of-the-road extremists from Seaside Heights, New Jersey. They're nice enough folks—Mom takes karate lessons. Dad is into guns, Junior taps the phone for fun—but Coburn feels somehow... paranoid. Maybe the FBI wants to kill him because he knows too many secrets. Sure enough, the FBI is soon at the door, but Coburn and Mom & Dad have gone for Chinese food in N.Y.C.

In a chase that runs through Chinatown and Greenwich Village (past the

***The President's Analyst* had its finger on something in 1968 that may have its finger on you in 1975.**

Cafe Wha?), Coburn outruns an army of thugs of assorted nationalities and religious persuasions, and dives into the hippie bus of a touring rock band modeled something after the Byrds circa 1968. The leader of the band is Barry McGuire ("Eve of Destruction"), who utters "peace, brother" and other profundities. The fugitive is blissfully accepted into the tribe and into the arms of the voluptuous "Snow White." But his implacable pursuers persist, and in succession they snuff each other—Turks, Albanians, Mau Maus, the FBI, Chinamen and Russki's.

After much mayhem, Coburn is finally captured. The rock band encounters some English bowl-haired rockers (guess who?) and they trade LSD for hashish. Everyone starts tripping, but only Coburn wakes up strapped to a leather couch, of all things, aboard a yacht headed for Russia.

However, Coburn is no fool. Severn Darden is the KGB agent who has orders to deliver Coburn in a box to the Kremlin. Using a Psych. 101 rap, the good doctor convinces the dour Russki that his loyalty to Mother Russia is based on an unreasoning hate of his father. Darden chooses free therapy over the KGB retirement plan and agrees to help the analyst discover the real menace behind all the mania. They make for shore in an Amphicar. What is an Amphicar? Don't ask.

They're barely back on shore when Coburn is snatched away, inside a phone booth. Good old Godfrey reappears and sets out with Darden to rescue Coburn from the real villain, The Phone Company. ("Everybody hates The Phone Company," says Coburn.) The truck that snatches up the phone booth is labeled "TPC" on the side.

At headquarters, TPC tries to brainwash Coburn with an idiotic 1984ish scheme. The Phone Company wants Coburn to convince the President to pass a law authorizing implantation of tiny transceivers inside every person's head at birth. This, explains TPC, will cut costs and make everything "more efficient." The pitch is accompanied by an exquisite parody of a TPC cutesy animated "educational" movie.

Enter the détente duo, machine guns blazing, grenades exploding, reducing the robot TPC army to a smoking pile of No. 2 wire.

"Take that you hostile bastards," curses Coburn, ratatatating the bad guys with bullets. On the way out the trio destroys the circuits, insuring that the phone system will malfunction for a month and everyone will hate The Phone Company more than ever. As Coburn, the now enlightened psychiatrist, explains, "It's important" that The Phone Company be stopped.

At the end, it's Christmas at the Coburn townhouse and Cambridge, Darden, Coburn and Delaney are making merry together when...

We'll leave the ending to those who watch the late show. It's worth a look in these times of phone taps, Chile, government payoffs, red wigs, blue boxes, Watergate, AT&T, CIA, LSD and DDT.

Slightly silly and a bit naive, *The President's Analyst* had its finger on something in 1968 that may have its finger on you in 1975. This has been a recording. ■



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The Deep Dark Side of Chocolate

(continued from page 96)

Germany, the Netherlands, the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain—account for over half the cocoa processed worldwide, with western Europe and North America consuming a full 70 per cent of the annual cocoa product. In recent years, the biggest forward strides in cocoa consumption have been taken by the communist countries and Japan because of liberalization of government import restrictions. In 1960, the Soviets consumed 74,000 tons of cocoa beans, compared to the 215,000 tons scarfed down in the U.S. By 1970, the figures accelerated to 182,000 tons and 261,000 tons respectively. Japan now consumes five times the amount of cocoa it did in 1960 and has recently introduced chocolate-flavored honey into the world market.

American chocolate production and consumption figures are not revealed to the public, for whatever stealthy reason. We know that the U.S. processes 261,000 tons of cocoa beans annually, most of which we consume ourselves. But cocoa beans are included in thousands of products in varying concentrations, so it is hard to extrapolate from these figures exactly how much chocolate Americans eat.

We do know that confection sales by U.S. candy manufacturers top \$2 billion yearly, and spokesmen for the confectionary industry report that chocolate products account for 60 per cent of this total. The average American consumes 18.7 pounds of candy per year, and, applying the same 60 per cent proportion for chocolate, we can readily approximate that 3.4 ounces of chocolate are eaten by each person in the U.S. weekly. This is hunger somewhat below the European average of four ounces a week. The Swiss probably take the chocolate-eating cake, yodeling down over five and a half ounces weekly per capita. Although consumption figures are not available for the U.S.S.R., one new Moscow factory is turning out 32,000 tons of chocolate annually, and many more tons are imported.

A personal survey of candy wholesalers revealed the top-selling chocolate candies in the U.S. to be, in no particular order, O Henry, Hershey's Milk, Peter Paul Mounds, Chunky, M & M Plain, Three Musketeers, Nestle's Crunch, Kit Kat, Reese's Peanut Butter Cups and Hershey's Rally Bar. Two former biggies, Clark Bars and Baby Ruths, are dying on the east coast. And perhaps

due to inflation, boxed candy and miniatures, too, have been falling off in sales.

Dropping in sales, perhaps, but dropping out of fashion? Never. A visit to a chi-chi chocolatier will reveal a cornucopia of tasty miniatures, from a half-pound of Bortons for \$1.50 to a custom-made velvet box containing a pound of chocolate for which bidding opens at a cool \$100. If your taste runs to crystal goblets, double that figure. But if the packaging matters not, New York's best boxed chocolate, including Godiva, Krön, Corne de la Toison d'or of Belgium and Le Notre of France, can be had for a scant \$9 per pound.

If this seems a little steep, the neophyte chocophile can keep it simple and start with the proletarian chocolate bar. The first decision, of course, is which brand. Harry Levene, of London might be of some help—he's known as the Chocolate Wrapper Collector, and as of the end of December 1974, his collection held 30,174 wrappers from different chocolate bars made all over the world.

After that, it's a fairly simple matter

Both cocaine and cocoa produce an alkaloid that gets you off.

to choose among milk, dark, Swiss, Dutch, semisweet, bittersweet, or extrabittersweet; of course, some may choose to suck on unsweetened, or baker's chocolate, but that is entirely optional. All that remains to be done is to select from hazelnut, raspberry cream almonds, mint, walnut, truffle cream, peanut, rice, freeze-dried strawberry, orange peel, chocolate cream and about 40 other possible mates for King Chocolate bar form.

Once we leave the modest bar, the fillings become yet more exotic. Every kind of fruit and nut center is obtainable. The booze hound can revel in the taste of chocolate rum, sherry, cognac, and crème de menthe cordials. The true cirrhosis fancier can purchase martini olives, a martini-flavored liquid center encased in chocolate and covered with a thick, olive-colored shell. Ants, shredded coconut, hashish, marshmallow, bees—it's likely that someone has at some time covered dirt with chocolate and found it tasty.

If you prefer form over content, chocolate can be molded into the shapes of chrysanthemums, shrimp, apples, hearts, "kisses," scallops,

"lace," bunnies, turtles, and thousands of equally cuddly configurations. Bloomingdale's department store in New York sells a two-foot oval cameo of pure chocolate, complete with candy-drop earring, for \$12.50. Droste, the Dutch chocolatier, exports solid chocolate initials, which lowlands lovers traditionally exchange on December 5, St. Nicholas's Day.

There are a number of chocolate specialists who will mold chocolate into any shape for a price. If that shape involves producing a new mold, the price is well over \$1,000. However, a new process has been developed for those seeking the personal touch at a reasonable price. Now, for under \$20, you can have any photograph or piece of art reproduced in dark chocolate on a white chocolate disk similar in appearance to a lollipop. (White chocolate, incidentally, has no cocoa butter and is therefore not really chocolate. Vegetable oils are the flavorings used to produce its chocolatelike flavor.)

Most custom molding is done for commercial promotion gimmicks—chocolate jumbo jets, pianos, clocks, baseball bats—but there survive a few true chocolate artists. Richard Mack, food coordinator at a Dallas luxury hotel, uses no special tools, just sharp kitchen knives, to turn out his masterpieces. They have included eight prancing reindeer for a Christmas party, a five-inch fawn, numerous busts of French notables of the Louis XIV period, a Mack truck and a five-foot Easter egg. Current holder of the First Prize for Chocolate Work at the Annual Salon of Culinary Art and Exhibition of New York City is Guy Lucas, whose four-foot chocolate Mickey Mouse beams out the window of an exclusive Manhattan chocolatier.

In 1975, chocolate has been tamed. Its alkaloids no longer convulse nunneries, intoxicate maidens or reinforce limp polygamists. The trickle of chocolate orgy making has become a mighty river of middle-class tooth decay: the chocolate of today melts in our mouths, not in our minds. Chocolate, which once made men mad, has gone soft from prudish breeding, industrial conditioning, commercial packaging and easy living. Perhaps, of all the fabled psychedelic alkaloids of the world's remote lotus-eaters—the caffeine, the theine, the theobromine, beside which the distilled juices of the grape and the potato once paled—only cocaine remains, toxic, mesmerizing, incandescent, waiting to be brought into the fold and onto the supermarket shelf in the form of coca bars, coca yogurt, coca liquors, coca bathroom disinfectant and all the rest. . . . Only time will tell. ■

Other Scenes

By John Wilcock

Fungus Fad Sweeps Tokyo

Drinking fungus juice is a big fad in Japan, with thousands turning to the liquid in an effort to cure or prevent everything from headaches to cancer. Author Fumio Niwa says it cured his arthritis. Buddhist priest Kon Toko insists it improved the quality of his voice, while the head of the Defense Agency, Michita Sakata, maintains that since he started on the juice he no longer suffers from constipation.

The fungus is said variously to originate in a Siberian village near Lake Baikal and from the River Volga. According to the weekly magazine *Shukan Bunshun*, the fungus is commonly known as "Volga Jellyfish," and after a TV broadcast extolling its merits last spring, the Tokyo Broadcasting System received more than 100,000 letters and postcards asking where it could be obtained. A book describing the beneficial effects of the juice has already gone into ten editions, more than 80,000 copies.

The juice is made by chopping the fungus into small pieces, spreading it over used tea leaves, adding a little sugar and allowing it to ferment. After a week or two, the tea leaves are covered with a gelatinous mold that produces a sour-tasting liquid, "almost like tea with lemon," according to another magazine, *Shukan Asahi*. The magazine quotes microbiologist Masatoshi Soneda. "It looks as if it is a ferment that contains a lactobacillus or an acetobacter. It's more like a tea fungus than a mushroom."

Another medical expert, Dr. Shozaburo Sugi, points out that 90 per cent of so-called folk medicines produce neither good nor ill effects. "Those who say they have been cured by such remedies are having illusions. They are victims of autosuggestion."

Ginseng Big in China

Any regular visitor to herb or health food stores cannot fail to have noticed the growing popularity of ginseng, a shriveled root highly regarded in the Far East for its medicinal properties. It is especially in demand in Hong Kong, where it is combined with brandy as a pick-me-up. The ancients believed ginseng released poisons the mind had inadvertently collected, and its Latin name, *panax*, also the

root "panacea," implies that it promoted good health, longevity and sexual prowess. Country folk regard it as an aphrodisiac, but in fact its most potent effect is to produce vivid dreams for anyone chewing a small portion before retiring. On awakening the subject finds himself refreshed and in a state of well-being. Early in the last century, a Christian missionary who had worked in China noticed a similar plant growing wild in North Carolina, where it is still cultivated, although crops take about seven years to produce, and wild ginseng is more potent.

Animal Rights

Animals have rights, too. This awareness has been creeping into the public consciousness for a while now, and with 1975 the supporters of Animals' Lib maintain that their time has come. A few months ago 14 million blackbirds due for mass extinction when officials at an Army base found them "in the way" were reprieved after some more humane second thoughts. Both *Time* and *Newsweek* devoted cover stories to ordinary, noncelebrity animals, and lobbies in both the U.S. and Europe renewed their attempts to ban zoos, which they regard as degrading.

"People are finally beginning to see the irony of protecting the environment while destroying the animals in it," says J. Fraser Harrington, director of the Chicago-based Animal Profile Research Bureau. "We're making headway, but there's still too much of an automatic assumption that animals are expendable whereas people aren't—when 20,000 pigs are destroyed, for example, because half a dozen of them have swine fever. Do we automatically kill off the inhabitants of a town because a few are sick and it's too much trouble to quarantine the rest? And how about all those deer slaughtered every year so that they won't starve to death. Most of them would sooner take their chances."

Incidentally, the Animal Profile Research Bureau profiles not animals but their owners. "Give our psychologists two hours with your cat," says Harrington, "and they'll produce a complete rundown on your personality. Don't ask me why people pay for such garbage, but they do." ■

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has grown considerably since it was founded in 1967 to assist people who fell afoul of Britain's stringent drug laws. Today it contains multitudes of advisors, paralegal aides and consultants who will help you squat, abort, migrate, divorce, travel, etc. Dope, however, remains close to the heart of their *raison d'être*. Last year their *Trucker's Bible* (\$2.00) was an international bestseller bringing together in one handy paperback the laws against dope and the best ways of dealing with them in 133 countries.

Now they've come out with a sequel that one hopes will be an annual event: *Just Another Truckstop*. Even if you are not planning a trip abroad, you might still find *Just Another Truckstop* to be engagingly scarifying reading, what with its lurid tales of arbitrary laws, draconian sentences, venal judges, Byzantine busts, squalid gaols and other insupportable hardships that those who bravely carry our dope over hill and over dale must learn to cope with. It's enough to make you want to see America first.

—Eric Kibble

THE WIZARD OF THE UPPER AMAZON, by F. Bruce Lamb, as narrated by Manuel Cordova-Rios (Houghton-Mifflin, \$2.95, paper).



This book is the story of Manuel Cordova-Rios, who was captured by Amazon natives in 1902 at the age of 15 and underwent the long process of mystical ayahuasca ceremonies under the guidance of the old patriarch Xumu. The tropical ayahuasca vine yields a bitter green liquid called *honi xumu*, found to possess an alkaloid structure resembling LSD-25, its mind-manifesting effects as vividly described by Cordova/Lamb are immensely powerful, commonly culminating in synesthesia, sound becoming vision, vision becoming taste, etc.

But there is more to this book than rain forest hocus pocus. Ever since the Reds took over Tibet, occidental pilgrims have been ransacking South

America for holy men. Xumu, Wizard of the Upper Amazon, here is being groomed as an even older and kinder replacement for James Churchwood's Rashi and Castaneda's Don Juan. The trouble is, Xumu's a regular Machiavelli who uses dope to control his subjects.

Ayahuasca is of very minor significance to this book, really. What thrilled me was its depiction of the use of power by a dictator every bit as shrewd as Nixon, and just as fatally shortsighted. The tribe itself, as you find out toward the end of the book, was terribly unstable. It was a mix of second generation immigrants who had been chased into the jungle years before by Portuguese rubber cutters, and the survivors of the indigenous tribes they had slaughtered on arrival. Tension and sedition were perennially rife and it took a manipulative whiz like Xumu to keep things together.

The drug ceremony, with Xumu calling the roll of animist deities, was convoked any time an individual hunter started falling down on the job: the pigs would leave his hunting grounds, only diseased birds would fall into his ill-set snares and the monkeys, sensing his depression, would shit and piss on him from the trees. After the equivalent of a 1,500-mile trip under Xumu's benevolent guidance, though, the guy would invariably get his act together and do his part for the People.

But for all their blissed-out reverence for Xumu's jungle narchy, the authors have produced a valuable study of a simple, essentially self-sufficient world whose machine of social bonding was the mind, in all sorts of exalted states, and not television.

—Dean Latimer

COCAINE, by Pitigrilli (San Francisco: And/Or Press, \$3.50, paper). Tito Arnaudi is a young



Italian who quits medical school the day of final exams because the professors dislike his monocle. He submerges himself in the Parisian neverland of drugs, art and sex after the '14-18 fracas. But, full of irony and ennui,

Tito manages to see nothing of the glittering world of Hem, Fitz and Stein. Instead he joins a professionally bored parade of loveless vamps,

and pimps with oily, pointy mustaches. The budding nihilist quickly acquires a newspaper job, a coke habit and a girlfriend. Coke and woman soon lead him into larceny and worse. Eventually he is literally reduced to a pile of dust by propensities for pleasures he neither understood nor enjoyed.

William Dailey, a director of the Fitz Hugh Ludlow Memorial Library of drug literature, which is responsible for republishing this 1921 romanzo, has provided an odiously sycophantic introduction. Dailey acclaims Pitgrilli as a stylist, but he seems little more than a hack of what has been called the "tombstones in the eyes" school of writing, e.g.: "The hands of the cocaine addicts, once seen, are hard to forget. They appear to live a life of their own, and to die before the rest of the body does, they always seem to be on the verge of some convulsion which is held in check with tremendous difficulty." And: "Their eyes, now blazing with desire, now faint with frightful brooding over the lack of drug . . . take on a sinister pattern which has something of the dying or the already dead. Their nostrils . . ." and so on for 263 pages.

Cocaine is the latest reissue from the FFLM Library. An elegant, sturdy paperback, gorgeously illustrated and lovingly printed, it is an event for book lovers as well as dopers. Since everyone in the dope culture must feel a sort of vested interest in the FFLM, it is unfortunate they chose to resurrect Cocaine from oblivion; it has hitherto enjoyed and deserved. Although fascinating as a drug document, as a piece of literature Cocaine has a limited interest.

—Eric Kibble

ALL ABOUT BEER, by John Porter (Doubleday, \$5.95). This whimsical package is interesting right



to its last brown-linked page of facts and anecdotes, wrapped in a conviviality that is not unpleasant unless your mother has just died in a motorcycle accident. Of course, assertions like "beer is man's oldest friend" could prove irritating to anyone pedantic enough to reflect that, by the same apparatus of definition, it might just as well be labeled his enemy as, quivering and hallucinating, Mr. Mankind makes his way through the thing of life.

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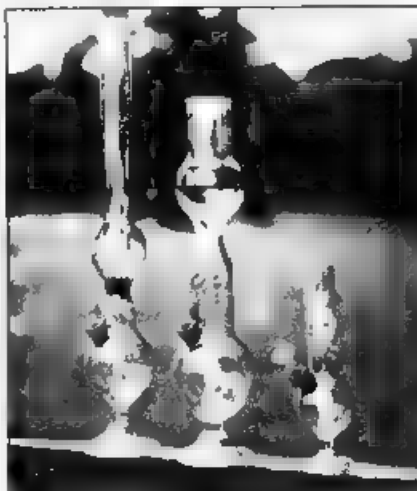
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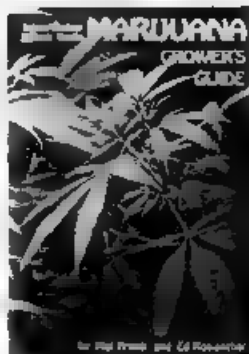
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the fine facts to be gleaned from this book:

1) The Norsemen brewed beer on their drakkars (long vessels decorated with terrifying, stupid-looking monsters) and swilled the product out of cows' horns, much as you or I might drink beer right out of the can during the football game.

2) Egyptian tavernkeepers who happened to be fallen priestesses were buried alive for tax evasion. If they hailed from a less ethereal background, they were drowned.

3) The president of the Heinz pickle company was a member of a Sunday school group that advocated prohibition.

For \$5.95 plus tax you can have the book for your very own and learn the history of brewing here in America and get lots of pictures of strange other-worldly beer cans, plus recipes and hangover theory. You will also hear tell of a strange federal law against making your own beer, over which you can have a dinner table brawl (one side playing Republicans, the other Democrats). Go ahead. If you like beer, why not this book?

—Ted Mann

THE SPEED CULTURE: Amphetamine Use and Abuse in America, by Lester Grinspoon, M.D., and Peter Hedblom (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, \$15.00). Dr. Grinspoon is a Harvard pharmacologist and the author of a very persuasive tract in favor of grass called Marijuana Reconsidered. Along with Peter Hedblom, he has now written a searching and valuable book that links



the abuse of amphetamines to the well-known crises of American society.

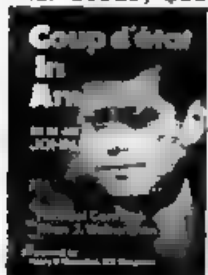
Pointing out that amphetamines were first used widely during the Thirties, the authors relate the speed fad of the day to the social frenzy and frustration which could not find an outlet in the programs of the New Deal. "Never before," they write, "had a powerful psychoactive drug been introduced in so short a period of time, and never before had a drug with such a high addictive potential and capability of causing long-term or irreversible physical and psychological damage been so enthusiastically embraced by the medical profession ... or so extravagantly promoted by the drug industry."

But Grinspoon and Hedblom do not limit themselves to the liberal moralizing of this Safety Valve Theory of speed. They discern all the

psychoadventurous possibilities of amphetamines, as well as many legitimate medical uses -which do not include the reckless and criminal application of uppers to suppress "hyperkinesis" in schoolchildren. An exposition of a complex problem, *The Speed Culture* is a surprisingly readable book, although much of the technical data will have a less than amphetaminelike effect on the lay reader.

—Eric Kibble

COUP D'ETAT IN AMERICA: The CIA and the Assassination of John F. Kennedy, by Michael Canfield and Alan J. Weberman (The Third Press, 444 Central Park West, New York, N.Y. 10025, \$11.95). *Coup D'Etat in*



America is a book about a murder mystery. Like the best detectives in mystery novels who see evil lurking in every dim shadow, Weberman and Canfield approach the mystery of John F.

Kennedy's murder with an advantage the straight guys never had, complete paranoia.

It is that quality which makes this book better than others offering answers to the assassination riddles. The JFK killing was an event in space and time, the myriad facts of which form an insanely complex historical mandala. Sherlock Holmes meditated with a pipe. Weberman (I have known him for five years) meditates with a joint.

The initial inspiration in this case occurred when Weberman came upon photographs of a mysterious trio of "tramps" picked up in Dallas right after the JFK shooting. He recognized a resemblance between the "tramps" and certain participants in the Watergate burglary, namely, E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis. Whereas others have passed this off as a coincidence, Weberman saw an equation between the Watergate and the JFK murders.

If every piece of paper in the National Archives relating to the JFK assassination were stacked up, the pile would measure a hundred feet high. Weberman read it all. So, although it was born in the manic vapors of marijuana, this book is documented, indexed, footnoted and appendixed in a thoroughly professional way. Indeed, the book even contains a transparency of Hunt and Sturgis that can be placed directly over the tramp pictures so you can decide for yourself.

Crazy, huh? But different events keep proving the old weed adage "paranoids have real enemies too."

—Rex Weiner

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The Marygin (center) is the workhorse of the clean weed set. What it loses because of a small stash-tumbler it makes up in stunning colors and solid construction. If you have energy and patience to crank the stuff through the revolving basket-sieve, Marygin gives you a fair shake with see-through style. \$5 from Marygin, Inc., P.O. Box 5827, Tucson, Ariz., 85703

For those who miss "flour power", the Clean Machine (right) is a pot-

cleaning favorite. While the Juana Shaker and the Mary Gin come only in plastic fantastic, the Clean Machine is made of durable tin and can double as a flour sifter in times of no dope. Rotate the crank to agitate the weed with a two-pronged beater and watch the shake sift through the wire screen to the bottom. Painted white and adorned with red apples and a cap that reads "The Clean Machine", it is advertised as "inconspicuous". \$4.50 from The Whiz Brothers, Ltd., Bromwell, Dept. 201, Box 34, Ravena, N.Y. 12143

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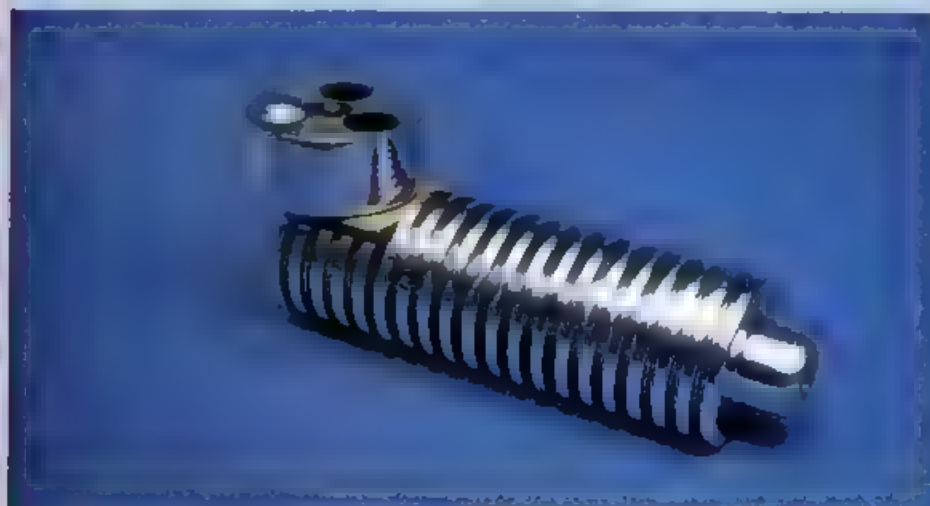
This handy pocket cogitator is popular with people who count on dope because it has a built-in factor for converting pound/ounces to grams/kilos. A boon, right? Indispensable for rolling a number. \$245, from Hewlett-Packard, 1501 Page Mill Road, Palo Alto, Calif. 94304



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Records

SWAHA, by Bhagwan Das and Amazing Grace (Amazing Grace, R.D. 1, Fort Edward, N.Y. 12858).



Bhagwan Das is a Westerner who grew wise in India. He traveled with his guitar alone, and picked up infrequent checks from his family in California as he went along. Then, as the story goes, he acquired a traveling companion, who after a time bet the young American he could not remain naked, in meditation, locked for seven days without food or water in a small room, in the rural Indian village where they had found themselves.

Bhagwan Das accepted the bet. He stripped and left his instrument and his clothes outside the door of the hut and went in to meditate for seven days. When he emerged "victorious," he discovered that his friend had taken everything and vanished. He was alone, penniless, without passport or clothes in India, so he crafted one of the native instruments he saw being played, and roamed about the country learning the life of a holy man.

His travels eventually took him to Richard Alpert (Ram Das), who was traveling in India by Land Rover with other friends. The friends' time grew short, and they were forced to leave for Japan. But Alpert stayed on with the Land Rover and Bhagwan Das, who eventually introduced him to Guru Neem Keeroli Baba, who in turn became Alpert's guru. An honor among friends.

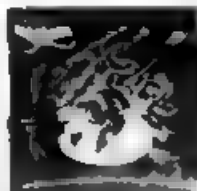
Today Bhagwan Das and the musicians of Amazing Grace live in a communal habitat in San Francisco. Theirs is the music of the masses. It is hallucinogenic, transcendent. It is no accident that they are still flowing while spastic visionaries disappear. It is no mistake if you come away from this album permeated by the vein of vital recognition that recurs in "Let my heart fly open, let me come to you."

The music runs a gamut of emotions as intense as Alice Coltrane and Pharoah Sanders, as mellow as Peter Walker, as certain of oppression as Billy Holiday, aware of the incidental rhythm and built-in harmony of life that is basic to Hindu religious principle.

There is no tyranny in this album.

Each of the four sides seems to reflect the autonomy and freedom we intuitively expect to find at any moment, in any face.
—Michael Foldes

COOK, by PFM (Manticore MA6-502S1), and **BANCO**, by Banco (Manticore MA6-505S1). Few people



rock is but the latest permutation of a glorious musical tradition that harkens back to the castrato of medieval Rome.

Only recently have the fruits of this proud heritage become available to the drive-in cultures beyond the Mediterranean—but now Americans are beginning to discover Italian rock the way they discovered pizza.

The trailblazers of Italian rock are a group from Milan called PFM, which stands for *Premiata Forneira Marconi*, which translates to Marconi's Famous Bakery. You remember Marconi. He invented the wireless. Well, now his bakery has dished up a tasty platter called *Cook*—and if you scratch it, it smells like cappuccino.

PFM is a five-man band that combines Moog, clarinet, violin, flute, organ, piano and piccolo with the usual guitar, bass and drums to sound like a cross between a strike at a Ferrari factory and a fresh antipasto. They were discovered a few years ago by Greg Lake of Emerson, Lake & Palmer, who hooked them up with English lyricist Pete Sinfield. *Cook* is a live album recorded last year.

Though interesting, this album, finally, is ordinary spaghetti rock topped with a meatball rendition of "The William Tell Overture." The net effect is classical gas, and the way this band cooks, I'll eat it raw.



Banco, on the other hand, is an exponent of the Sicilian school of rock, which differs from the Neapolitan school in that its music

has a thick crust and a soft, breadlike texture. Like PFM, Banco tends to work the special effects department overtime. But where PFM likes to gurgel classical elements with electronic English rock, Banco tinges their classicism with jazz. Their first

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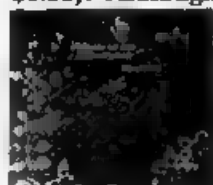
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American release, Banco, swings in a very spaced way and certainly doesn't suffer from a lack of adventurousness.

Besides the alphabet, Italy has given us fast cars, flat pies and brown shirts. And now this. Enough is enough.
 —Frank Rose

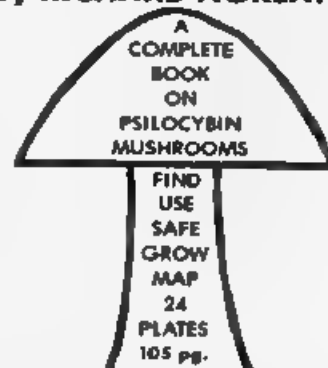
MUSIC OF THE RAIN FOREST PYGMIES OF THE NORTH-EAST CONGO, recorded by Colin M. Turnbull (Lyricord Stereo, LLST 7157, \$6.98). Although made by people of



the same size, this Pygmy music is a considerable sight better than the Jackson Five. Even the rhythm is better; I daresay there is not a percussionist of any pigmentation this side of the Ruenzwori who could rap out the subtle, intricate, ineffably surprising and consistent patterns accomplished by these little devils with their split-ended sticks. It takes a while to fully appreciate the percussion, so sweet and infinitely textured is the vocal foreground, but once you tune in on it, you realize this is something altogether special. It's as formal and structured as Baroque, yet as personal and emotional as Romantic. That is, there's a guy squatting there in the jungle with all his friends and relations singing around him, and he's doing this drum number which neither leads nor follows the congregation, but deliciously happens right along with the whole musical organism. Since it is profoundly moving and sophisticated music they are all making, you have to concede they must be transported into realms of higher experience. Sure as hell beats "Can't Get Enough of That Funky Stuff."

It has been said that all our forebears in their aboriginal state partook of tribal singsongs like this, before civilization rent us asunder one from the other, and that the Ituri Rain Forest Pygmies still enjoy this gift thanks to their sequestration in a place patently lethal to most human beings. This may be so, although the Watusi and Zulu, among other African people at a distinctly more "developed" level of culture, certainly sing just as well as these Pygmies, and their vocal compositions are just as complex and religiously fulfilling. It is the back-

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ground instrumentation that sets this Pygmy stuff apart. I have never heard anything quite like it.

In the background are a number of delightful things. Colin Trumbull, of the New York Museum of Natural History, had to set up his stereo recording gear in the middle of the jungle, after all. The album opens, for instance, with an "Elephant Hunting Song," sounding rather like a madrigal, kind of anxious and mournful. Pygmies are scared stiff of elephants (not unreasonably), yet when they kill one they feel real pity and a kind of bereavement. The chant builds along slowly, until abruptly a long staccato peal of real thunder sets the chorus yelling and laughing as they run for shelter.

These people laugh a lot, another attribute of aboriginal cultures. The "Leaf Carrying Song" is sung by a group of young Pygmy girls each girl zips through an improvised tribute to her boyfriend's sexual prowess, and the others, after giggling like maniacs, break into a formal contralto response, repeated thrice, that echoes through the mangroves. Probably the very loveliest thing on this plate, though, is the "Honey Gathering Song," with the men psyching themselves up for their mission by humming like baritone bumblebees. Obviously recorded at the crack of dawn, the song is scored with the regular crowing of a rooster in the background, and ends suddenly after a long, impressive series of thunderclaps. With a good stereo mix and a dime of hash, you could profit from a few fours of this band alone.

The big surprise is on band six of the A Side. In the liner notes, Trumbull recounts the difficulty he had getting an ancient lady of the tribe to sing for an outsider "one of the great religious songs of the past . . . old and highly sacred." She was loathe at first, but presently gathered a few other old women and sang—well—the lyrics are in Twi, but the music is "My Darling Clementine" with a staggeringly holy three-part harmonic. —Dean Latimer

BORN TO RUN, by Bruce Springsteen (Columbia PC33795). Already



hailed as a "labor of love," Bruce Springsteen's third album, *Born to Run*, provides us with the best rock-

n-roll music in an industry cluttered with anemic punk/deco rock. In his first two albums, *Greetings from Asbury Park* and *The Wild, the Innocent, and the E Street Shuffle*, Springsteen proved himself a consummate original. A songwriter

musician, musical arranger, Springsteen had a keen ear, and feel for exploratory and tentative music. He could be tough and vulnerable at the same time, and the urban desperado was his subject. "I was the king of the alley, mama, I could talk some trash." He worked with multiples, and he found a voice and style to match his attitudes. He talked about "midnight in Manhattan," "Crazy Janey and her mission man" and "the dusty arcades" of the Jersey boardwalks. He rasped a melancholy lullaby in "New York City Serenade," and in his inimitably hoarse and tender voice, he wooed a woman to "move with me down Broadway." Piano, sax, voice, lyrics, they all connected unpredictably and smoothly; the music moved with rhythms sharp and resonant.

Springsteen's new album is different because it rides on already established styles. Now, it's more clearly Springsteen the rebel as poet, the street-dwelling version of the Westerner, the man alone. In "Jungleland," he combines the hustler and the hero: "And the poets down here/Don't write about nothing at all/They just stand back and let it all be/And in the quick of the night/They reach for their moment/And try to make an honest stand/But they wind up wounded/Not even dead/Tonight in Jungleland."

While his earlier music put one right into the thick of late-night streets with carnival sounds, *Born to Run* comes out of the outsider myths of Fifties films. The music is still intense, but it doesn't develop like the earlier material. It's more serious, and the long time spent in the studio seems to have worn down the careless edges that made Springsteen an erratic, raw-blooded musician. It's good rock 'n' roll played with a good R&B beat and phrasing reminiscent of the earlier rock love ballads.

Even so, Springsteen created the music, and he never fails to make it his own. "Tenth Avenue Freeze Out" may remind you of Van Morrison playing Wilson Pickett, but the humor is Springsteen's. And although "She's the One" is a basic rock number, Roy Orbison never came up with lines like, "I wish she'd just leave me alone/Because French cream won't soften them boots/And French kisses will not break that heart of stone." It's romantic grit, and Springsteen can't stay away from the urgent calling that is his trademark.

The title cut is probably the best, and if you've never heard Springsteen play before, then you'll understand what makes him so good. "Baby this town rips the bones from you back/It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap/We gotta get out while we're young/Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run": Clarence Clemons wails his sax,

and Springsteen sings frenetically that there's no time to wait.

—Judie Hammond

TRIUMPH OF THE WILL, Original Soundtrack (2-LP set, Oakleaf Ventures, Box 206, East Orange, N.J., 07019). I have never seen Leni Re-



fenstahl's famous documentary of the 1934 National Socialist Party Day rally in Nuremberg, *Triumph Des Willens*, but I will never forget the excerpt shown in *A Clockwork Orange*, with the Trumpet Corps, gaily dressed like their Viking forbears in runic tunics and Tyrolean trousers, blaring the mocking opening bars of the Fourth Movement of the Ninth Symphony of "lovely, lovely Ludwig van." Now every American can enjoy eine kleine Nazimuzik in his own home thanks to this double-disk wax memorial to man's dauntless capacity to line up right smart.

This is a truly fine set of records, entaping in sound forever the vibrant cries and whispers of a cast of more than one million—to be precise, "180,000 Political Leaders, 88,000 S.A. Men, 12,000 S.S. Men, 60,000 Hitler Youth, 52,000 Labor Service Men, 120,000 Party rank and file, plus 9,000 additional police for traffic and crowd control. In addition the 350,000 citizens of Nuremberg must be included, since virtually the entire city turned out to fill the streets and Zeppelinwiesen [parade grounds]." Do not forget that there were also plenty of Gauleiters and Reichsleiters and all the good old comrades, like Streicher and Hess and Rosenberg and even, takkeh, I forget his name who ran the S.A. Anyway, it was quite a crowd.

Most important is the music. From the first sweet bars of "Das Horst Wessel Lied," the "Zapfenstreich" and the trumpet fanfares, folk songs and Bavarian clog dances, on through Wagner's *Rienzi Overture*, which segues into the "March Das Hitlerjugend" the way Sherman marched through Georgia, and finally back to the party anthem that closes the Nazi fall classic, we hear a great deal of music, and also many speeches, all of them in German and very inspiring. Recently I flew over Germany. It is very big and has many forests and roads and farmlands. The effect, which is both solemn and beautiful, is like being in a cathedral of ice, and soon the pear-shaped Teutonic vocables fall from the lips of the Führer like drops of morning dew: Schmeisser . . . Luftschiff . . . Kruppwerten . . . Certainly Leni Reif- enstahl proved with this film that a

woman can rise above the boundaries of mere partisan rivalry. Freude, Schoene, Gottesfunken, Tochter aus Elysium . . . Eric Kibble

GURU GITA, by Muktananda (Muktananda World Tour PR219).



For a while there in the mid and late Sixties, Indian music was making some loud noises on the Western music scene.

George Harrison had been the primary stimulus for the East Asian musical invasion, or so it is said. But Harrison was not the first Westerner to study the intricacies of the raga and the tala.

Before the Beatles turned on to Indian music, others, like violinist Yehudi Menuhin and jazzmen Bus Shank and Yusef Lateef, were already into it. And while Harrison was toying with a sitar on a recording of "Norwegian Wood" the Sixties pop-drug mystics were running around doing their bit to spread the word. Indian music became the liturgical music of the psychedelic generation.

Well, now it's 1975, and names like Ravi Shankar, India's supreme sitarist, and Ali Akbar Kahn, the super sarodist, are not heard as often in these parts. But a firm flock of Indian music followers still persists. And now a yoga-jazz movement is beginning, and *Guru Gita* by Muktananda is part of it.

Whereas Shankar and Khan represented India's classical music, which the Beatles were trying to infuse into a more popular sound, *Guru Gita* is more religious, more seriously spiritual. In fact, it is actually church music, meant to be played in conjunction with worship of a certain south Indian guru named Baba Muktananda.

The artist, Muktananda, who has obviously renamed himself after his master, certainly does set a meditative mood with his chanting. His voice, however, is not the best I've ever heard. A black American jazz musician who journeyed to *Guru Gita*'s camp in Ganeshpuri, India, some time ago in search of the inner spirit. Muktananda learned discipline at the side of the guru, and this is evident in his chanting. His emotions are subdued and effect a proper amount of devotion and seriousness.

"*Guru Gita*" means literally song or prayer to the guru. It is said that a disciple of the guru who sings this song will receive "all powers, realizations and knowledge, fulfilling the aim of yoga." This is a serious album, with more yoga than jazz, but it conquers its realm, yoga-jazz. —J.B. Alexander

BLACK OPIUM

(continued from page 97)

most noble of our marquises jealous. Ot-Che, my mistress, where are you? It is your memory that haunts me now, the memory of your fingers so expert in handling the needle, as I dream on amid the black smoke, the silver pipe resting in my hands.

My third pipe is of ivory, with a white-jade bowl and two muzzles of green jade. It is older and more precious than the first two.

It is carved in the form of an elephant's tusk. It is very thick, and so heavy that one guesses it to have been made for the men of old who were more robust than we. The knot is of bark, and is in the form of a rustically carved ape. The square bowl gleams like milk which has been turned green by the adding of a little pistachio while opaque serpentine veins twine about the middle of the transparent jade.

The ivory pipe was formerly white, white as the western race, which conquers the elephants beyond the mountains. But the patient dross has yellowed and then browned it, little by little, until it is today like the opium-smoking oriental race. Thus, the souls of the two rival races mingle—in the ivory pipe.

Fertile India, swarming from the Ganges to the Deccan, wise Tibet, crouched upon her snowy steppes; nomadic Mongolia, where the gawky camels trot; China, countless and divine. China, imperial and philosophic—the ivory pipe mysteriously evokes the whole of Asia.

For it is old, older than many civilizations. I happen to know that an Occidental Queen,—Persian, Tartar, Scythian?—presented it, one historic day, to the Chinese Emperor who had come to visit her, all of thirty centuries ago. I used to know the name of the Queen and the name of the Emperor, but the disdainful opium has swept them from my memory, and all that I can remember is the noble and peace-inspiring tale of those great rulers who came, one hastening to anticipate the other, across the breadth of their empires, to exchange, across frontiers which were no more, vows of concord which were like to vows of love. Thirty times a hundred years.

... Ivory pipe, how many imperial mouths have pressed you to them since that time? How many Majesties, clad in yellow silk, have sought in your cradling kiss forgetfulness of their sorrows and of their cares, forgetfulness of the ruin and injuries which, growing each day more bitter,

were falling upon the Sacred Empire of the Hoang-Ti's? And if I behold you now tarnished and blacked, is that merely the mourning which you wear, mourning for all the wise centuries that have died to make way for this century of ours, so light and frivolous?

I do not know of what it is my fourth pipe is made. It is my father's pipe, and he died from smoking it.

It is a murderous pipe. It is saturated with dross saturated in all its pores and in all its fibers. Ten poisons, all of them ferocious ones, he ambushed in its black cylinder, which is like the trunk of a venomous cobra. —Morphine, codeine, narcotine—what others? My father died from having smoked too much, and the opium, evaporating in this pipe-bowl of his, takes on the mysterious odor of death.

It is a funereal pipe. Wholly black, on account of the dross, and plated with gold-chasings, which shine like coffin-trappings. I dare not bring it near my mouth,—not as yet. But often, I gaze upon it,—as one gazes upon a tomb which stands ajar,—with desire and with dizziness.

My father died from having smoked it, my father whom I loved. Between life and death,—life ugly and futile, death serene and prolific in marvelous intoxications,—he chose death. When the day shall have come, I shall do as he did.

And I shall seek, upon the black gold-plated pipe, the cold taste of paternal lips,—seek it devoutly.

And now, the lamp is lighted, the mats are on the floor, and the green tea is steaming in the cups without handles.

And here is my fifth pipe, all ready for me. It is not old, and it is not precious. I purchased it of the coffin-maker for six taels. It is a plain brown bamboo, finished off with a red-earth bowl. The bamboo knob is sufficient to give a grip to the fingers.

It has no gold nor jade nor ivory. No prince, no queen has smoked it. It does not evoke, in magic fashion, poetically distant provinces nor centuries of past glory.

But all the same it is the one which I prefer above all the others. For it is this one that I smoke,—not the others, they are too sacred.—It is this one which each evening, pours an intoxicating draft from me, opening for me the dazzling door to clear-headed pleasures, bearing me triumphantly away, out of life and to those subtle spheres which opium-smokers know: those philosophic and beneficent spheres where dwell Hwang Ti, the Sun-Emperor; Kwong-Tsu, the Perfectly Wise; and the God without a Name who was the first of smokers.

Trans-High Market Quotations

The prices listed are the latest available, but do not necessarily reflect average prices, only particular prices as reported to us. High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to.

DOMESTIC

EAST COAST			
Regular	all types	oz	\$15-25
Mexican		lb	150-250
Top grade	Michoacan,	oz	20-40
Mexican	Guerrero	lb	225-450
Connoisseur	good to better,	oz	20-35
Jamaican	dark, baled tops	lb	250-350
Colombian	green immature	oz	35-50
		lb	250-350
Gold Col-	Santa Marta is	oz	35-50
ombian	richest	lb	350-600
Red Col-	all buds, loose	oz	30-50
ombian		lb	400-600
Thai Sticks	green good, gold	one	20-30
	better	oz	175-225
Thai Weed	shake, watch out	oz	175-225
	for Hawaiian	lb	2200-3000
	substitutes		
Black Con-	rare	oz	100-125
golosa			
Maul	nice	oz	125-150
		lb	1200
Moroccan	green, gold	oz	75-120
hash	see slabs	lb	700-1200
Blonde	sackad, red lion,	oz	90-120
Lebanese	tid-bits	lb	1100-1500
Colombian	crumbly, kiflike	oz	60-100
hash		lb	700-1300
Afghani	primo, soft	oz	100-150
patilles		lb	1400-2000
Pakistani	dark walnut	oz	100
patilles		lb	1200-1600
Nepalese	fair	oz	125-160
fingers		lb	1250-1800
Afghani	fair	oz	110-150
marble		lb	1200-1500
Afghani	charcoal fil-	gm	30
hash oil	tered pure	oz	300-450
Lebanese	red, fine	gm	20-40
hash oil		oz	300-500
Indian	small quantities	gm	40
hash oil		oz	500
Green THC	PCP	hit	1-2
LSD	blotter, window-	hit	1 50-3
	pane, jelly, etc.	100	70-175
	scarce, sma-	one	2-3
	numbers		
714 Qua-	short buzz	one	2-2.50
sludes	bootleg	100	130-170
Mexican	poorly made,	one	50-1
qualuludes	"aspirin" tabs	100	25
White cross	liquid, refined	gm	50
ups		oz	700-900
Chinese	good, some fresh	lb	125-150
opium	poor to fair	gm	70-90
Peyote		oz	1000-1300
Cocaine		oz	60-120
	fisks, rock, good	gm	1200-2000
	to excellent	oz	20
Psilocybin	mushrooms, dry	oz	150-200
	chewy	lb	100
Nitrous	D-tank		100
oxide			(formerly 60)

FLORIDA-GEORGIA

Top grade	some wonder	oz	15-35
Mexican	buds	lb	150-300
Domestic	Genervile Green,	oz	15-20
	fair	lb	175-200
	Archelaya	oz	10-15
	Basin, La.	lb	125
Colombian	gold and red,	oz	30-50
connois-	both returned,	lb	200-400
seur	both good	ton	200-210 G's
	to excellent		
Jamaican	quantity, quantity	oz	25-30
	both down	lb	250-300
Thai sticks	rare	oz	200
Moroccan		oz	55-120
Colombian	good	oz	80-120
hash		lb	1000-1300
Lebanese	red	gm	90-130
hash		lb	1200-1400
Lebanese	red	gm	20-40
hash oil		oz	400-500
Cocaine	plentiful good	gm	40-70
	to excellent	oz	900-1500
Ups	white crosses	one	25-35
		100	20-25
Qualuludes	pharmaceutica	one	1-4
		100	100-200
LSD	windowpane,	hit	1 50-3
	microdot etc.	100	100-200

SOUTH

Mexican	all grades	oz	\$15-30
		lb	110-275
Mississippi	okay domestic	oz	10-15
Mud Grass		lb	120-150
Commercial	dark, loose buds,	oz	25-35
Colombian	excellent	lb	280-460
Jamaican	little around	oz	20-30
		lb	250-350
Connoisseur	returned, red end	oz	35-60
Colombian	gold	lb	450-600
Domestic	Michigan, Kansas	lb	90-115
Hashish	generally rare	oz	110-125
		lb	1175-1300
White cross		hit	20-25
Qualuludes	300 mg., A/S	one	2-4
THC	PCP	hit	1-2
		100	70-120
LSD	much blotter	hit	2-3
		100	170-230
Cocaine	quality varies	gm	60-80
		oz	1200-1900
Mushrooms	digestible	oz	10

GREAT LAKES REGION

Commercial	green	oz	10-20
Mexican		lb	90-200
Top grade	Michoacan,	oz	20-50
Mexican	Guerrero,	lb	175-300
	Sinmilika		
Jamaican	scarce	oz	20-40
		lb	200-300
Connoisseur	red or gold	oz	40-75
Colombian		lb	325-425
Penama Red	scarce	oz	50-60
		lb	500-600
Domestic	good new	oz	10-20
	harvest	lb	75-200
Thai sticks	green, 3 gms,	one	18-25
	wt	oz	180-200
Nepalese	rare	oz	130-160
hash		lb	2000
Blonde	rare	oz	120-140
Lebanese		lb	1400-1500
Moroccan	green	oz	80-100
hash		lb	1000-1200
Afghani	black surfboard	oz	140-160
hash		lb	1600-2000
Honey oil	amber, tasty	gm	20-25
		oz	450-600
THC-ace-	heavenly	gm	40
tate		oz	900
Jamaican	reddish-brown,	gm	20-25
grass oil	lumpy, okay	oz	450-600
Psilocybin	dry or	oz	25
mush-	frozen	oz	20
rooms			
PCP	pink tab	one	1
		gm	40-80
MDA		oz	25-30
		oz	600-800
White	scored tab	one	20-30
cross ups		100	15-25
Peyote	dried buttons	oz	15-25
Qualuludes	714's (rare)	one	2-3
		100	100-150
	A/S, orange	one	2-3
	300's	100	150-175
	A/S, yellow	one	1-1 50
	150's		
	bootlegs	one	1 50
	(quality varies)	1000	750-1000
LSD	windowpane	hit	1-2
	blotter	gm	70-100
Mescaline	yellow tab,	hit	1-2
	mellow	100	70-100
Cocaine	poor to good	gm	50-125
		oz	1100-2000

MIDWEST

Commercial	all types	oz	10-15
Mexican		lb	150-225
Domestic	Tulsa tops good,	oz	15-20
	other crops	lb	175
Colombian	look okay		
	brown tops	oz	25-35
		lb	270-400
Colombian	rose tips &	oz	30-50
	bush	lb	300-450
Thai sticks	rare, green	one	25
		oz	180-220
Afghani		lb	130-160
hash		lb	1300-1600
Nepalese	temple balls	oz	140-180
hash		lb	1500-1700
Afghani		ml	100
honey oil		1000	1750-2000
White cross	quality varies	one	25
ups		100	15-22
LSD	most varieties	hit	1 50-2
		100	70-120
PCP		gm	20
Psilocybin	rare	gm	20-25



Peyote	buttons okay	one	\$1-1 25
Qualuludes	bootleg	one	1-2
		100	50-100
Cocaine	scarce, poor to	gm	60-100
	fine		

SOUTHWEST

Regular	all types	oz	10-15
Mexican		lb	85-150
Oaxacan	fat sticks, good	oz	20-30
		lb	150-250
Commercial	scarce	oz	20-30
Jamaican		lb	200-300
Domestic	polyploid mu-	oz	15-25
	lants-good	lb	150-300
Colombian	scarce, gold &	oz	50-70
connoisseur	red	lb	500-700
Phoenix	cheap	oz	10
domestic		lb	85
Afghani	scarce	oz	110-150
hash		lb	1200-1700
Psilocybin	flat, dry mushy	one	free-75
	room caps	gm	12-25
Opium		oz	250-400
		hit	1-4
	windowpane,	100	75-300
	pink tabs	oz	25-50
Peyote	fresh buttons	one	50-80
Cocaine	variable quality	gm	1250-1700
		oz	20-30
White	scored	one	25
cross ups		100	

WEST COAST

Commercial	uniform bricks	oz	10-15
Mexican	some fall	lb	100-175
Top grade	Pueblo, Guerrero,	oz	15-35
Mexican	Michoacan	lb	125-350
Colombian	gold good, also	oz	35-60
	red	lb	350-550
Hawaiian	Puna butter,	gm	15-20
	elephant, Hilo	oz	250-350
Meui	fine	oz	125-150
Domestic	The, Hawaiian	oz	15-20
	seeds	lb	160
Afghani	black primo,	oz	130-150
hash	machined	lb	1400-1600
Afghani	amber, rotated,	gm	20
hash oil	flattening	oz	400-500
Shiva-Shiva	brown, fresh,	oz	170-200
	excellent	lb	1800-2200
Pakistani	crumbly green,	oz	110-130
hash	so-so	lb	1200-1400
Moroccan		oz	75-100
hash			
Colombian	black or brown	oz	80-150
hash			
Red Lab-		gm	15-40
anese oil		oz	400
		lb	5000
Thai sticks	gold, delicate	one	15-25
	green, coarse	oz	150-250
Cocaine	good quality	gm	50-100
		oz	1100-2000
LSD	all types	hit	1-3
		100	70-130
Mushrooms		oz	20-40
Peyote	fresh buttons	one	15-50
Reds	good bootlegs	one	1-2
		100	75
Amyl	Black Market	1 cc	1 1 50
nitrite	brand, Denver		

GREAT NORTHWEST

Commercial	steady, fresh	oz	10-15
Mexican	good	lb	90-170
Top grade	Guerrero, Duran-	oz	15-35
Mexican	go, Oaxacan	lb	150-350
Commercial	brown, seedy,	oz	60-75
Colombian	but good	lb	550-700
Blonde Lab-	hash brownies	oz	120
anese		lb	1200-1500
Afghani	primo black	oz	150
hash		lb	1900-2000
Thai sticks	gold, green	one	15-25
		oz	175-200
Hash oil	origin unknown,	gm	20-25
	good thick black	oz	400-600
LSD	blotter, window-	hit	2-3
	pane, et al.	100	150-200
Cocaine	variable quality	gm	70-120
		oz	1800-2200
Psilocybin	exciting local	oz	15
	crops		
ALASKA			
Matanuska	excellent, scarce	oz	35-50
Thunderfuck		lb	350-550
Mexican	all grades	oz	20-40
		lb	90-350

Commercial	Brown buds, good	oz	\$50-75
Colombian	black	lb	550-700
Afghan hash		oz	150
Hash oil		lb	1600-2000
		gm	20-26
LSD	most kinds	hit	400-600
		hit	2-4
		100	150-300
Cocaine	yellow rock, white rock, flakes	gm	75-150
		oz	1700-2500

HAWAII

Maul	domestic light green	oz	50-100
		lb	1200
Kona Gold	domestic fine grass, 1 offy buds	oz	50-100
		lb	800-1700
Commercial Colombian	buds, good	oz	50-75
Afghan hash	black, fine	lb	550-700
Thai sticks	may be Hawaii an	oz	150
		lb	1600-2000
LSD	berries, blotter, pane, etc	one	15-25
		oz	175-200
		hit	2-4
Cocaine	yellow white rock welly	100	150-300
		gm	75-150
		oz	1700-2200

FOREIGN

AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND

Domestic grass	barge grown, decent	oz	15-20
Senegalese; Congolese	brown to black	kilo	200-300
Moroccan hash		oz	40-60
Lebanese hash	dusky	kilo	500-1200
Pakistani hash		oz	40-50
Kashmiri hash	blonde & red	kilo	800-900
Hash oil		oz	40-50
Burmese opium		kilo	800-900
LSD		oz	45-55
		kilo	900-1200
		liter	50-60
		gm	1100-1300
		oz	3000
		hit	3
		hit	60
		hit	2-4
		100	125-200
Cocaine	some good, some best	gm	60-120
		oz	1100-2000

BANGKOK, THAILAND

Lowland grass		oz	2-3
Thai sticks	different grades, coloration	lb	30
		one	50-75
Burmese		oz	4-5
Shan opium		oz	10
		lb	100

BOMBAY, INDIA

Afghan hash	2-year-old water press	oz	10-15
Kashmir hash	festive packed mixed with	kilo	250
		oz	15-20
		kilo	400

Thai sticks	gold & lavender	one	1-2
		oz	10-15
Kerala grass		10gms	1
Cocaine	more, but quality varies	lb	20
Opium	Burmese black	gm	60-100
		oz	1200-2000
		gm	50

HONG KONG, CHINA

Thai grass	lowland, poorer stick shake	oz	50-100
Thai sticks		lb	500-950
		one	8-12
Mainland		oz	75-150
		oz	10-15
Heroin	pure	lb	100-150
		oz	90-100
		lb	1000

ISTANBUL, TURKEY

Cannabis indica		lb	2
Turkish hash	usual	oz	5-7
Antonia hash	black, potent	lb	70
Opium	scarce	oz	8-10
	fresh	lb	100
		oz	3-5
		lb	60
LSD	awful	hit	7-10
		100	50-70

KABUL, AFGHANISTAN

Local hash	Kabul green	oz	1.50-2
		kilo	50-75
Water press		oz	1
		kilo	30-50
Shirac hash		oz	3-5
Hash oil		kilo	100-200
Mazar-i Sharif	primo, fresh	liter	600-800
		oz	4-6
		kilo	100-200

KATMANDU, NEPAL

Mustang grass		oz	1
		lb	12

Gurka grass	unbelevably potent	oz	\$1 50
Temple balls	still poor quality	lb	15
Local hash	poor quality	oz	4-6
Mustang hash		lb	125-200
Mustang hash		oz	6-7
Afghan hash	poor	kilo	150-250
Gosinkund hash	very rare	oz	9-11
Tantapani hash	very good	kilo	150-200
Buddha sticks	red & soft—good quality fingerlike	oz	25-35
India opium		kilo	400
Chinese opium		oz	15-20
Hash oil		kilo	275
		oz	12-15
		hit	175
		one	1
		oz	8-10
		oz	7-8
		kilo	150
		oz	10-12
		kilo	250
		liter	400-800

KINGSTON, JAMAICA

Jamaican grass	regular	oz	3-4
Lamb's bread grass	brown, pungent, paralyzing	b	35-40
		oz	6-7
		lb	60

Calli	superb	oz	4-5
		lb	40-50
Wild bush grass	varies	oz	1-2
Local oil		lb	20 or less
Cocaine		gm	1-2
		oz	30
		gm	25-50
		oz	500-800

LONDON, ENGLAND

Colombian Red or Gold	a treat	oz	50-100
Nigerian black grass	strong	lb	450-900
Moroccan hash	quality down	oz	80-130
Afghan hash		b	700-1200
Cocaine	brown, good	oz	60-80
	expensive, often best	lb	700-900
Mandrax		oz	70-90
		lb	800-1000
		gm	80-140
		one	1700-2800
		one	90-200
Dormadinas	Spanish ludes	one	1
LSD	blotter or tab	100	50-75
		hit	2-5
		100	70-300

MAHRAKECH, MOROCCO

Rif Mountain hash	abundant, quality off	oz	6-8
Atlas Mountain hash		kilo	150
Kif	grown at 5000 ft.	oz	4
	commercial	kilo	80
		oz	4-5
		kilo	100
		oz	2-3
		kilo	50

MAZATLAN, MEXICO

Torreón violet	zeedy, psychadelic	oz	3
Guadalajara green	varies	lb	30-35
Oaxacan buds	excellent	oz	2
Yucatan gold		b	15-20
Guerrero mountain grown, connoisseur		oz	4-6
Cu can	regular, good	lb	30 & up
Opium	red	oz	3-4
Mexican bumper crop		lb	30-40
		gm	4-6
		oz	40 & up
		hit	12
		oz	40
		oz	400-800
		lb	5000
Colombian, Peruvian		gm	30-50
		oz	600-1000
		lb	8000-8000
Oaxacan magic mushrooms		oz	4-5
		lb	30-50

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	grown from Viet-namese Thai seeds	oz	15-25
Nepalese hash	fingers, Tantapani	oz	150-250
Indian hash	opioid	oz	80-90
Afghan hash		lb	900-1000
Cocaine	new routes, new tastes	oz	70-80
LSD	blotter	lb	800
		oz	90-100
		lb	1200
		gm	80-110
		oz	1800-2100
		100	300-500

MONTREAL, CANADA

Mexican	all types	oz	20-30
		lb	200-350
Colombian	rare	oz	35-70
		lb	350-700
Honey oil	excellent	gm	25-30
Nepalese hash		oz	500-800
		oz	120-150
		lb	1400-1600

Lebanese hash	blond, water pressed	oz	\$ 20-150
Afghan hash	dark rich	lb	1400-1600
LSD	blotter	hit	130-150
	blotter	hit	1500-1700
Mandrax	English quashude	one	1-2
Cocaine	growing scene	100	40-120
		one	2-3
		100	100-150
		gm	80-110
		oz	1300-2300

MOSCOW, USSR

Irkutsk hash	good	oz	70-80
Tashkent hash	dark brown	lb	800
Nepalese hash	not worth the price	oz	55-60
Steppe grass	not bad	b	600-700
Siberian albino grass	strange, de-bil tating	oz	170-190
Sugar cube LSD	Yugoslavian-made, good	oz	40-50
		b	400-500
		oz	60-75
		lb	600-800
		hit	8-10
		100	50-70

NAIROBI, KENYA

Congolese black grass	superb	oz	7-10
Kenya bush grass	strong	lb	75
Savannah grass	dark brown, powerful	oz	4
Zaire Black ban	excellent	lb	50
Yohimbine root	stimulant	oz	6-7
		oz	60
		lb	6-8
		oz	80
		oz	10-12

PARIS, FRANCE

Vambs	tailed Congolese but comes from Senega	oz	30-50
Colombian grass		b	250-500
Brazilian grass		oz	35-70
Moroccan hash	(OO)	lb	400-800
Lebanese hash	red	oz	35-70
Afghan hash		lb	400-800
Mazar-i Sharif	hand pressed	oz	35-45
Chitral hash	hand pressed	lb	400-500
LSD		oz	75-90
Opium		lb	800-1000
Cocaine		oz	90-110
Morphine		lb	1000-1250
		oz	80-120
		b	800-1400
		oz	90-110
		b	1000-1250
		hit	3
		gm	12
		gm	75-100
		gm	75-100

RAWALPINDI, PAKISTAN

Gold Seal green hash	rather rare	oz	3-5
Gold Seal dark green		lb	40-50
Bhang tea	relaxing	oz	5-6
Opium		b	60
		glass	.02
		lb	35-55

ROME, ITALY

Colombian grass	very rare	oz	70-90
Lebanese hash	blonde	100gms	250
Afghan hash	black	oz	100
Moroccan hash	Khashama	100gms	300
LSD	violet pyramids	oz	100
	gray window pane	hit	270
		100gms	260
		hit	5
		100	350-400
		hit	4
		100	200-350
Speed		gm	60
Smack	Tha. white	oz	1000
		gm	100
		oz	2000
		gm	25
		oz	600-800

TEL AVIV, ISRAEL

Lebanese hash	very good—blonde red	oz	25-40
Local hash	good	b	300-500
Mandrax		oz	20-30
		lb	250-400
		one	3
		150-250	

VIENNA, AUSTRIA

Afghan hash		oz	70
Turkish hash		b	800-900
Moroccan hash		lb	70
LSD		oz	800-900
		lb	80
		lb	900-1000
		hit	5
Cocaine	Yugoslavian, scarce uncertain quality	gm	100-150
		oz	1800-2700

The Trans-High Market Quotations are intended solely for comparative purposes and are in no way meant as an inducement to illegal activity or as an endorsement of any drug or drug usage or trafficking. ☐

Strange Communists

Samuel Putnam, who translated our excerpt from *Black Opium* (originally in French), is given a chapter of his very own in an engaging, obscure book entitled *Strange Communists I Have Known*. It's by Bertram D. Wolfe. Thought you might like to know.

Ad Lib

Compulsive enumerators will notice that *High Times* has grown from 84 to 116 pages, of which about 35 are advertising. Still, *High Times* has about 30 percent ads, well below the 40-percent-and-up ratio of other publications. More ads mean we can expand the magazine.

Why does *High Times* have so many ads? We can't say for sure. It might be that the prevalence of potheadedness has spawned a cottage industry of craftspeople and small paraphernalia manufacturers who see *High Times* as their big break, their chance to reach the public with an idea whose time has come. Maybe they want to get off food stamps. Who knows why anyone would buy a hash-pipe-in-a-bottle or a 500-yard-long roll of cigarette paper. We feel that all these products have a right to be offered to the public, just as the public has a right to reject them. So we've added a lot more magazine. Businesswise, if you're waiting for *High Times* rolling papers, *High Times* hash pipes, *High Times* massage oil, *High Times* clubs, etc., forget it, because there probably aren't going to be any. *High Times* is into information and entertainment, not empires.

One of the nice things about this magazine is that we've received approximately 30,000 letters since we started and only five have been negative. Thanks.



Strip Tease

Sunset Boulevard has seen limos, Gloria Swanson, glitter riots and heavy cruisers, but recently, snow-blind

eyes of Angelenos soared upward in transfixed reverie at the apparition of the *High Times* billboard. It says World Weedways on the side of that battered DC-3,

and the pilot is giving the thumbs-up "high sign." It sure was fun to have a billboard in Los Angeles this August. Thank you, California.

"Rupees? I thought you said groupies!"

Our interview with His Holiness the Dalai Lama was the sole fruit of Associate Editor Robert Singer's costly—ruinous costly—passage to India last summer. Singer ventured east of Suez when Indira Gandhi's persecution of foreign journalists and other rascals was at its peak, thus earning himself the right of drinking in Greenwich Village gin mills on his mickle store of Hindoo anecdotes forevermore.

"Far as I could tell, New Delhi is a picnic in a public privy. High point came when I lit a cigarette at the Gandhi Cremation Memorial. Fortunately for me, a monsoon burst before the angry crowd could fetch a rope. It was a close call for satyagraha.

"I didn't waste much tape asking the Dalai Lama if he

believes in a higher consciousness and so forth. Believe me, he does."

Mound Builders

Our cover photo this issue was a sticky situation at times, but it was always fun to clean up afterwards. Several of New York's finest lensmen drenched a half-dozen models in syrup before Frank Della captured this particular silicon summit. After three shootings and gallons of chocolate, Frank finally discovered his medium—Bosco.

Inside Dope

Included in our lineup this issue is Albert Goldman, who along with coauthor Chic Eder gives us the inside dope on the prison scene. Goldman is the author of *Freakshow*, *Ladies & Gentlemen*; Lenny Bruce!!! and numerous articles on the world in general. Eder has spent 18

of the last 20 years in prison and knows his subject well.

Jerry Kamstra is the author of *Weed: Adventures of a Smuggler*, and has now retired from *The Trade* in order to write full time. He will probably be back in these pages soon.

Deep Choate

In "Tits 'n' Grass," Gilbert Choate and Pamela Lloyd grapple tooth and nail with the spreading fear that reefer badness turns smokers into herbaphrodites. What is the hard-put mugglesman to do when his bearlike barrel chest floats up like the noon balloon to Rangoon? Well, since "Tits 'n' Grass" was set in type, a new Masters-Kolodny report was released proving that—as Choate and Lloyd state—marijuana lowers testosterone levels, but does not cause impotence or sterility. ☐



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